THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Norman Rockwell

Alice Duer Miller—Edith Wharton—Wilbur Hall—Joseph Hergesheimer
Harvey W. Corbett—Sewell Ford—Thomas McMorrow—Agnes Burke Hale

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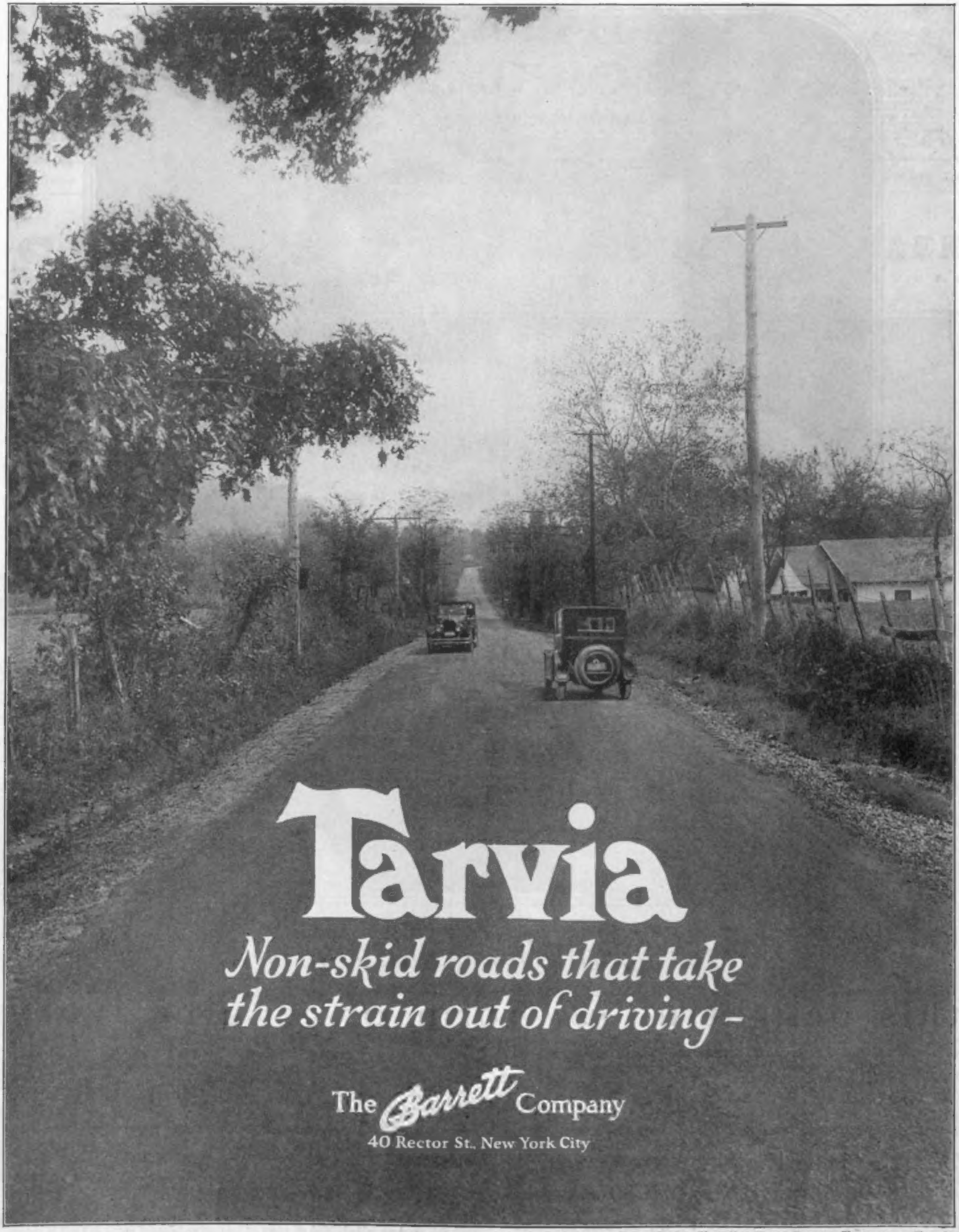

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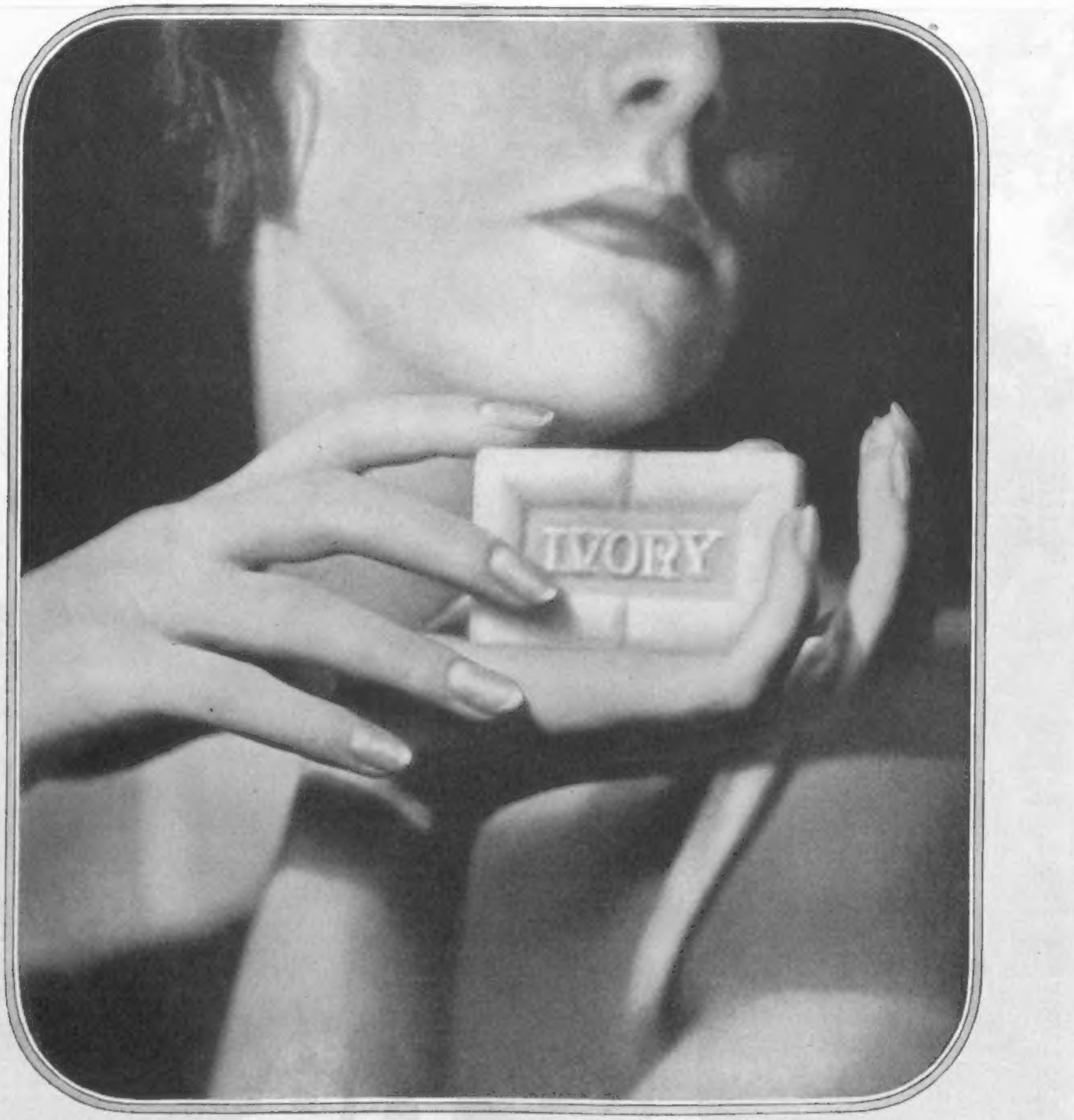

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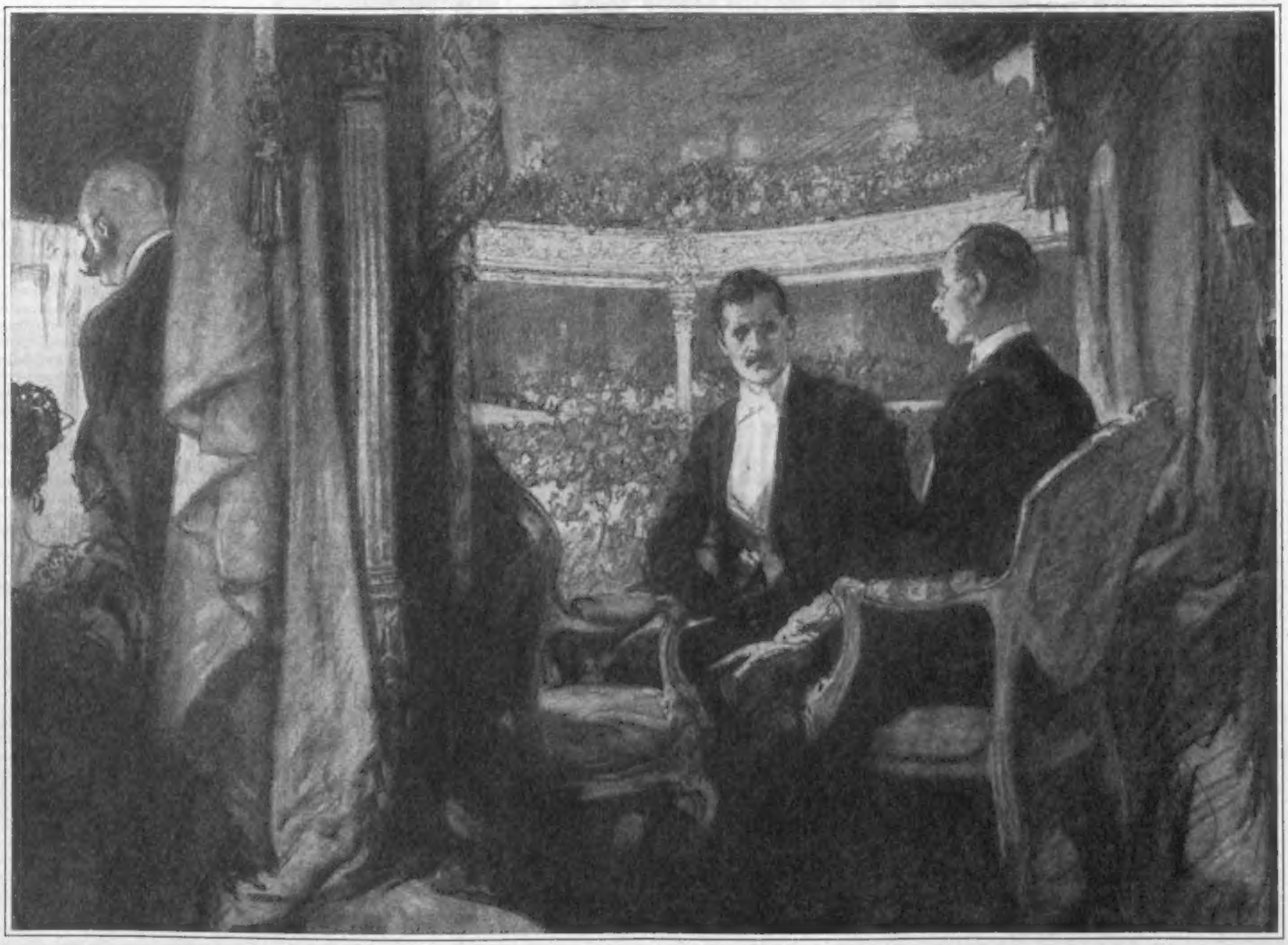
SUNRISE

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



Mayne Felt the Surprise and Shock of That Name Run Through His Whole Body. Mannering—Fate—to Have Come So Far——

THE great piers along the Hudson River from which the Aquitania and the Majestic and the Leviathan set out on their scheduled trips are as clean and efficient as railroad stations. But on the other side of town, about the Brooklyn Bridge, there is a very different series of piers, from which smaller vessels slip obscurely in and out of port. Here you might catch a glimpse of an ape or a peacock or a load of ivory; here there is always, whenever the local fish market permits you to detect it, a trace of the aroma of spices in the air; here bales of stuffs with strange Levantine names on them are piled high or serve as seats for smooth-faced Asiatic sailors.

About this side of the harbor there is a hint of maritime adventure; particularly was this so just before dawn on a certain December morning. The towers of Wall Street and Broadway were as still as the back drop of a theater, for the scrubwomen had gone home and the janitors were not yet about. A great city, contrary to popular opinion, can be absolutely quiet. There was no sound from the streets, only now and then a shrill high whistle from a power boat echoing under the bridges, or far away the deep hoarse tone of one of the Fall River boats, drawing near to make its cautious way through Hell Gate with the first ray of daylight.

A private car, one of those small French town cars, came wheeling out of a side street, bounding a little on the rough paving. A man put his head out of the window and shouted, "Here, *à droite—al derecho*—what tongue does he speak?" The car came to a standstill, the footman got down and opened the door, and a tall bronzed man in evening clothes emerged, followed by the sound of women's voices: "Shall we get out? Shall we see him off? Yes? No? Oh, my dear, I'm going aboard, aren't you?"

The tall man smiled. "No, ladies," he said firmly, "you are not going aboard. It is bad enough for my reputation that I am going aboard in evening clothes but you—no!"

At this, three ladies immediately stepped out of the car on their pointed gold-and-silver slippers, and wrapping their bright furred cloaks about them, surveyed the situation. They were women—as the eighteenth-century writers did not hesitate to say—of fashion. They looked about them to see what the scene held of interest or excitement or amusement for them.

"It's rather mysterious," said one, looking at the great black blotch of the river.

"It's rather cold," said another, feeling suddenly immensely far from a comfortable flat on Park Avenue.

Culbertson Had Found an Idol—One of Those Tall Carved Stones, Half Monument and Half God

The third one pointed to the dock. "Don't tell me, Mr. Mayne, that you are sailing on—on that object," she said. All of them turned and stared at the good ship Sierra Blanca, tied up to the wharf—stared, at least, at what could be seen of her, for she was so small and so cut down amidships that her lines were lost behind the pier.

"I'm glad," said one of the ladies, "that I decided not to accompany you."

"You are no gladder than I," returned Mayne, and added, lest his tone had been too sincere, "I'd much rather feel sure that you'll be here when I get back."

They turned to each other. "Shall we go back to my house and have caviar and champagne?"

"I'd rather go to a cafeteria and have scrambled eggs and coffee."

"My dear, is it respectable?"

"Quite—at least quite as much so as your house, darling."

Mayne began packing them back into the car as if they were the best toys of a child, a little too good to play with. He shut the door on them.

"Good-by," they called. He waved his stick and the little car wheeled away. He knew, or thought he did, just how they were talking: "Do you think him attractive? Do you think him as indifferent as he pretends to be? Did he have an affair with Lucy? Jane says, you know, that he kissed her once in a taxi. . . . Well, but Jane always says that. . . . Oh, my dear, wouldn't we all be lucky if she never said anything worse than that?"

Then they would forget him utterly for six months or a year, except that the next morning they might read of his departure in their morning papers. There would be three separate and distinct items about it. First in the routine shipping news: "Among those sailing for San Sabado on the Langly liner Sierra Blanca are the well-known archæologist, Mr. Lewis Mayne; Mr. Mario Milano, the banker ——" Then, not indeed on the front page, but perhaps on the front page of the second section, would be an account of the dinner given him the night before by the Archæologists of America, with extracts of his speech—cut down—a sketch of his career and a special account of his discovery of the gold idol in Honduras in 1922—newspapers like archæologists to discover gold. Then in the social items there would be something like this: "Mrs. Walter Farnham gave a small dance at her apartment last night in honor of Mr. Lewis Mayne, who is sailing for San Sabado this morning." Not a hint that he ever did anything except dance, for it seems to be a principle with society reporters not to admit that any of those who enter their sacred columns have any other interest or occupation in life.

Mayne roused the man supposed to be on watch and went aboard. The vessel was to sail at sunrise and her cargo was in place. She went down rather empty—a few phonographs, farm implements and radios—but she came home loaded down with fruit and chocolate; a faint aroma of bananas and pineapples still breathed from her open holds. The captain was asleep, but a light shone from the purser's office, and in the galley the cook was chanting that "Five dollars a day is white man's pay—five dollars and a half a day ——" The chantey drove out the syncopations of Messrs. Berlin and Kern and Gershwin, to which half an hour before Mayne had been dancing.

The Sierra Blanca, whose interest was not in her passengers, possessed only one good cabin—a deck cabin—and Mayne had the key of it in his pocket, for his servant had been down that afternoon with his bags and had unpacked for him. As he opened the door a steward in a dirty white jacket approached and turned on the light for him with trembling fingers. He was a small rat-faced Englishman who had gone down with the Titanic, had been torpedoed twice during the war and was now forever trying to steady his shattered nerves with alcohol.

"Everything quite all right, I 'ope, sir," he said. "Some packages for you in the purser's office. Shall I fetch them up?"

The cabin smelled of must and of the leather of Mayne's bags, and of that birch disinfectant so dear to the hearts of seafaring people.

"No," he said, "don't disturb me until I ring for my bath. Open the ports, will you?"

His pajamas were invitingly folded on the bunk. Mayne proceeded to put them on. As he put out his light he saw that the dawn was beginning to waver palely up behind Brooklyn.

He slept soundly through all the noise of leaving port, threading a way through the traffic of the harbor and dropping the pilot. When he woke it was past noon, and the Sierra Blanca was bounding over the waves as a dog bounds through high grass. He rang for his bath, and when he came back he found his packages in his cabin. He was not greatly interested in them—a box of food from his aunt, ginger and dates and a certain nut biscuit; a book of poems from Selena Merriman, a heavy highbrow novel from little Miss Haven—a girl who, he always thought, would make a perfect wife for a man who was going to settle down in normal civilized conditions. He had danced a good deal with her the night before. She did not dance very well, and Mayne loved dancing; she had told him her views on matrimony—a woman should share all her husband's interests and go with him wherever his duty called him to go. He had shuddered. He wanted no women complicating his expeditions. It was difficult enough sometimes to take care of yourself. Should he ever forget his trip to Yucatan, where he had joined forces with Dora and her husband? The husband fell ill, leaving him and Dora alone most of the time—that horrible afternoon in the hut, with the rain falling about them like a waterfall and the long leaves of the banana trees beating against the window, and Dora crying because he had said she was not an accurate observer. People grew so oddly emotional in the jungle. She wasn't an accurate observer.

Although the sea was not rough, the small empty vessel felt the motion. At luncheon Mayne and the captain had the saloon to themselves. The captain was a pale man, not sunburned as a sailor should be; he looked like a sad white pig. Mayne, who had known many captains of small steamers, knew at once why he was so sad—he had mistaken his vocation, he hated the sea. Mayne was always astonished at the number of seafaring men who hated the sea.

He bowed. The captain bowed. They ate in silence.

Afterward Mayne walked the short strip of deck alone. The voyage was like a sleep between two days of different activities. He had come aboard the night before, an idle, pleasure-loving citizen of a great city. He would arrive in San Sabado a scientist, indifferent to discomfort and hard work, to bad food and heat and disease, and even death.

The archæologist is fortunate; he combines many joys in his life's work—the scientist's delight in perfect cool intellectual processes, the artist's delight in dealing with beautiful things and the universal human delight in treasure-trove. Mayne was fortunate among archæologists, for since he was a boy he had known what he wanted to do, and being a rich man's son there had been no financial obstacles to his doing it. While he was in school copies of Stephens' books of travel in Central America had fallen into his hands—four lavishly illustrated black-and-gold volumes—the first account, for most of the English-speaking world, of those vast monuments hidden in the Central American forests.

From that moment in his boyhood the magic and mystery of the least explicable of all the vanished civilizations took complete hold of Mayne—the idea of those enormous and beautiful temples, those pyramids oriented with the most exact astronomical knowledge, those highly developed patterns of decoration and picture writing, hidden under the devouring vegetation of the tropical forest. Portraits of kings and slaves, pictures of armies and religious processions, sculptured gods and animals—a complete civilization without any history, without any known affiliation.

As soon as he had finished college he joined an expedition to Yucatan. It was actually in the so-called nuns' house in Chichen-Itza that he read of the sinking of the Lusitania. Facts, as he was often to notice in later life, have a higher value, a more poignant meaning when heard by lonely men in primitive surroundings.

There had seemed no possible course of conduct open to him but to come home and get ready to fight. The war had made a long break in his work, for he had been among the first to go. Even after the Armistice, he was sent with a commission to Asia Minor; and when that was over, he decided to go home by way of China. In Western China he visited some rock-built temples hewed out of cliffs by an extinct people, and saw in them something that gave him a solid basis for his theory of the origins of the Central American civilization. He went straight to Honduras, where three years' work laid the foundation of his scientific reputation.

He had never before been so far south as the little country of San Sabado, which has been generally neglected by archæologists, for the reason that it is supposed to contain no architectural remains—a little gold jewelry, a great deal of pottery and a few crude stone statues being all that it has so far yielded. But to Mayne it had long held a secret hope, a special promise.

While he was in the Army in France he had had a letter from a friend of his, an ethnologist and sociologist, who had gone down to San Sabado in search of survivals of primitive religious rituals. Culbertson held the belief that—though Mayne had never inquired on what facts it was based—there was a tribe of Indians in San Sabado who still worshiped their gods according to their pagan rites exactly as Cortés had found them doing, exactly as they had for thousands of years before the Spanish came. Culbertson's letter had been a sad one. He had not found what he had hoped to find. The Indians were all devout Catholics. Oh, a little natural magic now and then resorted to in such moments as birth, marriage and death, but on the whole orthodox.

"It has been a bitter disappointment to me," Culbertson wrote, "for I had been optimistic of seeing some really significant ritual for my book; possibly, if I were lucky, a little human sacrifice."

Even in a front-line trench, Mayne had laughed aloud at that "lucky."

More than a year later another letter reached him; it had followed him round the world. This was more cheerful. Culbertson had found an idol—one of those tall carved stones, half monument and half god. He described it at great length—the richness of the decoration, the beauty and cruelty of the curved mouth, the calm of the pose, with the backs of the finger tips just touching one another. In front of it the inevitable sacrificial altar was set, and, to Culbertson's intense delight, it appeared to be stained with blood which had not been dry a thousand years.

"This, as you can well understand," he wrote, "has made me very happy. I am even more encouraged by the fact that I think I detect a certain hostility toward me on the part of the Indian workmen on Mannering's farm, where I am at present staying—very comfortably. The headman, whose name is Molpill—and I need not remind you, my dear Mayne, of the tremendous significance of that name—has more than once deliberately misled me as to the position of the idol, and I found it only by accident, yesterday afternoon. Mannering himself, a cultivated Englishman of good family, has been of the greatest help, and has himself become deeply interested."

But to Mayne the thrilling feature of the letter was a faded and badly taken snapshot of the idol, for behind it there was a glimpse of some rock-built temples—barely mentioned in the letter. To Mayne they appeared to be almost identical with those he had seen in China.

He had received that letter, already a year old, when he was digging in Honduras. His impulse was to drop everything and go straight to San Sabado. But he had eventually decided to finish the work he had in hand. Culbertson was already dead—had died soon after the letter was written. He had apparently communicated with no one else. The secret of the caves was known only to Mayne, and he guarded it carefully. Not very many of his profession had seen the Chinese caves; no one but himself knew of those in San Sabado. If he could really make the connection between the two the glory would be all his own.

South of Hatteras, the other passengers of the Sierra Blanca began to appear on deck. . . . The day they rounded the grassy steps of Cape Maisi, Don Mario Milano was sitting on the captain's right at dinner. He was a tall thin man with a head like a saffron-colored skull. He was the leading banker of San Sabado, and had been in Washington arranging the terms of the new San Sabado loan. Mayne knew the name well, as being that of one of the great Jewish families of the Isthmus. The two men talked late into the hot starry night. Don Mario spoke five languages fluently, and knew every aspect of his native country—except the archæological, in which he took no interest at all.

He was frankly a freethinker, and from behind his mask-like face and deep sad eyes he made fun of everyone—of Mayne for caring about dead Indian gods, of the captain for being forever cooped up on shipboard, of himself for having thirteen children, eleven of them daughters, and being unable ever to collect the interest of his loans on coffee crops.

It is not good manners in countries where, as Stevenson puts it, the demon extradition has not yet lifted its head, to inquire too particularly as to the motives behind the visits of foreigners. Mayne did not offer Don Mario any explanation of his visit.

They were almost within sight of the lighthouse at the entrance to port before Mayne asked a question he had been wanting to ask since they first met. They had been in sight of land all the morning, the mask of verdure ending in a fringe of palms and a white beach; but as the sun rose higher and higher the clouds lifted from the volcanoes of the interior and their peaks stood out pale and yet sharp against the pale-blue sky.

The Sierra Blanca picked her way carefully among coral reefs.

Mayne turned to Don Mario, sitting beside him on the deck, and said suddenly, "Do you know an Englishman called Mannering?"

Don Mario smiled. "I sold him his property twenty years ago—a little more—when he first came to San Sabado. He had an eye for land—the English have, you know—fertile virgin land. He cleared it and worked it. He married a native lady and settled down among us."

"What sort of a man?"

"Oh, a handsome, well-bred Englishman, six feet tall, blond like a viking. Appearing a trifle awkward and blank, but all the time his good practical mind was working faster than yours—behind that blank face of his. He made a good thing of his bananas—more than a living—a little fortune."

Mayne noted the past tense. "Has he left the country?" he cried in alarm.

"He's dead, poor fellow. He died several years ago. Was he a friend of yours?"

Mayne could not understand why it had never occurred to him that Mannering would not be there to guide him, but the news came as a shock. Then, thinking it over, he realized that there must be someone else who would know—a widow, a son, a foreman. After all, it had been only seven years ago that Culbertson had been there.

"Was he a friend of yours?" Don Mario inquired politely.

"A friend of a friend," Mayne answered. "A man called Culbertson, who died while he was staying with Mannering. I had hoped to hear all about it."

"I knew Culbertson, too," answered Don Mario. "He banked with us; but he was never in the capital—always down on the farms. A charming man, Culbertson. He died by a peculiar accident—the only case of the kind I ever heard of."

"An accident?" said Mayne. "I thought he died of a fever." He tried to recall if he had ever really known anything about Culbertson's death, or if he had merely jumped to the most natural conclusion.

"No," answered Don Mario, "it was not fever. Culbertson was going into the jungle—the *montaña*, as we call it—the unbroken forest. He had one Indian with him. You know what our forests are like, perhaps—ten thousand wire entanglements in one. In the course of their investigations for a mine, I suppose—that is what you foreigners are always looking for—it became necessary to cut down a tree—you know to what heights tropical trees shoot up, seeking light above the undergrowth. Well, the Indian axman cut down this tree—and crushed Culbertson; it fell the wrong way. If you are not familiar with such matters you do not perhaps know how strange that is, for these men control the fall of a tree to an inch."

(Continued on Page 182)

"There is Nothing in the World So Insolent as an English Gentleman—Except a Spanish Lady." "Buena," She Said Gravely. "I am the Combination of the Two"

NEW STONES FOR OLD

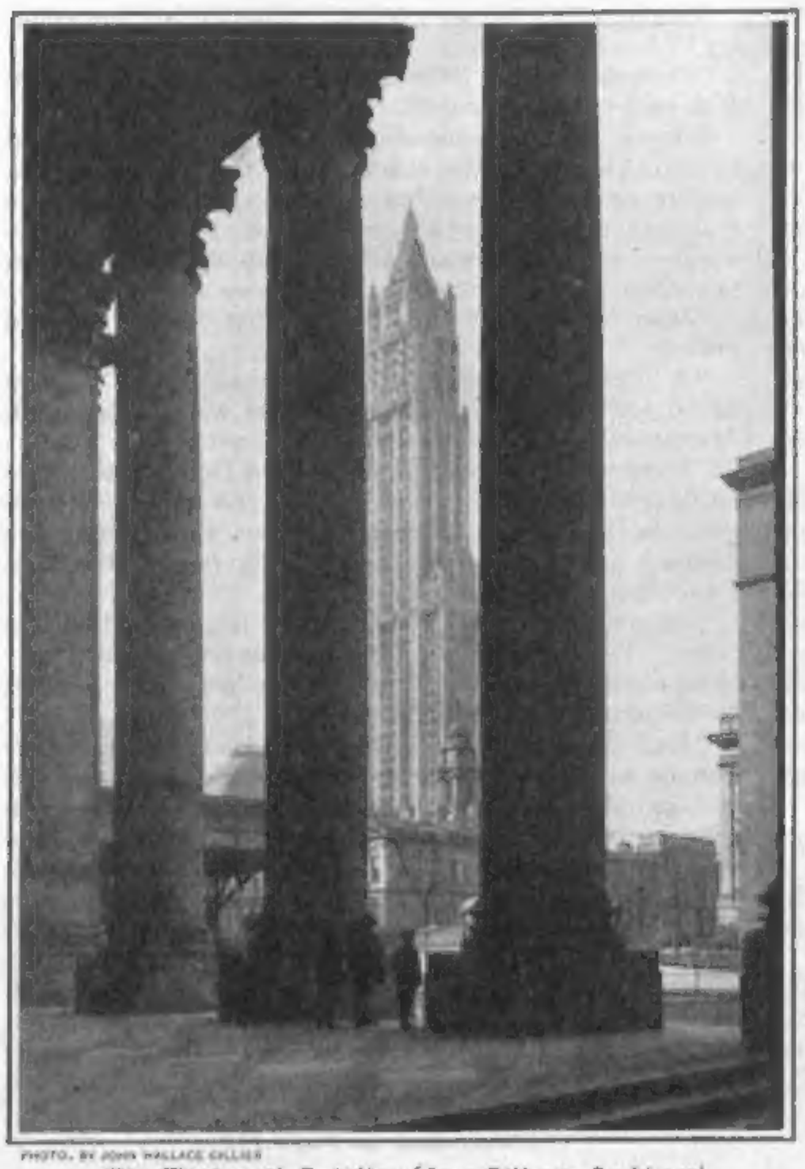


PHOTO. BY JOHN WALLACE GILLIES
The Woolworth Building (Cass Gilbert, Architect)

America's Architectural Supremacy

By Harvey Wiley Corbett

"WHAT is an architect?" About twenty years ago, when the replanning of Washington was under discussion in Congress, the Honorable Joseph G. Cannon slouched a little farther down in the capacious lap of his chair, rolled his extinct cigar stub into the corner of his mouth and, cocking his head to one side, shot that question at Mr. Burnham. "What is an architect?"

Even in those unregenerate days, when our august national assembly made fewer pretensions to general culture than it does today, a ripple of derisive laughter greeted Uncle Joe's Philistine confession of ignorance:

"He doesn't know what an architect is! That's a good one on Uncle Joe! Ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha, indeed! There was little cause for mirth, for if Uncle Joe had put the question personally to any one of the snickering legislators instead of to one of America's most distinguished architects, it is highly probable that he would have elicited a reply not unlike this:

"An architect? An architect? Why, an architect's a fellow who—er—why, he's the chap that—er——Oh, hell, anybody knows what an architect is!"

The Grand Canyon of the East

TWO decades have passed and a tremendous change has occurred. America has definitely and indisputably taken the world lead in architecture. Every European authority worthy of the name freely hands the palm—leaf, stalk and root—to America for the most progressive and creative contribution to this particular field of human endeavor today. Yet about nine out of every ten people you meet in the course of your daily business and social life would be almost as much at a loss to give you a really adequate answer to the same question.

Not long ago I was talking with a lady of my acquaintance who lives in the Jersey suburbs, barely ten miles from New York. She is a highly intelligent, cultured woman, quite awake to the changing currents of the day in politics, art and science. As a girl she had been brought up in New York, in the then fashionable residential district around Twenty-third Street. For the past thirty years, during her residence in New Jersey, she has made the customary shopping and theater visits to New York, via railroad to Hoboken and under-river tubes to Thirty-third Street. But during that entire period she had never had any occasion to visit the financial district.

In the course of our conversation I made some mention of the tall buildings of Manhattan.

"Yes," she mused absently, "New York is changing, isn't it? Tell me, Mr. Corbett, are there any buildings downtown now taller than Trinity Church steeple?"

Before I could recover from my amazement, she caught her mistake and blushed furiously at the foolish question she had asked. But the fact remains that she had never become conscious enough of the vertiginous heights that New York is attaining to obliterate completely that childhood symbol of architectural grandeur, poor little Trinity Church, now no more than a pebble at the bottom of the Grand Canyon of lower Broadway.

PHOTO. BY JOHN WALLACE GILLIES
The Metropolitan Life Building (Pierre LeBrun, Architect)

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.
Mr. Corbett Robed as President of the Architectural League. From an Etching by Emil Fuchs

PHOTO. BY JOHN WALLACE GILLIES
A Glimpse of Broad Street, New York City

Of course the old war horse of Congress had more excuse for propounding that riddle, which is still a byword in the architectural profession, than he would have today. Twenty years ago little American architecture was barely out of his swaddling clothes. Every time he tried to take a step without Mamma Greek or Aunty Roman or Nurse Gothic around to hold him up by the hand, he stumbled and fell on his pudgy little knees and set up an awful wail for help. But now that he has grown to be a big, strapping, noisy lad who can lick his weight in steel girders, and already has his European cousins backed off the Eiffel Tower for sheer get up and go, naturally he is looking around for a little appreciation among the home folks. His own family, however, are so busy moving into the apartments he builds for them, and making pennies into dollars up on the forty-ninth floor of the skyscrapers he designs for them, that they are still in the state of dawn-of-the-century unenlightenment that Uncle Joe crystallized into words about the time of the great Wall Street panic.

A Ballyhoo for Architecture

THE trouble is the architect is too busy with the thousand complexities of his profession to indulge in any gilt-edged ballyhoo in the public prints. He sends descriptions and pictures of his work to the staid technical journals; they are published with much encomiastic comment by the editors and read by other architects. It is high time the American architect found a Barnum to put him on the front pages of the daily press.

America has produced a body of architects second to none in the world, yet women's club art committees and museum lecturers are forever setting up a howl because art is neglected in America. The Greed for Gold—they always capitalize these appalling abstractions—is trampling the Finer Feelings under foot. "Mammon'll get you, if you don't watch out" is their battle cry.

The American Radiator Building (Raymond M. Hood, Architect)

But, as is frequently the case, these worthy dignitaries wouldn't recognize art if it stepped on their toes. Our national inferiority complex is such that we simply won't allow ourselves to take a place in the artistic sun. We know we can beat the Old World to it on quantity production of corned beef, but we simply refuse to admit that Helen Carr, of Jamesburg, Texas, has any voice at all until she comes back from Europe to sing at the Metropolitan as Hélène Carrière.

What is an Architect?

THERE is really nothing surprising in all this, at least as far as architecture is concerned. I am not one of those who insist that art is more important than life. It's simply a case of not being able to see the woods for the trees. We're too close to our architecture to know what it's all about. We take it for granted. To be sure, we use it, we sometimes realize its conveniences, but we never think of whacking each other enthusiastically on the back and emitting three lusty cheers for American architectural preëminence. When we make our annual summer pilgrimage to Europe, if properly coached by Aunt Lulu and her Baedeker, we get a very appropriate thrill out of the great Gothic cathedrals. But when we come back to New York or Chicago, we have much too good a time looking at the skirt line to bother with the sky line.

Well, then, what is an architect? Is he an engineer? Is he a building contractor? Or is he a sort of artist who is called in, when the steel workers and the masons and carpenters have finished the substantial part of a building, to slap on a few scrolls and cornices and suchlike trimmings—a kind of fancy confectioner who squirts pink ribbons and white roses all over the icing when the baker has finished the wedding cake?

And what is architecture? Is it an art or a science? A profession or a business? A necessity or a luxury? Above all, what is this thing called American architecture? How does it differ from what has gone before? Should we be proud of it as our outstanding contribution to the arts, or just a little bit ashamed of its commercial aspects, its bizarre masses, its fantastic outlines?

Before attempting to answer these seemingly formidable questions, let me first indicate what architecture—good architecture, that is—may mean as a business asset. When my associates and I were first discussing plans for the Bush Terminal Sales Building with Mr. Irving T. Bush, there were no real skyscrapers in the Times Square district. The problem before us was a thirty-story building with a very narrow frontage on Forty-second Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway. We wanted to make the structure a model for the tall, narrow building in the center of a city block. We were determined it should be a thing complete in itself, with fine, clean, uprising lines; a building that could be looked at from every angle, sides and back as well as front, rather than a long peppermint box on end with holes punched in the sides for windows and a stray gumdrop on top by way of a water tank.

Part of our scheme was an appropriate finish for the top which should give the entire building the appearance of a soaring cathedral tower. This meant, of course, sacrificing a certain amount of floor space which would have been available if the vertical lines were carried straight up to the usual flat, corniced roof.

When the sketches and model were complete and presented to Mr. Bush, he examined them with great care.

Then turning to me he said, "Can you tell me, Mr. Corbett, just what I will lose a year in rentals, if you sacrifice that space?"

I had anticipated the question and gave him the figures. "But you must remember," I added, "that what is lost in dollars and cents a year, is gained in beauty for all time."

Mr. Bush, in addition to being a shrewd business man, is a man of broad culture and good taste. The argument appealed to his æsthetic side, and our point was won. As it happens, the experiment turned out to have more than æsthetic value, for the illuminated top of the Bush Building is publicity of the most convincing sort—the sort that can be reckoned in good round numerals on the asset side of the ledger.

The president of the American Radiator Company claims that their new building in New York, overlooking the library, has been worth at least one hundred thousand cool round dollars in free publicity.

No wonder. It fairly shouts for attention. Suppose you should return from the office some night and your wife, whose pearly teeth had always been your pride and joy, should flash you a loving smile which revealed a new golden incisor and a blank space where the eyetooth had been; you could hardly fail to notice it, could you? Well, it would be just as difficult to approach the vicinity of Bryant Park for the first time and not see that golden-crowned shaft of jet-black masonry standing out from the gray-white buildings that surround it.

The Radiator Building, although strong and simple in design, would hardly have caused a sensation if it had been built of white stone or any of the light-colored bricks. When the steel skeleton shot up ten, twelve, fifteen stories, the passing pedestrian never so much as batted an eye. But when the construction company's drays began to unload long slabs of polished black marble and ton after ton of specially prepared black brick, he began to take notice. He wondered whether this new building were destined for a wholesale funeral emporium, or if all the secret societies in the country had banded together to build twenty stories of black-walled initiation chambers.

New York's Black Skyscraper

IT WAS not long before wonder grew to amazement. The black marble and brick, it appeared, were intended for the outside! Horrors! A black skyscraper! New York was aghast. And when the top was covered with gold leaf, that was the last straw.

At least, it was the last straw for the die-hards. All the nice people, who never forget their rubbers when it rains, said it was awful. They had never seen a black building, *ergo*, black buildings are the bunk. But there were others, more open to new impressions, who thought it was a pretty good idea. The city needed a little color and contrast, they said.

A few openly rejoiced. They pointed out that much of the best architecture of the past was colored—and not just black and gold, either, but emerald green and crimson and sky-blue. The Parthenon, model of the perfect classic temple, was originally touched up with bright colors; why not modern buildings?

(Continued on Page 150)

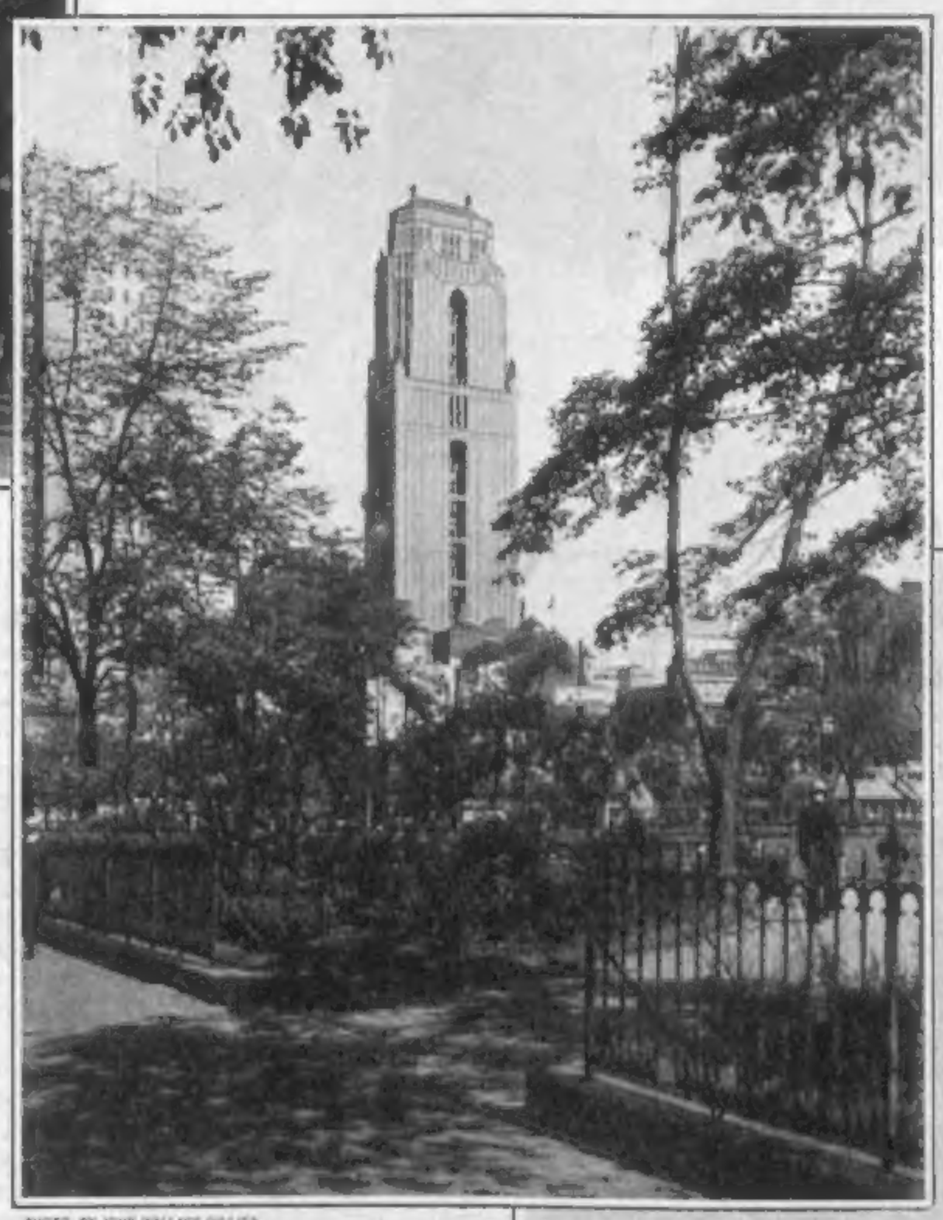
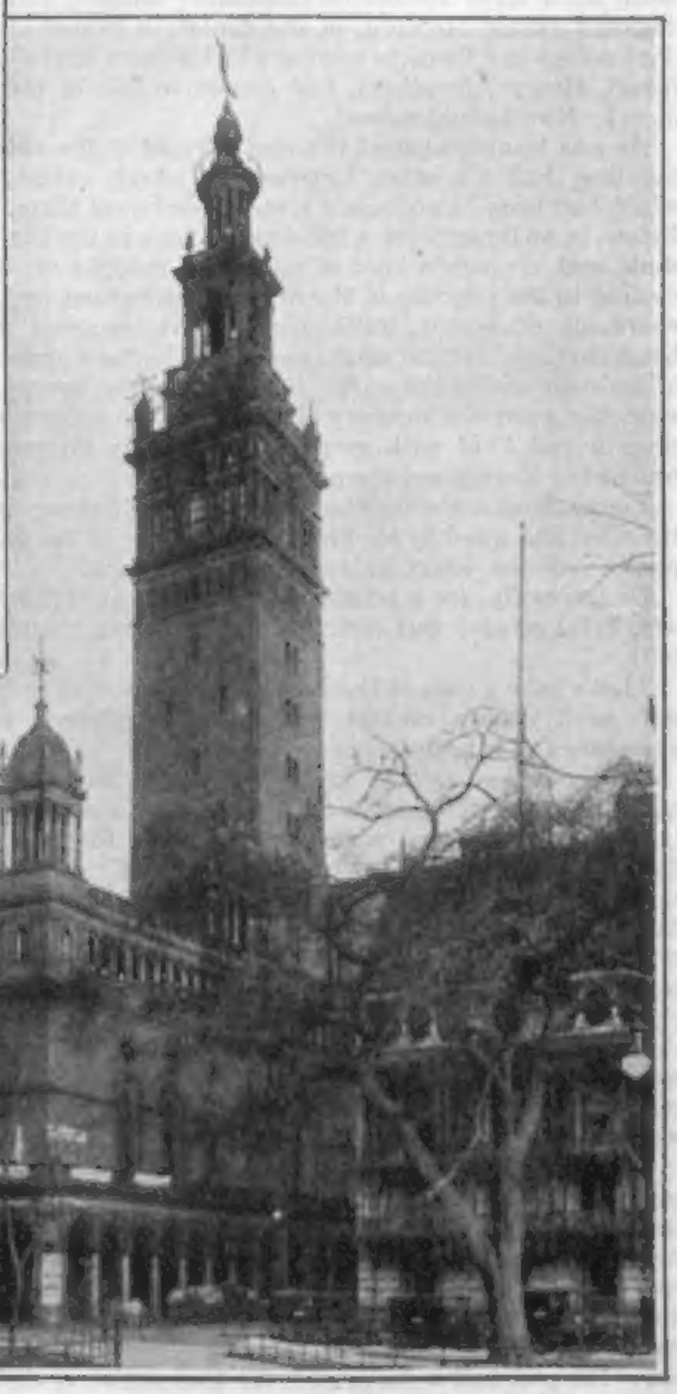


PHOTO. BY JOHN WALLACE GILLIES

The Bush Building, From Bryant Park (Helmle & Corbett, Architects)



Madison Square Garden, New York City (McKim, Mead & White, Architects)

A BOTTLE OF EVIAN

"Is That the Horse That's Lame?" Medford Asked

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

A TWO days' struggle over treacherous trails in a well-intentioned but short-winded flivver, and a ride of two more on a hired mount of unamiable temper, had disposed young Medford, of the American School of Archæology at Athens, to wonder why his queer English friend, Henry Almodham, had chosen to live in the desert. Now he understood.

He was leaning against the roof parapet of the old building, half Christian fortress, half Arab palace, which had been Almodham's pretext; or one of them. Below, in an inner court, a little wind, rising as the sun sank, sent through a knot of palms the rainlike rattle so cooling to the pilgrims of the desert. An ancient fig tree, enormous, exuberant, writhed over a whitewashed well-head, sucking life from what appeared to be the only source of moisture within the walls. Beyond these, on every side, stretched away the mystery of the sands, all golden with promise, all livid with menace, as the sun alternately touched or abandoned them.

Young Medford, somewhat weary after his journey from the coast and awed by his first intimate sense of the omnipresence of the desert, shivered and drew back.

Undoubtedly, for a scholar and a misogynist, it was a wonderful refuge; but one would have to be, incurably, both.

"Let's take a look at the house," Medford said to himself, as if speedy contact with man's handiwork were necessary to his reassurance.

The house, he already knew, was empty save for the quick cosmopolitan manservant, who spoke a sort of palimpsest cockney lined with Mediterranean tongues and desert dialects—English, Italian or Greek, which was he?—and two or three burnoosed underlings who, having carried Medford's bags to his room, had relieved the place of their gliding presences. Mr. Almodham, the servant told him, was away; suddenly summoned by a friendly chief to visit some unexplored ruins to the south, he had ridden off at dawn, too hurriedly to write, but leaving messages of excuse and regret. That evening, late, he might be back, or next morning. Meanwhile, Mr. Medford was to make himself at home.

Almodham, as young Medford knew, was always making these archæological explorations; they had been his ostensible reason for settling in that remote place, and his desultory search had already resulted in the discovery of several interesting early Christian ruins. Medford was glad that his host had not stood on ceremony, and rather relieved, on the whole, to have the next few hours to himself. He had had a malarial fever that summer, and in spite of his cork helmet he had probably caught a touch of the sun; he felt curiously, helplessly tired, and yet deeply content.

What a place to rest in! The silence, the remoteness, the illimitable air! And, in the heart of the wilderness, green leafage, water, comfort—he had already caught a glimpse of wide wicker chairs under the palms—a humane and welcoming habitation. Yes, he began to understand Almodham. To anyone sick of the Western fret and fever, the very walls exuded peace.

As his foot was on the ladderlike stair leading down from the roof, Medford saw the manservant's head rising toward him, and remarked that it was sallow, bald on the top, diagonally dented with a long white scar, and ringed with thick ash-blond hair. Hitherto Medford had noticed only the man's face—youngish, but sallow also—and been chiefly struck by its wearing an odd expression which could be defined only as surprise. The servant, moving aside, looked up, and Medford perceived that his air of surprise was produced by the fact that his intensely blue eyes were rather wider open than most eyes, and fringed with thick ash-blond lashes. Otherwise there was nothing noticeable about him.

"Just to ask—what wine for dinner, sir? Champagne, or ——"

"No wine," Medford answered.

The man's disciplined lips were played over by a faint flicker of deprecation or irony, or both.

"Not any wine, sir?"

Medford smiled back. "It's not out of respect for prohibition." He was sure that the man, of whatever nationality, would understand that; and he did.

"Oh, I didn't suppose, sir ——"

"Well, no; but I've been rather seedy, and wine's forbidden."

The servant remained incredulous. "Just a little light Moselle, though, to color the water, sir?"

"No wine at all," said Medford, growing bored. He was still in the stage of convalescence when it is irritating to be argued with about one's dietary.

"Oh—what's your name, by the way?" he added, to soften the curtness of his refusal.

"Gosling," said the other unexpectedly, though Medford didn't in the least know what he had expected him to be called.

"You're English, then?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"You've been in these parts a good many years though?"

Yes, he had, Gosling said; rather too long for his own liking; and added that he had been born at Malta. "But I know England well too." His deprecating look returned. "I will confess, sir, I'd like to have 'ad a look at Wembley before it's over. Mr. Almodham 'ad promised me—but there ——" As if to minimize the *abandon* of this confidence, he followed it up by a ceremonious request for Medford's keys, and an inquiry as to when he would like to dine. Having received a reply, he still lingered, looking more surprised than ever.

"Just a mineral water, then, sir?"

"Oh, yes—anything."

"Shall we say a bottle of Evian?"

Evian in the desert! Medford smiled assentingly, surrendered his keys and strolled away.

The house turned out to be smaller than he had imagined, or at least the habitable part of it. For above this towered mighty dilapidated walls of yellow stone and in their crevices clung plaster chambers, one above the other, cedar-beamed, crimson-shuttered, but crumbling. Out of this jumble of masonry and stucco, Christian and Moslem, the latest tenant of the fortress had chosen a cluster of rooms tucked into an angle of the ancient keep. These apartments opened on the uppermost court, where the palms chattered and the fig tree coiled above the well. On the broken marble pavement chairs and a low table were grouped, and a few geraniums and blue morning-glories had been coaxed to grow between the slabs.

A white-skirted boy with watchful eyes, who was watering the plants, vanished like a wisp of vapor at Medford's approach.

There was something vaporous and insubstantial about the whole scene; even the long, arcaded room opening on the court, furnished with saddle-bag cushions, divans covered with gazelle skins and rough, indigenous rugs; yes, even the table piled with old Timeses and ultra-modern French and English reviews—all seemed, in that clear mocking air, to have been born of the delusion of some desert wayfarer.

A seat under the fig tree invited Medford to doze, and when he woke the hard blue dome above his head was gemmed with stars and the night breeze gossiped with the palms.

Rest—beauty—peace. Wise Almodham!

II

WISE Almodham! Having carried out—with somewhat disappointing results—the excavations with which an archæological society had charged him twenty-five years ago, he had lingered on, taken possession of the crusaders' stronghold and turned his attention from ancient to mediæval remains. But even these investigations, Medford suspected, he prosecuted only at intervals when the enchantment of his leisure did not lie on him too heavily.

The young American had met Henry Almodham at Luxor the previous winter; had dined with him at old Colonel Swordsley's, on that perfumed starlit terrace above the Nile; and, having somehow awakened the archæologist's interest, had been invited to look him up in the desert the following year. They had spent only that one evening together, with old Swordsley blinking at them under memory-laden lids, and two or three charming women from the Winter Palace chattering and exclaiming; but the two men had ridden back to Luxor together in the moonlight, and during that ride Medford fancied he had puzzled out the essential lines of Henry Almodham's character. A nature saturnine yet sentimental; chronic indolence alternating with spurts of highly intelligent activity; gnawing self-distrust soothed by intimate self-appreciation; a craving for complete solitude coupled with the inability to tolerate it for long. There was more, too, Medford was sure; a dash of Victorian romance, gratified by the setting, the remoteness, the inaccessibility of his retreat and by being known as the Henry Almodham "the one who lives in a crusaders' castle, you know"—the gradual imprisonment in a pose assumed in youth, and into which middle age had slowly stiffened; and something deeper, darker, too, perhaps, though the young man doubted that; probably just the fact that living in that particular way had brought healing to an old wound, an old mortification, something which years ago had touched a vital part and left him writhing. Above all, in Almodham's hesitating movements and the rather heavily dreaming look of his long well-featured brown face with its shock of gray hair, Medford detected an inertia, mental and moral, which life in this castle of romance must have fostered and excused.

"Once here, how easy not to leave!" he mused, sinking deeper into his deep chair.

"Dinner, sir," Gosling announced.

The table stood in an open arch of the living room; shaded candles made a rosy pool in the dusk. In their light the servant, white-jacketed, velvet-footed, looked more competent and more surprised than ever. Such dishes, too—the cook also a Maltese? Ah, they were geniuses, these Maltese! Gosling bridled, smiled his acknowledgment, and started to fill the guest's glass with Chablis.

"No wine," said Medford patiently.

"Sorry, sir. But the fact is ——"

"You said there was Evian?"

"Yes, sir; but I find there's none left. It's been awfully hot and Mr. Almodham has been and drank it all up. The new supply isn't due till next week. We 'ave to depend on the caravans going south."

"No matter. Water, then. I really prefer it."

Gosling's surprise widened to amazement. "Not really, sir? Water—in these parts?"

Medford's irritability stirred again. "Something wrong with your water? Boil it then, can't you? I won't ——" He pushed away the half-filled wineglass.

"Oh—boiled? Certainly, sir." The man's voice dropped almost to a whisper. He placed on the table a succulent mess of rice and mutton, and vanished. Medford leaned back, surrendering himself to the night, the coolness, the ripple of wind in the palms.

One agreeable dish succeeded another; as the last appeared, the diner began to feel the pangs of thirst, and at the same moment a beaker of water was placed at his elbow. "Boiled, sir, and I squeezed a lemon into it."

"Right. I suppose at the end of the summer your water gets a bit muddy."

"That's it, sir. But you'll find this all right, sir."

Medford tasted. "Better than Evian." He emptied the glass, leaned back and groped in his pocket. A tray was instantly at his hand, with cigars and cigarettes.

"You don't—smoke, sir?"

Medford, for answer, held up his cigar to the man's light.

"What do you call this?"

"Oh, just so. I meant the other style." Gosling glanced discreetly at the opium pipes of jade and amber laid out on a low table.

Medford shrugged away the invitation—and wondered. Was that perhaps Almodham's other secret—or one of them? For he began to think there might be many; and all, he was sure, safely stored away behind Gosling's vigilant brow.

"No news yet of Mr. Almodham?"

Gosling was gathering up the dishes with dexterous gestures. For a moment he seemed not to hear. Then—from beyond the candle gleam—"News, sir? There couldn't 'ardly be, could there? There's no wireless in the desert, sir; not like Wembley." His respectful tone tempered the slight irony. "But tomorrow evening ought to see him riding in." Gosling paused, drew nearer, swept one of his swift hands across the table in pursuit of the last crumbs, and added tentatively, "You'll surely be able, sir, to stay till then?"

Medford laughed. The night was too rich in healing; it sank on his spirit like wings. Time vanished, fret and trouble were no more.

"Stay? I'll stay a year if I have to!"

"Oh—a year?" Gosling echoed it playfully, gathered up the dessert dishes and was gone.

III

MEDFORD had said that he would wait for Almodham a year; but the next morning he found that such arbitrary terms had lost their meaning. There were no time measures in a place like this. The silly face of his watch told its daily tale to emptiness. The wheeling of the constellations over those ruined walls marked only the revolutions of the earth; the spasmodic motions of man meant nothing. The very fact of being hungry, that stroke of the

In the Afternoon Glow He Saw Only Three Bedouins Guiding Laden Pack Mules Toward the Castle

inward clock, was minimized by the slightness of the sensation—just the ghost of a pang, that might have been quieted by dried fruit and honey. Life had the light monotonous smoothness of eternity.

Toward sunset Medford shook off this queer sense of otherwhereness and climbed to the roof. Across the desert he spied for Almodham. Southward the Mountains of Alabaster hung like a blue veil lined with light. In the west a great column of gold shot up, spraying into plumy cloudlets which turned the sky to a fountain of rose leaves, and the sands beneath were gold. No riders specked them. Medford watched in vain for his absent host till night fell, and the punctual Gosling invited him once more to table.

In the evening Medford absently fingered the ultra-modern reviews—three months old and already so stale to the touch—then tossed them aside, flung himself on a divan and dreamed. Almodham must spend a lot of time in dreaming: that was it. Then, just as he felt himself sinking down into torpor, he would be off on one of these dashes across the desert in quest of unknown ruins. Not such a bad life.

Gosling appeared with Turkish coffee in a frail cup cased in filigree.

"Are there any horses in the stable?" Medford suddenly asked.

"Horses? Only what you might call pack horses, sir. Mr. Almodham has the two best saddle horses with him."

"I was thinking I might ride out to meet him."

Gosling considered. "So you might, sir."

"Do you know which way he went?"

"Not rightly, sir. The caid's man was to guide them."

"Them? Who went with him?"

"Just one of our men, sir. They've got the two Thoroughbreds. There's a third, but he's lame." Gosling paused. "Do you know the trails, sir? Excuse me; but I don't think I ever saw you here before."

"No," Medford acquiesced, "I've never been here before."

"Oh, then"—Gosling's gesture added: "In that case, even the best Thoroughbred wouldn't help you."

"I suppose he may still turn up tonight?"

"Oh, easily, sir. I expect to see you both breakfasting here tomorrow morning," said Gosling cheerfully.

Medford sipped his coffee. "You said you'd never seen me here before. How long have you been here yourself?"

Gosling answered instantly, as though the figures were never long out of his memory, "Eleven years and seven months altogether, sir."

"Nearly twelve years! That's a longish time."

"Yes, it is."

"And I don't suppose you often get away?"

Gosling was moving off with the tray. He halted, turned back, and said with sudden emphasis: "I've never once been away. Not since Mr. Almodham first brought me here."

"Good Lord! Not a single holiday'"

"Not one, sir."

"But Mr. Almodham goes off occasionally. I met him at Luxor last year."

"Just so, sir. But when he's here he needs me for himself. And when he's away he needs me to watch over the others. So you see ——"

"Yes, I see. But it must seem to you devilish long."

"It seems long, sir."

"But the others? You mean they're not - wholly trustworthy?"

"Well, sir, they're just Arabs," said Gosling with careless contempt.

"I see. And not a single old reliable among them?"

"The term isn't in their language, sir."

Medford was busy lighting his cigar. When he looked up he found that Gosling still stood a few feet off.

"It wasn't as if it 'adn't been a promise, you know, sir," he said, almost passionately.

"A promise?"

"To let me 'ave my holiday, sir. A promise—agine and agine."

"And the time never came?"

"No, sir. The days just drifted by ——"

"Ah. They would, here. Don't sit up for me," Medford added. "I think I shall wait up—wait for Mr. Almodham."

Gosling's stare widened. "Here, sir? Here in the court?"

The young man nodded and the servant stood still, regarding him, turned by the moonlight to a white spectral figure, the unquiet ghost of a patient butler who might have died without his holiday.

"Down here in this court all night, sir? It's a lonely spot. I couldn't 'ear you if you was to call. You're best in bed, sir. The air's bad. You might bring your fever on again."

Medford laughed and stretched himself in his long chair. "Decidedly," he thought, "the fellow needs a change." Aloud he remarked, "Oh, I'm all right. It's you who are nervous, Gosling. When Mr. Almodham comes back I mean to put in a word for you. You shall have your holiday."

Gosling still stood motionless. For a minute he did not speak. "You would, sir, you would?" He gasped it out on a high cracked note and the last word ran into a laugh—a brief shrill cackle, the laugh of one long unused to such indulgences.

"Thank you, sir. Good night, sir." He was gone.

IV

"YOU do boil my drinking water, always?" Medford questioned, his hand clasping the glass without lifting it.

The tone was amicable, almost confidential; Medford felt that since his rash promise to secure a holiday for Gosling he and Gosling were on terms of real friendship.

"Boil it? Always, sir. Naturally." Gosling spoke with a slight note of reproach, as though Medford's question implied a slur—unconscious, he hoped—on their newly established relation. He scrutinized Medford with his astonished eyes, in which a genuine concern showed itself through the glaze of professional indifference.

"Because, you know, my bath this morning ——"

Gosling was in the act of receiving from the hands of a gliding Arab a fragrant dish of *kuskus*. Under his breath he hissed to the native, "You damned aboriginy, you, can't you even 'old a dish steady? Ugh!" The Arab vanished before the imprecation, and Gosling, with a calm, deliberate hand, set the dish before Medford. "All alike, they are." Fastidiously he wiped a trail of grease from his spotless linen jacket.

"Because, you know, my bath this morning simply stank," said Medford, plunging fork and spoon into the dish.

"Your bath, sir?" Gosling stressed the word. Astonishment again filled his eyes to the exclusion of all other emotion as he rested them on Medford. "Now, I wouldn't 'ave 'ad that 'appen for the world," he said, with self-reproachful emphasis.

"There's only the one well here, eh? The one in the court?"

Gosling roused himself from absorbed consideration of the visitor's complaint. "Yes, sir; the only one."

"What sort of a well is it? Where does the water come from?"

"Oh, it's just a cistern, sir. Rain water. There's never been any other here. Not that I ever knew it to fail; but at this season sometimes it does turn queer. Ask any o' them Arabs, sir; they'll tell you. Liars as they are, they won't trouble to lie about that."

Medford was cautiously tasting the water in his glass. "This seems all right," he pronounced.

Sincere satisfaction was depicted on Gosling's countenance. "I seen to its being boiled myself, sir. I always do. I 'ope that Evian'll turn up tomorrow, sir."

"Oh, tomorrow"—Medford shrugged, taking a second helping. "Tomorrow I may not be here to drink it."

"What—going away, sir?" cried Gosling.

Medford wheeled round suddenly and caught a new, unexpected and incomprehensible look in Gosling's eyes. The man had seemed to feel a sort of doglike affection for him; had wanted, Medford could have sworn, to keep him on, persuade him to patience and delay; yet now, Medford could equally

Continued on Page 116)

"Come! Own Up That He's Here and Have Done With It!" Cried Medford Impatiently

THE CITY OF PERIL

"Yes, It's Him!" She Broke Out Viciously. "You Haven't Got to Take It if You Don't Want To"

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

WHEN Stannard, after his twenty miles through the bush in the full heat of the day, had bathed himself at length in the sluggish, sickly tepid waters of the bay and removed the mask of three-weeks-old beard from the plump pink contours of his face, he and Berry dined together outside the latter's tent in the palm grove at the edge of the town. There was a stir of coolness in the evening air; the tide lapped drowsily upon the beach; and the tall palms, their heads touching as they stood, made for them a pillared banquet chamber vast as a cathedral. From the flat roof of a house near by came the sound of someone singing idly. It was the hour when, in East Africa, the world recovers from the stagnation of the day and suffers the evening to make amends.

"Well," sighed Stannard, in a languor of contentment, "it's good to smell a town again, in spite of everything."

They faced each other across the little camp table, which, with its white cloth, its couple of precious glass tumblers and its enamel-ware plates and dishes, accompanied Berry wherever he roamed and gave to his camp in this desert or that jungle the kind of distinction which a mustache gives to a man. Stannard had come hither from eight months in the interior, with no company save his Kaffir boys, whom he had left in camp twenty miles away—eight months of drinking water from a pannikin and eating fresh-killed game from the pot in which it had been stewed. He, like his host, was a man in the early thirties. In that land and that climate, where the sun smites like a bludgeon and the night air poisons like a snake, he managed still to show a cheery effect of rosy plumpness.

Stannard was famous throughout that tiny world where big-game hunters are the kings, and he looked like the little English country gentleman which he had been born to be.

Berry, opposite to him, cigar in one hand, lighted match in the other, lifted his lean horse face and sniffed.

"'Smell' is right," he answered. "I don't know about 'good,' though."

He bent again to the business of lighting his cigar.

"There's the same scare every year," said Stannard. "You think that this time ——"

Berry threw the match from him.

"Cascaes died day before yesterday," he said abruptly. "Remember him, don't you? Cascaes—the doctor!"

"Cascaes!" repeated Stannard.

"Yes. Only doctor here, and now the steamers'll stop calling and we shan't get another. So who's to tell us whether it's just another scare or whether this time the plague has come again?"

Stannard nodded. "I see," he said. "Many other deaths yet, do you know?"

Berry shook his head slowly. "Can't say how many," he answered. "Those people—first thing that happens when a man dies, all his folks get busy to hush it up for fear they'll be isolated or have the house burned down or something like that. There's corpses rotting in some of those big houses now, while the senhor smokes his cigarette on the Praca and the senhora loafs at her window with her fan—till it's time to put out the lights and be alone in the dark with the sorrow and the danger and the awful fear of it all. Talk of the Middle Ages ——"

He broke off with a snort that was like a single note of angry laughter. His voice, when it warmed to its subject, livened to reveal an accent. Berry was a civil engineer in the service of the government of Mozambique, but Virginia had given him birth and had furnished his training.

He was a tall man whose leanness of frame made him seem yet taller. To a habitual sobriety of countenance he added a soft deliberation of movement. The whole of his personality was a disguise for those ardors and curiosities which had carried him from the sanities and logic of reënforced concrete and skilled labor to the glamour and grossnesses of East Africa.

There was a pause. Then Stannard grunted.

"Nine weeks to the frontier," he said. "And I'd meant to sail from here in a fortnight. You're sure about the steamers not calling?" Berry nodded without speaking. "You'd better come with me," said Stannard. "You can't do any good here. I'd stay with you if you could."

There was another pause. "No," said Berry at length, "there's nothing a man can do. Sooner you start, the better."

"You'll come then?" asked Stannard.

"No," said the other. "I'll wait a bit an' see how it goes."

He rose. The brief tropic twilight was dying; the western sky, which the setting sun had filled with a ruin of fire, was already blank. Beneath the palms it was dark save where a lantern in the door of one of the tents made a space of illumination. It was behind him as he stood, lank as a tree in his thin white clothes; Stannard, who was not addicted to visions, saw him surrounded with a mild halo of light.

"But I say, look here ——" he began.

"Let's go and get a drink at Silva's," said Berry. "He's got a new attraction. Come on!"

"Hang Silva!" said Stannard. "This is good enough for me."

"Come on!" said Berry again. "It's something I want you to see."

Stannard growled, but rose from his chair.

(Continued on Page 90)

THE GREAT CARBOLIC SPEECH

An Excerpt From a Not-Far-Distant Congressional Record

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THE Senate resumed the consideration of Senate Resolution 6-66, providing for the formation in the United States of a Permanent Publicity Commission, with the power to form subsidiary, or junior, commissions for any and all publicity purposes, including a commission to encourage organized letter writing to senators and others on the part of all persons residing permanently or temporarily in the United States of America and to give publicity to same, and a Foreign Publicity Commission to investigate and make public all European questions submitted to it or discovered by it, so that said questions may be decided by the letter writers of America, whether or not the questions need deciding, with or without reservations, if any.

MR. CARBOLIC of Massaconsin obtained the floor.

MR. STRAPWIELDER asked and obtained leave to have printed in the Record an article from the Nut Corners, Idazona, Gazette Times and Commercial Appeal, giving an account of the session of the National Artificial Snake Rattle Manufacturers in convention assembled at Padoosic, Idazona, April first, second and third, which appears in the appendix hereto.

THE VICE PRESIDENT: The senator from Massaconsin *(Mr. Carbolic)* is entitled to the floor.

MR. CARBOLIC: Mr. President and senators, the multifarious duties of a senator in the United States, as the distinguished senators on both sides of this chamber are well aware, are more multifarious in their nature than are the duties of any member of any similar body in the world. So multifarious are they, Mr. President, that they sometimes preclude us, sir, from the preparation which ought to be made in a matter of the consequence of that which is pending before this body, and sometimes make it impossible for us to engage in those matters in which we may be very much interested.

I find myself, Mr. President, somewhat in that situation today. Since I returned for the session I have been entirely engrossed with what, sir, I deem to be the most constructive piece of legislation of this decade—the deepening and widening of the Little Pussywillow River in Massaconsin—and I have had little opportunity to prepare, as the subject demands, an address upon the matter of the formation of a Permanent Publicity Commission; a commission which, in my humble opinion, will have a more lasting and beneficial effect on humanity than all the other great humanitarian measures that have been enacted into law by this wisest and most humane of all mortal assemblages——

MR. SLING: May I say to the senator, and speaking for myself——

THE VICE PRESIDENT: Does the senator from Massaconsin yield to the senator from Texacota? *(Mr. Sling.)*

MR. CARBOLIC: I yield with pleasure to the distinguished senator from Texacota.

MR. SLING: I thank the senator for his distinguished courtesy, and merely wish to express to the eloquent senator the hope that his lack of preparation in this absorbing subject will not prevent him from addressing the Senate on it in some detail and at some length.

"I Would Like to Remind the Senators, Mr. President, That Some Immediate and Powerful Steps Must be Taken to Enable Senators to Find Out What Their Constituents Really Want"

MR. CARBOLIC: I thank the senator, and will attempt to speak as fully as possible in the time at my command. As the senators know, I am obliged to appear before the convention of United Oyster Shuckers of America on Thursday next to speak before that body on how the United States Senate has influenced world progress, so I shall be unable to speak more than eight or ten hours, but in that time I hope to contribute in my small way to the general knowledge of the situation.

MR. GUPPY: Mr. President, I wish that a time could be fixed at which we can vote on this resolution. It has now been before the Senate for three years.

THE VICE PRESIDENT: Does the senator from Massaconsin yield to the senator from South Calabama? *(Mr. Guppy.)*

MR. CARBOLIC: I yield for a question only.

MR. SOBSON: Mr. President, it will be very difficult to obtain a vote before June fifteenth, because at least one of the senators on this side of the chamber has a dinner engagement on every evening prior to that time, and seventeen senators have speaking engagements that will take them from Washington for several days from time to time, if not oftener.

THE VICE PRESIDENT: Does the senator from Massaconsin yield, and if so, to whom?

MR. CARBOLIC: I decline to yield except for a question.

MR. DE GULLETTE: What is the matter with the distinguished floor leader, the gentleman from Rhodhio *(Mr. Sobson)*, getting a couple of the senators to break a few of their dinner engagements and spend some of their time in the United States Senate?

MR. SOBSON: After the senator from Georgiana *(Mr. De Gullette)* has been in the United States Senate a little longer, he will know better than to infringe on senatorial courtesy with such an unusual suggestion.

MR. WHEEZE: Mr. President——

THE VICE PRESIDENT: Does the senator from Massaconsin yield to the senator from Califlorida? *(Mr. Wheeze.)*

MR. CARBOLIC: If the gentleman wishes to ask a question, in his own time of course.

MR. WHEEZE: Mr. President, I object to the apparent determination to rush the United States Senate into a vote on this matter. Nobody shows any disposition to assist me in getting a vote on a matter of the utmost importance to me and to my constituents, Mr. President; those brave and noble and big-hearted men and women of the beautiful state of Califlorida. I refer, Mr. President, to the McGuberty-Gizzick bill.

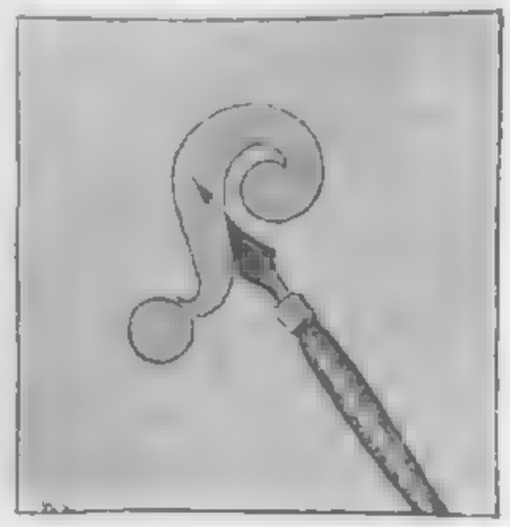
MR. CARBOLIC: I hope that the senator will get to his question in the course of the next few hours, as I am obliged to leave town on Thursday next.

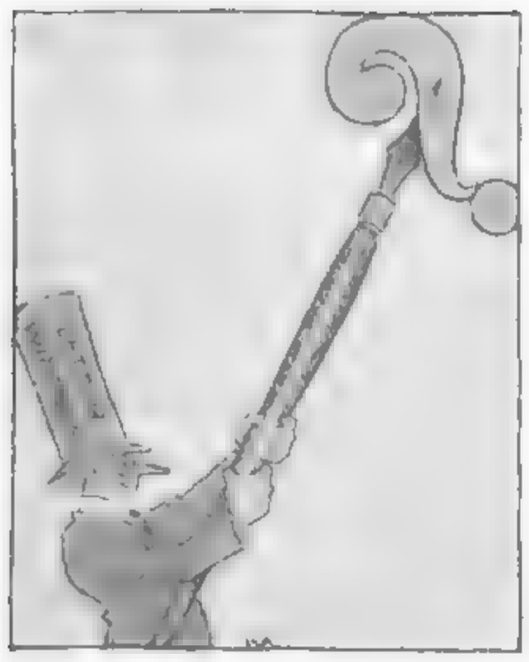
MR. WHEEZE: I thank the senator, and I will soon come to the question. Meanwhile, Mr. President, the matter to which I refer is the McGuberty-Gizzick bill for the relief of secondhand-automobile owners; and I hereby serve notice on this Senate that until the senators agree to relieve the financial distress of the secondhand-car owners of my state, Mr. President, by passing the McGuberty-Gizzick bill to establish a Secondhand Automobile Corporation to buy up the surplus stocks of secondhand automobiles and sell them to the nations of Europe—until that time, sir, I shall stand here on the floor of this Senate, sir, and talk all day and all night about the many evils that are clamoring to high heaven to be remedied. Here in my hand, Mr. President, I hold a newspaper clipping that tells the hideous experience of one of the fairest flowers of this great capital city, Mr. President.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,

as the great American poet Longfellow so aptly says.

It tells, Mr. President, how this little wood violet went to a dance hall with a mossy stone from one of the great European embassies. Oh, yes, Mr. President, this little innocent flower went to this place and got all ginned up with her escort, and the police pinched her, Mr. President, and threw her in the bastile.





Yes, sir, they threw this fragile and beautiful maiden, for whom a gray-haired mother was doubtless waiting, into the calaboose; but they released her male escort, Mr. President, because he had diplomatic immunity.

Now, Mr. President, there it is! Diplomatic immunity! Wouldn't that give you a pain, Mr. President? Is there any 100 per cent American in this chamber, Mr. President, who would not talk for days and weeks, and even for months—aye, Mr. President, for years if need be—on such a lamentable and despicable and un-American subject as this?

Oh, Mr. President, if the able and distinguished senators in this chamber will not take favorable action on the McGuberty-Gizzick bill for the relief of secondhand automobile owners, they will find me on the floor of this Senate five years from today talking about such hellish outrages with flashing eye and unfaltering voice.

If the senators persist in thrusting this Permanent Publicity Commission on the American people to the exclusion of everything else, then, Mr. President, I shall unleash the thunder of my voice and the lightning of my—ah—emotion. *(Cheers and applause.)*

MR. CARBOLIC: I did not quite understand the senator's question, but I believe that it will be answered if he will listen to my speech; for it is my belief, Mr. President and senators, that this great Permanent Publicity Commission will not only result in all the benefits that the senator from Califlorida expects to result from the McGuberty-Gizzick bill for the relief of secondhand-automobile owners but will also result in a betterment of everything that is capable of being bettered in this great country, including crops, business, animal husbandry, scientific research, unemployment, the criticism of United States senators, the price of Alaska eggs, traffic congestion in big cities and English accents in the diplomatic service.

MR. SLAPPER: What effect, if any, will the commission have on war?

MR. CARBOLIC: I will say to the senator that it will without any question result in putting an end to all wars. I have recently received 72,868 letters and telegrams from the leading club women and church women of Massaconsin, informing me that in their opinion the Permanent Publicity Commission will result in outlawing war. To my way of thinking, this is conclusive.

MR. KNOWSES: I do not know how the senator gets that way. My office has recently received 44,891 letters from prominent citizens of the sovereign state of Vermaine, and each one of the letters has insisted that the establishment of a Permanent Publicity Commission would eventually embroil us in a war with several European nations, including the Scandinavian. Does the senator also regard these letters as conclusive?

MR. CARBOLIC: I am glad that the senator asked this question. I realize, of course, Mr. President, that the titanic figures upon this floor have presented in every aspect the advantages and the defects of the proposed Permanent Publicity Commission; but to my mind, sir, none of the able and eloquent senators who have spoken on one side or on the other side of this question have placed their fingers upon the essential feature of this commission which will go so far toward simplifying our form of government and bettering the condition of mankind.

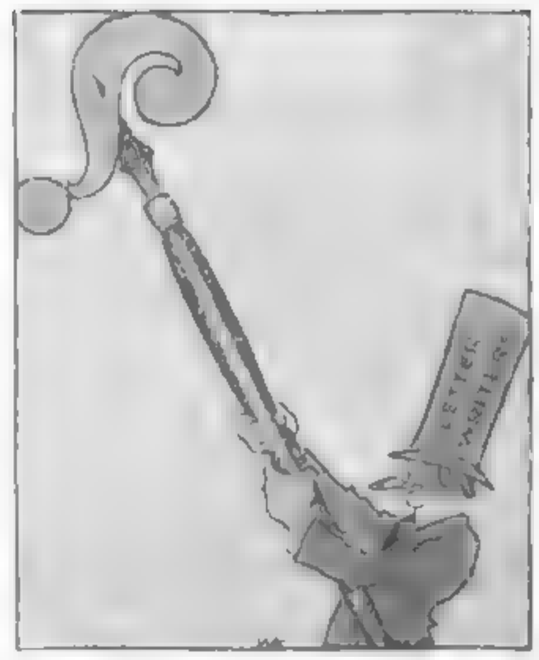
I would like to remind the senators, Mr. President, that some immediate and powerful steps must be taken to enable senators to find out what their constituents really want. If they do not find this out, they will be back in Kazamazingo or Olkawawa, the first thing they know, trying to wrench a living out of the legal profession.

Oh, Mr. President and senators, what happened to our distinguished colleague, the former senator from Connectabama, who, after sixteen years in the chamber, received 132,609 violent telegrams and letters demanding that he vote for the Skibbick-Rizzlebeck bill to provide Federal support for all hens' eggs selling for less than sixty cents a dozen?

What happened to him on the hustings, senators? He received 132,609 letters and telegrams in favor of the Skibbick-Rizzlebeck bill, senators, and only seven letters opposing it, and so he voted for it.

Yes, senators, he voted for it, because the letters and telegrams that he received clearly showed him that his constituents wished him to vote for it; but what happened to him? What happened to him?

MR. GABAWAY: I would like to remind the senator, if he is not ready to tell what happened to the senator from Connectabama, that the former distinguished senator from Pennsylado is now ambassador to Transmagnesia because he voted in accord with the sentiments expressed in the letters that he received.



MR. CARBOLIC: I thank the senator for his kind interruption, which I felt sure would be forthcoming as soon as I saw that there were more than twenty persons in the gallery.

MR. GABAWAY: I admire the senator's perspicacity beyond words, and would be glad to go outside with him and knock his block off. *(Applause and cheers.)*

The Vice President rapped with his gavel.

MR. CARBOLIC: Again I ask, senators, what happened to the former senator from Connectabama after he had voted for the Skibbick-Rizzlebeck bill to provide Federal support for all hens' eggs selling for less than sixty cents a dozen. He went to the hustings, senators, and at the hustings 182,421 of his constituents voted to return him to the Senate, but 1,369,982 of his constituents voted against him—voted against him, senators, in spite of the fact that he had served for three long terms in the Senate of the United States! After all this faithful service, senators, his constituents threw him out on his ear without a word of thanks and without a gesture of gratitude.

Picture, senators, the pained surprise and the bitter agony of our colleague when he was flattened beneath this crushing blow!

How could he have known that the 132,609 violent letters and telegrams that he had received were not representative of the best thought of his state?

The senators must remember that times have changed! We are no longer living in the era when a United States senator was somewhat removed from the outcry of the people. Today, senators, we are directly responsible to the people. We can no longer do what we think is right and get away with it, unless the people who elect us also think that we are right. Consequently, Mr. President and senators, we must find out what the people are thinking about,

Continued on Page 178

"After All This Faithful Service, Senators, His Constituents Threw Him Out on His Ear Without a Word of Thanks and Without a Gesture of Gratitude"

A JUMP IN THE BAY

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

DANIEL CHICHESTER, the Gray Fox of Kearney Street, was seldom perturbed, but when he was, his string tie; like the needle of a patent barometer, had a strange way of getting awry and pointing to the signs of bad weather in the capitalist's face. Chichester was plucking absentmindedly at the tie when Miss Filene, his spinster stenographer, entered his plain, severe private office; knowing the signs and having a caller without, she closed the door.

"There are two kinds of brains," Chichester observed in a rasping voice. "One kind are employed to make thought processes possible; the other kind are cooked with scrambled eggs!"

Miss Filene smiled gently.

"I noticed when he went out that Mr. Day's ears were about the color of a lacquered Chinese tray," she remarked. "I suppose he bungled the water-front terminal deal."

Chichester snorted and gave his black tie another wrench.

"I handed it to him wrapped in cotton and told him to treat it gently," he stormed. "The first thing he did was to fall downstairs with it, and then he evidently gave it to Seth Blanchard to hold while he went out for a walk. The Lassiter Block has been sold to Blanchard, and that leaves me with nothing to offer Western Metal Products Corporation."

"Mr. Blanchard is a good hater, isn't he?"

"He is. If I had time I'd squeeze him until he dropped that water-front site to put his fingers in his mouth, but I haven't. There's nobody loose that I can put on the job." Chichester paused a moment. "Well," he ejaculated, "I see you've a suggestion to offer. Go ahead!"

"Young Mark Galt is outside waiting for you."

"I've thought of him." Galt was a new man in the rather extensive Chichester organization and had put over one deal, severely singeing the same Seth Blanchard under discussion, in the process, and Chichester liked him. But this terminal-site project, badly mishandled by Monroe Day, would be a tough job. "See here, Miss Filene," Chichester blurted, abruptly; "Galt was your find and you've got a motherly feeling for him that does you credit. But we'll never make a man of him as long as he's coddled. In that yeast business, you remember, he was always bothering me with telegrams and requests for instructions. I don't want men I have to put out to nurse."

Miss Filene colored slightly, but she answered with perfect serenity.

"If you want me to keep hands off, you've only got to say so."

"I do. I'm leaving any day now for Japan on that steamship deal, and I don't want to be interrupted with cablegrams asking me how much ice to order or whether Galt is authorized to advance his own car fare. And I don't want you or the lawyers or Hunkins to do anything more than just keep in the background and see that the boy doesn't absolutely break his heart. Is that understood? All right, send him in."

Mark Galt entered.

As he approached, Chichester took a huge bundle of blue prints from a drawer and pushed them across his battered old desk.

"Galt," he said, "there are the plans and specifications for a new industry that is coming to the Pacific Coast from Pittsburgh. Sort of branch foundry. It will be known here as the Western Metal Products Corporation; it's really a subsidiary of what the scare-head newspapers refer to as the pig-iron trust. I'm commissioned to buy a site for them, if I can find something that is on the water front and has water, gas and electricity handy, with a couple of railroads close enough so that the plant can run in spur tracks and with room to expand as business grows. Price is a secondary consideration."

The Stenographer Crossed to Mark's Side and They Looked at the Blue Print Together. "I'd Like to Find Out What P. Croft Thought He Could Ever Do With a Couple of Hundred Acres of Bay Water"

Young Galt brightened.

"That last has a cheerful sound," he observed. "It ought to make the job easy."

"You think so," Chichester replied, giving his string tie a twitch. "If it were easy I would ring for a messenger and have him attend to the business. The fact is that there isn't a site to be had on the whole bay water front, except one that now belongs to Seth Blanchard."

Galt sat back a little.

"The man you foxed in the yeast-company deal? I imagine he would be glad to roughen your path for you as much as possible, wouldn't he?"

"Would and has. I had a site on China Basin a few months back and he took it away from me and left me with that miserable yeast factory I had you unload on him again. Maybe I over-reached myself a little, because just for fun I took everything out of that yeast business but the plant, which isn't worth the shingles on the roof. Blanchard was madder than I expected, and he came back by grabbing this Lassiter Block that was my second choice—and the only thing left around the bay—for Western Metal Products. There you have it."

"I have authority to buy something that isn't for sale, then?"

"That sizes it up. You've got to put the screws on Blanchard."

Mark grinned and put a hand in his pocket.

"I've eight dollars to start trading with," he remarked. "And I may need a sack."

"Miss Filene will give you a drawing account with Rasmussen, our treasurer, for ten thousand for emergencies. But money isn't what you need. It's brains, grit and nerve to keep on fighting when both eyes are battered shut and your right knuckles are broken."

Galt rose, bundling up the blue prints.

"The property is called the Lassiter Block and it's on the Oakland side? All right, Mr. Chichester. Am I to report to you, or ——"

"Don't report. Get me that water-front site. Miss Filene!"

Chichester had said bluntly that Seth Blanchard would not sell him the Lassiter Block, but Mark Galt had a strong feeling that he would like to hear Blanchard himself say so, and he went to the agent's office immediately with that purpose in view.

Blanchard was a long, cadaverous, hawk-beaked gentleman who made a living and a generous surplus by buying and selling for others; he seldom bought anything for himself, but he did occasionally accept, in lieu of his fees and commissions, an interest in the property or project handled; this custom of his had given him some generous and profitable interests, and it accounted for the fact that he owned half of the Lassiter Block Mark Galt coveted. His associate was a busy contractor who had put up the comparatively small amount of money necessary to secure the Lassiter ground and then turned it over to Blanchard to handle as he saw fit.

The agent was not in when Mark Galt called, but a stenographer with a lively eye, slim legs and a disposition to be friendly bade the visitor make himself at home and seated him in the door of Blanchard's office. From that vantage point Mark could study a large detail map of the very Lassiter property he had come to inquire about, and the more he looked the better he liked the lay of the land.

"'P. Croft tidelands,'" he read aloud, noting that legend printed offshore opposite the Lassiter land. "Do you know what that means?"

The stenographer, glad of the excuse, crossed to Mark's side and they looked at the blue print together.

"Sure," the girl said, in a moment. "See, Mr. Blanchard has drawn some red lines here. I remember hearing him say that he had to get a right of way across the Croft property for his channel out into the bay."

"But that land is covered with water!"

"It is at high tide. At low tide it's just mud, with empty beer bottles and tin cans sticking in it."

"Do you suppose somebody was fool enough to buy that kind of property? P. Croft! I'd like to find out what P. Croft thought he could ever do with a couple of hundred acres of bay water!"

"It looks foolish, but I guess this Mr. Croft is no fool. Mr. Blanchard is tearing his hair because he says the old man wants a fortune for this right of way across his tidelands for the channel."

Mark had never heard of tidelands before as real estate, and he began to speculate on a possible value in them, when

he was interrupted by the entrance of Seth Blanchard. The agent squinted at him, recognized him and emitted a dry chuckle

"Well, if it isn't the young yeast king!" he ejaculated "How's Dan Chichester? I hope he keeps his health!"

"He seemed to be as well as could be expected when I saw him last," Mark said cheerfully. "I came in to ask you if the Lassiter water-front property is for sale."

"I thought likely. I knew Dan would send one of his office boys over sooner or later. I wish he'd come himself, though, because I'm so fond of Dan. What did he want to know?"

"I didn't say he wanted to know anything, Mr. Blanchard. But if you put it that way, he would like to have you set a price on the forty-acre Lassiter Block."

Blanchard sat down at his desk and rubbed his hands together. He gave Mark a smile, but it was a very thin mask over a scowling and vindictive countenance.

"A million dollars," he said angrily. "Ten million dollars. To my dear old friend, Daniel Chichester, the price of the Lassiter property is two hundred million dollars, and if he offered me that, cash, this minute, I'd raise the price to a billion. Go back and tell Dan Chichester that for me, and tell him also that I've got every loose piece of water-front property around the bay optioned and that I wouldn't let him step on a foot of it if it was to save his life! And if he don't like that, young Galt, Dan Chichester can go jump in the bay! Good day to you, and don't come back!"

Strongly impressed with a feeling that Blanchard did not crave to have him around, Mark went out, throwing a brief thanks over his shoulder to the wide-eyed stenographer. He walked two blocks without seeing much of anything, thinking thoughts about Seth Blanchard. The picture of Daniel Chichester, ruddy, carefully dressed, dignified, with a finger in most of the important commercial and financial pies of California, going out to jump in the bay might have been humorous at another time; now it had no funny aspects to Mark Galt, but instead made him mad. The phrase stuck in his mind. Jump in the bay! Jump from the Lassiter Block into the bay, and onto the tidelands standing on that map of Blanchard's in the name of one P. Croft!

"Now, that's an idea," Mark said, half aloud, stopping so abruptly that he very nearly upset a stout and very warm lady who was rushing along behind him. "Excuse me, madam!" Mark said, abstractedly. The woman detoured, giving him a look. A wave of the crowd jostled him, and someone sarcastically suggested that he move over in the stall and eat his hay. Mark suddenly chuckled and dived into a near-by drug store, where he asked for the privilege of consulting a city directory

"C," Mark murmured, turning the thin leaves swiftly, "C, C-r, Crisp, Crobley, Croft, Mary Ellen. Philomen Croft, marine junk and salvage. Nine-eighty-one Steuart Street. All right, Mr. Philomen Croft. I think I'll have a talk with you about some of your marine junk and salvage that might be useful for putting where Mr. Seth Blanchard can bark his shins on it. It will be the H car and a transfer on First."

II

AN ODD and bewildering place, the junk yard of Philomen Croft, dealer in the discarded stores and fittings and engines of ships and trader in the salvage of the sea. It was heaped high with tarnished anchors, rusting cable, ancient chain, rotting ships' boats, battered capstans, discolored and clinkered boilers as big as cottages, out-of-date hoists and a labyrinth of gear and tackle for which no landsman could have found a name or imagined a use. An odd and puzzling character, old Philomen Croft himself; gnarled and bent and rusty, raised with the harbor of San Francisco and so closely identified with its growth and history that he, almost alone, had seen, half a century earlier, the future to which it must some day come. Mark picked his way through the yard warily when he found the address; he had a start when he caught his first glimpse of Croft.

The old marine junkman had a sorry and almost hungry look, and Mark Galt's first impulse was to do something for him. With a ten-thousand-dollar drawing account he might even be able to buy the tidelands up, thus blocking Seth Blanchard, making possible the deal with the Western Metal Products Company for the Lassiter Block and at the same time giving poor old Croft a timely and practical aid. In any event a generous payment for an option on the lands would help a little, and serve Mark's purposes just as well in checkmating the rapacious and insolent Mr Blanchard.

Seeing a visitor, the old man straightened from a ledger as rusty as the rest of the place and cupped an ear. Mark raised his voice and added a persuasive smile to honeyed words

"You own a hundred acres of tidelands on the east-bay water front, don't you, Mr. Croft?" he began.

"That's kerrect. What about it?"

"I suppose they are for sale."

"You suppose right."

"Do you know Mr. Seth Blanchard, who owns an interest in the property adjoining your tidelands on the shore side?"

"I know him. Thinks he's a close buyer. What of him?"

"I understand that he is trying to get a right of way for a channel to bring deep water to his block of land. Have you sold it to him yet?"

"No. Won't, till he goes deeper in his jeans than he has so far."

"What are you asking for, say, twenty acres of your one-hundred-acre tidelands piece, Mr. Croft?"

"Ain't asking. Ain't selling twenty acres."

"How about a price on fifty acres?"

"Wouldn't listen to it."

"You wouldn't?"

"I'm not selling half. I'm not selling two-thirds I'm not selling ninety-nine and three-quarters acres. I ll sell the hull piece or I won't sell a grain of sand on it."

It was immediately plain that he wouldn't, either. Also Mark began to wonder if Croft was going to be as easy to deal with as he had anticipated. He plunged on to find out.

"All right. What is your price on the entire hundred acres?"

"A hundred thousand dollars, cash. No checks and no deferred payments."

Mark steadied himself against an old ship's rail. A thousand dollars an acre for an ugly flat of ooze and mud at low tide and six feet of dirty bay water at high!

"What did you say, Mr. Croft?" Mark gasped.

"I guess you heard me."

(Continued on Page 72)

"Well, Blanchard!" the Capitalist Said. "You're Not Looking as Well as You Were When I Saw You Last Too Bad!"

CLOSET DIPLOMACY

By AGNES BURKE HALE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

If He and She Would Only Quarrel Vulgarly Some Night in the Drawing-Room Over a Trifling Issue!

MRS. OLIVER GORE sat under a tree in her front yard, running down her husband to her brother, Jim Ellis. Hundreds of wives, the country over, commit this crime daily, and think nothing of it. But Mrs. Gore's husband was the internationally known financier, her house was a Long Island palace and her front yard ran a half mile down to the Sound. Mrs. Gore was guilty of the unpardonable sin.

"Honestly, Jim," she said, "was I made for this life? Was I made to sit in every night at a little League of Nations? I go to bed at night and dream of schemes for the stabilization of European finance." She groaned, a desperate, beautiful woman.

"I wish they'd stabilize mine," said her brother, the unestablished playwright.

"Don't!" she groaned again. "Unstabilized men are much more attractive."

What funny things women were, he thought. Poverty had stalked her youth; but to hear her talk, one would think she had never been called from the front porch of her girlhood to help with the dishes. At thirty-three she was exquisite, and still fractious, as she had been a decade ago, when Oliver Gore had taken her off the stage to cheer him in his pursuit of millions.

Mona Gore had hair golden as buttercups, and fatal eyes as blue as delphiniums. She had been effective on the stage, and she was equally effective as Mrs. Gore. Yet she had the soul of a clown. In her youth, she had thought it awfully funny to put whipped cream in one's hats, to telephone false messages to important personages. There was no room for that sort of thing in the life of Mrs. Oliver Gore.

"Last Tuesday night," she went on mournfully, "we entertained a road commission from Australia, who naturally talked about roads; the next night, we had a bishop and his missus, from England, who lamented the passing of the past. Almost every night we float a European loan—I feel that I could float one myself."

Young Mr. Ellis lighted a cigarette and blew out an enviable ring. He was twenty-eight, and sure of himself. Had not his big work of art, a play called Bustup, run three weeks in Manhattan?

"Oliver is a big man in the big world of big business," he pronounced. "He has never had a thought that wouldn't serve as a headline. I feel sorry for you, Mona, because at heart you are a silly. Yet as an actress, you like to play on Oliver's stage. You wouldn't be happy for ten minutes with a man who worried about his golf game and came home from town early to set out bulbs."

"I'm a fake."

"No, you're a good sport. Oliver is a product of his times. His type is fashionable, financially. But he has areas of opaqueness. He takes me for a fool. Perhaps I am a fool. But I wager you any amount of money I could make a monkey out of him."

"Huh!" said Mona inelegantly. "I don't believe it."

"I could."

"What do you mean? Oliver is tone deaf and color blind, but you can't fool him about men and money."

"I bet you I could. I could fool him in front of your own eyes. I could fool you too."

Mona snorted. "I bet you a hundred you couldn't."

"Taken!"

"I'll make it five hundred," she said. "I'm so sure of Oliver." Mona loved a bet.

"Where in the name of heaven would I get five hundred dollars?"

"That's all right, dearie," she said. "If I win I'll lend you the money to pay me."

"You've lost the money already." He rose to his feet and hauled her up from the grass beside him. "Let's go for a swim," he suggested. "It's as hot as Calcutta under this tree."

"I feel sorry for you," she said. "Trying to fool Oliver!"

Mona walked along, slender, cool even in this torrid heat, thinking of her amazing, impressive Oliver who lived in a world without jokes. As she tossed off her clothes and slid into her bathing suit, she remembered her awe-struck feeling at their first meeting. At a luncheon one Sunday, in the house of a woman who hungered after celebrities, she had found herself next a young man with a marvelous tongue. Mona, whom most men approached to be amused, was flattered that this person talked to her as to a first-class brain. Oliver Gore, against his nature, found her an irresistible audience. This was in 1916. Within three months, incredibly enough, they were married. Oliver was rich, intellectual, dynamic. America went to war, and Oliver too. She took a course in nursing and acted in war benefits. She lived on in New York, anguished and divided, waiting for Oliver to come home.

Oliver, unlike other ordinary husbands, did not come home. He was wounded, decorated, he recovered. He came into Paris after the Armistice with nothing more battered than a weary body. After thirty-six hours of sleep, and a bath, his energized attention turned from arms to mankind. He joined an economic commission to allot reparations; he went to the Baltic to sit on a board, he was in Poland hearing claims. He worked through white nights with experts and professors, making peace for the world. Mona was tremendously proud, but lonely.

"It's almost as if I were a widow," she said to May Adams, her best friend; "a young, promising statesman's widow."

They were drinking tea at the Plaza on a warm June afternoon.

"Be a merry, merry widow, dear," said May. "Honestly, Mona, you're a fool not to go over. Think of the fun you'd have with all those international nuts!" She bit into a piece of meringue.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mona. "That's not my line. What a bother I'd be! Can you imagine a husband at a peace conference having me beside him, always saying, 'Do tell me, dear, again—is that bald-headed one Clemenceau?' Oh, no, it wouldn't be fair."

May's husband had come straight home from the embattled lands to get some golf down South, and she didn't understand Oliver.

"And him so young and handsome," she soliloquized aloud. "Honestly, Mona, your spouse is H. G. Wellsian."

That adjective thrilled Mona, though in her heart she thought it queer he did not need her. There must have been times when he would have longed for her, above the ablest diplomats. His letters, although they began and ended on a note of high romance, were sustained, month after month, by this passion for world affairs.

Conscientiously, she read the newspapers, books on the Balkans, pored over currencies. She made piles of clippings on her desk and hung a map of Europe in her bedroom, as if she could keep up with Oliver's darting mind. Secretly, she hired a young man to come down from Columbia, a hard-working aspirant for a Ph.D., to furnish her mind.

"When my husband mentions Venizelos," she explained, "I don't want to think of South America. I long to be *au courant*." The young man—his name was Upson—plied her with figures, maps, economic crises. Fluent as she became, he was always more interested in his own ideas than in hers. She dismissed Mr. Upson.

"It's no use," she said gloomily; "it's not my line."

Mr. Upson had known this a long time. "All this cramming is so much foolishness. Be witty, and keep your mind fresh," he advised. "But don't load up on facts. If there's anything a man hates in a woman, it's a set of death-dealing facts."

With three cheers, Mona flung away her books. And within a few weeks Oliver came home. He stepped off the gangplank into her arms, but the very brilliancy of his presence almost extinguished her. It was a cold, sparkling autumn day, charged, electric—like Oliver. Immediately she was whirling in the caldron of activity in which he lived. In his absence, his father had died. Oliver had taken over the banking house in New York; he was to leave for the Far East immediately. He incorporated, adjusted, gave interviews, made speeches, and went down to see the President with breath-taking accustomedness. Thirty-six, young enough to attract the old, old enough to impress the young, he burned to bring order into the world.

They went out to China, where Oliver's confidence was undiminished by the disorder, the impenetrable indifference of the East. Mona was bewildered by faces, colors, sights; humbled by the sense of age.

"Oh, Oliver," she said one day, after a dinner party, where the felicity of the Chinese manner had masked a supreme contempt for this optimism, "how can you be so hopeful in this ruined world?"

"It isn't ruin, Mona," he insisted; "it's the chaos of indifference. A few people, even here, care, and they will ferment the rest. I care frightfully. I loathe all this filth and rot and pain; it isn't necessary. You don't think it's necessary, do you?"

"I only know it hurts me," she said. "You're never hurt; you simply chafe to make a new order."

They came home round the world, not like ordinary tourists, but like pilgrims after truth. Oliver's coming anywhere was a procession of triumph. He talked, he absorbed, observed. He did not languish as did Mona, beneath the heat and the shadow of a tropic world.

Meanwhile Oliver flourished as a banker. He bought mutton in New Zealand, loaned a million in Persia for a New York syndicate and sat in on Geneva. Then they came home, Mona with a string of pearls and three new fur coats, to find a house so that her baby could be born at home.

All that was nine years ago. Now they had this great country place and a house in town. She had found time, in the rush of Oliver's goings and comings, to have a second child. Mona adored her children, but she had had little time to indulge any feeling. It was rare that she had an empty idle day like this, with no guest but her carefree brother Jim, her one tie to her irresponsible youth.

He dived into the pool after her, and they swam luxuriantly, in their separate styles, Jim a nonstop sea sled, Mona a sleepy graceful fish. They swam and they dived, and they lay on the cool green water, the sky above their heads as soft and blue as a baby's blanket. They sat on the edge of the pool in the sunlight.

"Why not come down here," said Mona, "the week-end after next and bring your Beryl and three or four others and have a party?"

Her brother was transported. "Say, Mona, do you mean it? What about Oliver?"

Mona tossed her head indifferently. "Oh, Oliver may be here, and then again he may be in Paris. How do I know? But there won't be any notables. There'll be you and me, Beryl and Rosy, and bring four other men. Then we'll have two tables of bridge, two sets of doubles, and enough to fill the swimming pool comfortably and keep warm. Why don't you bring those two Marr boys, or are they too famous?"

"Gosh, no!" said Jim. "They're week-end hounds." The Marr brothers, lately out of college, had written the book and the score of a musical hit. They were infatuated with the pleasures of living. "Charlie Marr will fall for you; he fancies himself as a rake."

Mona giggled. "I'll show him my false tooth. Oh, my, what fun! It's years since I've had a regular rough-house in my home."

Jim gave her a warning. "Well, if Rosy Garden comes you'll have it. You'd better lock up the breakable silver and the perishable glass."

"What does Rosy do?" asked Mona, delightedly. "Will she bite the butler on the ear?"

"Oh, that Rosy!" raved Jim. "Last week when Rosy was put out of the Ritz ——"

A motor horn sounded in the driveway and Mona scrambled to her feet. "Great Scott, Jim, hurry!" she said. "There's Oliver, with Ownie and Townie, and they'll want their tennis. Run!"

Getting Oliver his tennis was as much a part of Mona's job as was presiding over his dinner table. If Ownie and Townie—Ownsley and Townsend, his faithful secretaries—were not with him, Mona had to play singles, which she dreaded, because they often quarreled. Oliver took his tennis hard; he marched out upon the court with the air of a man crying, "Exercise or death!" Mona played well, but she was always shouting, "Score, Ollie, please?" Sometimes when she ran up to the net she would fall into it, and she had a habit of squealing when she hit the ball. Her weaknesses filled her with inconsequential mirth.

No, thought Mona, on the sidelines, watching Oliver and Jim and Ownie and Townie, this was better for Oliver. Oliver's air of grim determination made him seem more formidable than he was. He endowed the game with a cosmic importance. The birds ceased chattering, the wind dropped, the shadows placed themselves carefully, lest Oliver miss his stroke.

They played three sets, and then Oliver strode off the court. He always played three sets, never more, never less. Ownie and Townie, one fat and short, one thin and tall, strode after him. They came through the vine-covered door of the court and went up the green path to the swimming pool, while Oliver came toward her.

"Come for a swim, Mona?" he asked, in his clipped brisk voice.

He was nervous and uncertain about her; for a year or so she had kept a veil wrapped around her true feelings. Most of the time he was too preoccupied to think of her; when he was alone with her, she would talk of this or that, or listen to his important confidences with placid detachment

"Really," she would say, "did the President say that? How awfully silly!" And so on. Yet he knew she had a grudge against him for something.

Now she floated up from her chair. "My hair is drenched," she said. "It was so hot—I went in with Jim. But I'll come up to watch you. Wife watches magnate swim."

"Don't talk nonsense," he said gruffly.

"No, I won't," she promised meekly, and took his arm. Years ago she would have swayed against him and his arm would have gone around her. Now they walked decorously, frozen by accustomed habit, across the grass, into the tree-bordered path.

"Who's coming this week-end?" he asked.

"Oh, the Fanshawes and the Roches and that dreadful Mr. McCrew with the horse teeth, and Mrs. Widow Wagram."

"I am getting sick of people," said Oliver crossly.

"Oliver!" she cried, staring. "Have you had a nervous breakdown?" Never had she heard him express weariness with anything but governments. "You aren't sick, are you?"

He shook his body in a gesture of negation. "No, I'm not sick." He was one of those impeccable people who never get sick. His splendid head, his ruddy color, his masterful eyes, never succumbed to germs. "But I sometimes think I'd like to be here alone. I never see you for the house guests."

"Oh, Oliver," said Mona, taking his arm, "you sound positively human. But if you were here alone with me you'd be bored to death. I couldn't give you a single intelligible guess about anything."

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"Tremendous Swank," Thought Mona. "How Do You Do?" She Cried Aloud, Sizing Them Up and Wishing She Were Younger

BAYS, BIRDS AND BEARS

By HAL G. EVARTS

I HAD been assured that the bears of the islands of Southeastern Alaska were very numerous and equal in size to those of Kodiak Island and the peninsula. Both for the purpose of hunting bear and because the wonders of the far-famed Inside Passage had so intrigued my fancy that I had promised to know the islands more intimately than was possible from the deck of a steamer, we headed back to Seward and shipped for Southeastern Alaska.

Ten days from the time of leaving Uyak we chugged out of Juneau in a little gas boat that I had chartered for the trip, expecting to knock round among the islands for a week. Instead we kept going on and on, loitering in some particularly interesting bay for a night or two, then resorting to some other spot a day's journey beyond, and eventually we put back into Juneau just thirty days from the date of our departure.

Gulls are Found in Great Numbers on Kodiak Island

Swan Swanson, owner and pilot of the good boat Fra, had been a deep-sea sailor on Norwegian vessels from the age of twelve until coming to Alaska and was, quite naturally, an expert boatman. We rounded the point of Admiralty Island and nightfall found us in the shelter of a group of isles. Several other gas boats were anchored there awaiting a calm before braving Icy Strait, as there was a sizable blow on that churned the ever-present swell of the strait into smoking whitecaps. Swan was half inclined to make the run in any event, but decided to lay over. An hour after dark a gas boat of sturdier dimensions and greater engine power than any of those in the shelter came churning through without a stop and forged on into the rough waters of the strait, her night lights dipping and swaying in eccentric patterns against the black curtain of the night, and again Swan was tempted, asserting that he could ride out any blow that the stranger could weather, despite her greater size and power. We tried the strait at daylight and made it across, though another boat that attempted to follow us turned back.

Moss in the Forest Primeval

WE PUT in at the native village of Hooniah, on Chichagof Island, then headed up a narrow bay that extends for twenty-odd miles into the island. Once beyond sight of the open sea we might have been in a marvelous mountain lake hedged in by lofty snow-clad peaks, their lower slopes swathed in a mighty forest. Time and again it seemed that we had reached the end of the watery aisle, only to find a narrow channel that bored on back into the heart of the peaks. Several whales traveled a parallel course within a hundred yards of us and a deer regarded us from the shore. This was what I had wanted, to penetrate to the heart of things rather than to view them in less intimate fashion from the deck of a steamer, and I had promised myself this trip when our boat had steamed through the Inside Passage.

That night we anchored at the head of the bay, rowed ashore in the skiff and took to the forest, crossing a low divide to the head of a tide flat. The vegetation was tropical in its density, mighty trees rising in close-growing ranks. The forest floor was a litter of fallen timber, the giant trunks of blow-downs piled in tangled heaps. It was a sizable job to scale a single trunk and something of a feat to negotiate a jam of them. Brush of various sorts, particularly the thorny devil's-club, thrust up through the litter. The feathery tree tops interlocked and shut out the light of day. Moss, that parasitical growth that is ever at work to convert other vegetation back into the earth from which it sprang, was more abundant than I had ever seen it. A six-inch carpet of it covered the forest floor and every fallen log, creeping many feet up the living trunks, hanging in frowzy festoons from the limbs. Our footfalls made no sound on the yielding carpet and our view was confined to a few feet by the green velvet draperies that hung in tattered shreds on every side. There seems always a sort of breathless hush in the depth of a mighty untouched forest, as if even the wild things themselves realize their own insignificance in the presence of the mysterious forces that have fashioned these giant trunks, and so hesitate to lift their voices and shatter the cathedral silences. We stopped to view a doe that stood in a glade at the edge of the tide flat. She regarded us curiously, then disappeared without a sound in the moss-hung forest.

Bears had been feeding upon the tender grasses of the flat, but their numbers had been few and the tracks were all small. The Alaskan bear should be classed as a grazing animal. A bear will eat practically anything, but those of

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One of the Hundreds of Falls on Chichagof Island That Tumble From the Heights to the Sea

Fawn Found by Mr. Evarts Concealed in the Tall Tide-Flat Grass on Chichagof Island

The Land of Rubber and Tin

AND, AS YOU MIGHT SAY, COBRAS, ET CETERA

A Singapore Officer Straps a Board on His Back to Supplement His Arm Semaphore Service

A Native Gathering Rubber From a Tree Which Has Been Tapped, Malay Islands

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE principal products of the Malay Peninsula are tin, rubber, cobras and stengehs—stengas—stingehs—or stingers, as the uncultured Yankee often says after being introduced to them by the jolly chaps who live out there, and before he acquires that fluency with the language which enables him to ask, "Berapa?" which means "How much?" say, "Tida maoe," which means "Don't want it," and shout, "Pigi-pigi!" which means "Go away!" and which comprise a complete Malay vocabulary for all practical purposes.

Although there are various forms of this word "stengeh," as set forth above, there is but one process for the manufacture of what the word procures. It is a half drink of whisky—a small one. The theory of it is that if one of these earnest tropical drinkers, and they are an earnest little band of drinkers, takes sixteen half drinks of Scotch he will acquire more merit and less inebriation than if he took eight full drinks. The reasoning is somewhat difficult to follow and the results do not seem to uphold the premise, but this procedure has impressed itself on those of the white races resident there, and need not be questioned here. The stengeh hounds have been out there a long time, you know—or as you will know after you talk with one of them for five minutes.

Brass

THEY are very proud and superior over that. That is, the English. Not so much so the Scotch. Tropical companies, mines, plantations, banks, offices, woods and jungles are full of Scotch who are running things while the British wear the brass hats, and the Scotch do no swanking about their residence in these deleterious places. What the Scotch are up to is getting sufficient brass, without the hats, to enable them to go back to Aberdeen, or somewhere, and engineer a chicken farm or do a bit of quiet drinking in the pub of an afternoon without the necessity of labor. Most of them get the brass, too, in case there should be any inquiry along these lines.

I have been so impressed, during a considerable travel in the tropics, with this interesting phase of the colonial mind that I devoted a close study to it all along and about the equator; and I have concluded that it is due to a natural elation over their livers having held together—so many livers do not—under the heat and humidity—dampness, as it might be called—of the long, enervating and alcoholic days and nights. It must be that. Year after year they find the faithful old liver standing up under the strain of the stengehs, and it denotes superiority.

Keeping Your Liver Alive

THERE is nothing so important in the tropics as the liver. Wherefore, if a chap has escaped hobnails and engorgements and other hepatic what nots, it gives him a lot of kudos, with himself, anyhow, and the most fitting place to spill it is on the newly arrived. They put on more side over the fact that they have existed out there for whatever time they have existed out there than a native sultan does when he is receiving a delegation of tourists who are just dying to ask him how many wives he has and if the crown jewels are real or only paste.

However, that pose isn't material, albeit it is rather general. It is merely another of the diversions of a most diverting place. All in all, as it seems to me after a look at the bulk of the lands around and about the equator, the Malay Peninsula furnishes more variety in its tropical demonstrations than any other section whatsoever. It is temporarily inhabited by Englishmen who do some work, permanently inhabited by natives who do no work if there is any way to avoid it, and by Chinese who have the most of the money.

It has vast and unexplored jungles, snakes thirty feet long, crocodiles bigger round than barrels,

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Oxcarts Hauling Rubber From the Plantations Through the Streets of Georgetown, the Capital and Seaport of Penang Island, Straits Settlements

BOOM-DE-AY

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"I'm Afraid I've Scared Someone Off. Was It—er——"

THROUGH the French windows of their breakfast room the Sinclair Jenkses regarded with extreme disfavor the new house across the street.

"Really, Sinclair," observed Mrs. Jenks, "it becomes more unbearable every day." Her voice, usually mildly plaintive, took on a petulant note.

Mr. Jenks nodded assent, finished his orange juice and indulged in a brief wheezing spell. Orange juice always did that to him in the morning, as did after-dinner coffee at night, but he was not the person to change his fixed habits because of a touch of asthma.

"An architectural atrocity, my dear," he declared. "H-m-m-m! This papaw is delicious. You should try it. Aids digestion."

Mrs. Sinclair Jenks, a somewhat plump, youngish-faced matron with bobbed hair of an uncertain bronze hue, ignored the invitation to partake of the subtropical imitation of a cantaloupe. One who breakfasts on dry toast and black coffee needs no digestive aids. Besides, her soft brown eyes were still directed across the hibiscus hedge toward the offending structure on the other side of Magnolia Way.

"It has such an obtrusive color scheme," she went on.

"Blatant," amended Mr. Jenks. "Fairly shouts at you. A perfect hussy of a house. Almost ogles one. Bah!"

Allowing something for the morning mood of Sinclair Jenks, and a little more for his fondness for caustic phrases, it must be admitted that the house was somewhat vivid. It might seem especially so to eyes unaccustomed to bold ventures in pigmented stucco. And who could deny the daring which combined purple walls—not an imperial shade, rather a muddy, bottled-grape-juicy purple—with a cream-colored frieze overlaid by a sprawling design of green acanthus leaves? Then there were orange-and-blue awnings held in place by carmine-tipped iron spears; yellowish roof tiles which spilled themselves unexpectedly here and there; a brilliantly blue door, heavily strap-hinged and spike-bestudded, opening on a walled-in patio effect which seemed to have been tacked on as an afterthought. Yes, an eye-striking, attention-arresting sort of domicile.

True, this free and untrammeled adaptation of the Moorish was new to the Sinclair Jenkses. In fact it was new to Florida, having spread as a rash over the state during their three years' absence; and though this particular specimen was by no means one of the most garish examples of what the promoters of subdivisions are pleased to term the Spanish type, it was something of a shock to find it so continuously and so inevitably in view.

"Fancy having to live in such a house!" said Mrs. Jenks.

"What I ask, rather—is it possible to live opposite such a house?" And Mr. Jenks viciously decapitated an egg which had been placed before him by an undersized Japanese in an oversized white duck uniform.

"And think who does live in it, Sinclair—the Biglers!"

"Quite appropriate for them, I should say, although it seems incredible."

"The Biglers!" repeated Mrs. Jenks. "Almost, one might say, under our very noses!"

Sinclair Jenks sniffed the morning air suspiciously. "Three tiled baths, remember. Let us hope they were not added as a meaningless gesture."

From which you are respectfully urged to note that the Sinclair Jenkses were as little pleased with their new neighbors as with their neighbors' new house. Without justifying either prejudice, nor condemning, it may be said that such an attitude is often the greeting to the newcomer. And without going too deep into class distinctions, it may be hinted that Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Jenks were among those who are usually spoken of as—well, as some of our best people; at least in certain circles. But you must judge for yourself—a summer home in Long Island's Roaring Rock colony; family connections which touched Commonwealth Avenue on the north and Peachtree Street on the south; a sister who was the Countess Something-or-Other, with a villa at Biarritz. Mr. Jenks' contribution; and an uncle who had twice been governor of the sovereign state of Georgia—ask Mrs. Jenks, if you dare.

While the Biglers —— Oh, let's put that off as long as possible! Better to account for the Palm Beach defection of the Sinclair Jenkses and their pioneering as residents of the somewhat raw and decidedly new Druid Manor on the west coast. That had come about partly because a successful producer of musical shows had made a high bid for Saltair, their Palm Beach cottage; partly because their close friends, the Ogden Dunhams, had become heavily interested in the Belleclaire Hotel venture and had discovered the Gulf shore. Anyway, they had made the change, given up the Casino gatherings and the Coconut Grove tea dances, and had built the Jasmines, halfway between the ornate grounds of the Belleclaire and the absurd little town of Sandspur.

True, the Dunhams soon sold out to a Chicago syndicate, and the development of Druid Manor halted and languished, leaving the Sinclair Jenkses stranded in a half-finished residential park where only here and there was the monotony of vacant lots broken by friendly roof lines, and dependent for social diversion on a hotel. Of course the Jenkses did the right thing. They leased the Jasmines and followed the Dunhams to the Riviera. They did that for three winters.

Then they came back, for various reasons. A French landlord, wincing under the behavior of the franc, doubled the rent of their villa; they had shivered through a January and February as wretchedly cold and wet as Cannes had ever known; and Sinclair's asthma had been growing worse. So here they were again, to find that Sandspur had changed its name to San Gloria, had made its narrow brick streets into wide asphalted boulevards, was boasting a ten-story hotel, and was stretching itself in rows of pretentious bungalows far beyond its old borders. In other words, the boom had come.

It might be thrilling for some, but to Sinclair Jenks it was all rather tiresome—this frenzy of building and rebuilding, buying and selling; streets congested with motor cars, most of them hung about with booster banners; band-laden trucks going by, blaring out announcement of the opening of new subdivisions with free-fish-fry invitations to all and several; sidewalks crowded with real-estate salesmen ready to buttonhole you on the slightest pretext or none at all; and push and hustle and pep everywhere.

No longer was Druid Manor a quiet and exclusive suburb. Dozens of homes had sprung up in his absence, dozens more were in process of construction. Almost under his library windows a cement mixer ground and chugged away, trucks of plumbers and electricians and painters barred him from his own driveway, masons and carpenters squatted under his hedge to eat their noonday luncheons. Magnolia Way, where the plumosas had shot up amazingly tall, was being used as a detour for the main traffic, and at all hours an endless procession of touring cars whirled past—mud-splashed, baggage-laden cars, filled with travel-stained, road-weary argonauts from all quarters of the country. Quite ordinary-looking persons, most of them.

The hotel clientele had changed, too, and not for the better. The *nouveaux riches* had found it. You could tell by the way their women dressed—afternoon gowns for morning, dinner rings at luncheon, opera cloaks at teatime—or by the men who found their way into your golf foursomes. Crude-spoken, pushful, self-assertive individuals, many of them small-town magnates making their first winter-resort splurge. They had caught the real-estate fever. Between shots they talked of good buys and of development syndicates; boasted of quick turnovers, big profits. They urged Sinclair Jenks to get in on this or that—without other result than to make him miss his tee shot more frequently than usual.

He decided that this land craze had vulgarized his countrymen more than anything that had happened since the introduction of moving pictures. If they wished to speculate, why not stick to the stock market? Or if small gambling was what they were after, roulette tables could be found in the better resorts. They might play poker or the races if they couldn't learn bridge. Mr. Jenks himself was not averse to risking a thousand or so on margins, to stacking chips on a number until it came, to cutting into a modest game at five or ten cents a point. In fact, he rather counted these pastimes as part of a gentleman's normal routine.

But this wild scramble for building lots, acreage, business property—it was all conducted in such a hectic manner, so many common persons were getting into it, the methods seemed so boisterous, that he could not bring himself even to become familiar with the details. He understood that the majority of these deals were mainly paper transactions. Plungers bought on a shoe string, put up trifling amounts as binders, depended on resales to make first payments, and when they made a killing told the world about it through the medium of the local newspapers; a haphazard, unregulated sort of game that could not appeal to a true sportsman.

And it was almost with disgust that Sinclair Jenks learned who some of the big winners were. That fellow Krulls, for one; a sheep-faced, slouchy-mannered person who had drifted into Sandspur a few years ago from Alabama or Tennessee and established a combined barber shop and pool room on the main street. But the boom had overtaken him, he had sold his equity in the fifty-foot plot for something like ninety thousand, and now they were building a new bank there; while Krulls, arrayed in gaudy golfing togs, drove about in an expensive limousine. Then there was Murck, who had kept such an untidy little

grocery store. One of the natives, Murck, a Florida cracker; tall, gaunt, sallow, and apparently with no more ambition than a hound dog in the sun. Yet Murck had gone into local politics, been elected to the city council just as a lot of new streets were being laid out, bought while the buying was good; and now he was said to be worth well over half a million.

There were many others of whom similar tales of sudden wealth were told. Some of the stories Mr. Jenks believed, some he did not. But almost everyone in Sandspur seemed to have gone into it. He read their names on huge signs, saw them lettered on the windows of elaborately furnished real-estate offices—Tinker, the dentist; Skinner, the milkman; Walters, who had managed the fish market on the public pier; even that Swede, Olsen, who used to come in from his little citrus grove driving a mule and peddling eggs. And the silliest part of it was that they were all prosperous. He had heard of at least a dozen who had been touring Europe during the previous summer. Ten of them had met in Paris and had dined and wined at a famous restaurant, spreading the fame of San Gloria. Persons who had been in their shirt sleeves a few years ago, to whom a trip to Jacksonville or Tampa was an event. Rollins, who had financed the building of the new commercial hotel. Why, Mr. Jenks remembered Rollins as smirking at him from behind the counter of a hole-in-the-wall cigar and news stand.

Most amazing of all, however, had been the swift rise to affluence of the Biglers, and their confounded impudence in building and occupying such a gaudy residence directly across the way. The Biglers! Over the rim of his coffee cup Sinclair Jenks stared indignantly at a grilled balcony jutting meaninglessly from a towerlike excrescence that mushroomed above the eaves.

At about the same moment a flivver taxi stopped in front of the Jasmines, just out of sight from the breakfast-room windows. From the taxi stepped a young man who was laden with a suitcase, a golf bag and a heavy winter overcoat, so he must have arrived from the North by the morning train; an alert, quick-motioned young man. He had rather good shoulders and a not unpleasing face.

Having paid the driver, he started up the brick walk, but stopped for a curious look at the Bigler mansion. Then, with a tolerant smile, he shrugged his shoulders and went on. Finding the screen door unfastened, he pushed in, dropped his luggage in the hallway, whistled and strode into the breakfast room.

"Why, Chaun-cey!" exclaimed Mrs. Sinclair Jenks, registering astonishment by fluttery action of her soft brown eyes. When they had kissed and Chauncey had been patted on the back, he held out a hand to Mr. Jenks

"Hello, Sinclair! How is my respected stepfather?"

He was rewarded by a limp handshake. "You've lost another position, have you, Chauncey?"

"Relinquished is the exact word, sir, for this time I chucked the job before the job chucked me."

"But, my dear!" protested Mrs. Jenks.

"Quite so, mother. A rash, impetuous, ungrateful act; especially after all the pains Sinclair took to get me placed in his famous relative's firm. But, you see, I had just discovered that as a bond salesman I was a total loss. I was worse at that than as a banker or a broker. No, finance is not for me. Besides, tramping around the slushy sidewalks of New York, when I knew my fond parents had a perfectly good home in Florida —— Well, I ask you?"

The brown eyes became even softer as they regarded him. "You are a spoiled, good-for-nothing boy; and I am ashamed to say that I'm delighted to see you."

"Part of which I can indorse," said Sinclair Jenks, "but I beg leave to dissemble somewhat my joy at your coming."

"Oh, naturally. I had a hunch you wouldn't be crazy about having me drop in on you. That's why I didn't wire. I don't insist on being greeted as the prodigal son, either. No veal, please. I say, though, I could manage scrambled eggs and bacon, or something like that."

Mrs. Jenks promptly tinkled a silver bell. "Another plate, Yoshi. And Mr. Chauncey will have his eggs scrambled, with bacon."

The family reunion progressed along the lines with which it started. Between Mrs. Jenks and her son there was a quick exchange of intimate gossip. As for Sinclair Jenks, he sat somewhat silent except for occasional wheezes. A tall, hawk-nosed, grayish man of rather aristocratic bearing, if I know what I mean; a trifle severe as to expression.

"H-m-m!" Mr. Jenks cleared his throat and eyed his stepson through shell-rimmed spectacles. "May I ask if you have any definite plans?"

"Absolutely. I mean to shoot some golf and see if I can't break into this real-estate game myself. Why couldn't I sell lots as well as the next one?"

"Chaun-cey! How clever of you!" And Mrs. Sinclair Jenks fluttered her eyes.

"But not strikingly original," commented Mr. Jenks. "I am told that almost one thousand young men have arrived here within the last three months, each possessed of the same bright idea."

Billy Murck's Stare Turned to a Scowl. Throwing in the Gear, He Was Off. Chauncey, Too, Had Seen

Chauncey waved a piece of toast and smiled his frank smile.

"Then no one can possibly object to one more. I shall mingle with the throng, try my luck. The worst I can do will be to add another brilliant failure to my scintillating string. But golf first. How's your game, Sinclair?"

"Please, Chaun-cey!" begged his mother.

"I retract. The ninety-and-nine mark still unattained, I take it? We will drop the painful subject. But tell me about the boom. Seems to have hit little old Sandspur with a bang —— Beg pardon, it's San Gloria now, isn't it? Why, I shall need a guide to show me around the place. All these new houses in the Manor too. Who lives in all of 'em?"

Mr. Jenks shrugged his shoulders. "We have not as yet made their acquaintance."

"Anyway, they're putting up some freaky shacks. This one across the way is a knock-out, a regular eye-dazzler. Surely you know who has moved in there?"

Mrs. Sinclair Jenks lifted both her plump hands and groaned. Mr. Jenks snorted.

"As bad as all that, are they?" asked Chauncey.

"If I tell you who they really are," said his mother, "will you promise to believe?"

"But why shouldn't I?"

"Wait! Do you remember the Biglers?"

Chauncey tried, but shook his head.

"Where I sometimes sent you for lettuce or green peas; an unpainted cottage on Seminole Road, one with all the bougainvillea growing over the roof," she suggested.

"Oh, yes! The lady market gardener with the restful husband and the unlaundered children. That's so. Those were the Biglers. What's become of 'em?"

Sinclair Jenks Took the Fountain Pen and Looked Somewhat Bewildered at His Wife. "I—I Suppose It Would Mean Our Own Villa at Cannes, My Dear," He Suggested

Mrs. Sinclair Jenks spread despairing fingers. "*Ici!* Our neighbors!"

"No! Oh, I say! Not really the Biglers?"

"One and all, my dear. We found them here when we came down."

"But how—where did they get it?"

"It is quite simple. Three years ago their little patch of muck land was on the edge of town, today it is almost in the heart of it—business property. They sold for some enormous figure, invested and reinvested, and here they are." She was almost dramatic about it.

Chauncey chuckled. "Well, well! That's going some for the Biglers, I should say.

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WEAKLY ITEMS

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

EMORY GANTZ strode swiftly to the front door of the Spitzbarth home and knocked loudly. When Miss Elma Spitzbarth opened it, he gracefully swept off his straw sailor with his right hand, gallantly bestowed upon her the spray of lilacs with his left, casually tossed his hat upon the hatrack with his right, then elegantly pocketing both right and left, casually acknowledged the introduction to the cousin from Kansas.

At least that was what he did some two dozens of times in his imagination, which happened to be the largest imagination in Buthouse County. What he really did when he reached the large square house upon the corner was to pass it without looking in its direction, steam around the adjoining block and approach it from the rear. It occurred to Emory as he paused in the lee of the family orchard that one could gain ingress as gallantly and as casually through the side porch as through the front; he calculated that a dozen steps, roughly, would land him beside the door. But he took the dozen steps neither roughly nor smoothly. His hand was upon the latch of the gate when his eyes beheld an apparition upon the porch which had seemed so empty. A small figure in white had materialized from behind the Virginia creeper, its tiny hands clawing into each other and its large dark eyes burning down upon Emory with evident terror.

"Why Ain't You Ever Coming to Heltville No More?" "No!" Panted Emory, While the Last Flicker of Intelligence Fled His Harried Eye

For an instant Emory's body, mind and spirit remained suspended. Then his fingers slithered from the latch. He adjusted his new bow tie and walked on.

This must be the cousin from Kansas then. And he knew what was the matter with her; he had recognized the symptoms. He had heard her gasp and he had answered gasp with gasp. Proceeding around the block once more, the calves of his legs drew stiff in indignation. Why did the girl have to be small and dark when she should have been large and blond like her cousin Elma? Oh, of course not so beautiful as her cousin Elma, who had been created only a trifle lower than the angels, but at least she might have conformed to some of the laws of kinship. And why did she have to be bashful? He detested bashful people. It had been enough to unnerve a man!

But he still held to his original intention of entering that house gracefully, casually, gallantly and elegantly. He had never before been invited to one of Miss Elma's company suppers and he intended so to deport himself that he would never again be omitted. He bought a half-dozen eggs.

There was a third door to the Spitzbarth home and it gave upon Mrs. Spitzbarth in manifold action. She turned at Emory's tread upon the porch, potato masher in one hand, peach-tree switch in the other. The latter she shook threateningly toward several small Spitzbarth scions who were sprouting from her skirts.

"Leave loose from me! How can I make this stylish supper with you hanging? Here's Emory now; he'll be telling preacher how you badger me and he won't be leaving you go on Sunday school no more. Git aways out now!"

Emory advanced casually and elegantly.

"Mom gives you dare fur to sample her pullet eggs," he observed, and had the repentant grace to vent perspiration behind his ears.

"But lilacs ain't eggs," puzzled Mrs. Spitzbarth.

Emory snatched back the lilacs and extended the bag.

"Well, now, that's some clever of your mom and I say my thanks. You look awful tony, Emory. Was that the new shirt your mom was making you? Now shut up and be quiet!" This latter with a deft thrust of her toe toward a cradle in which a recent annual vented pink rage. "It looks grand, and here I up and told her she'd never get it out of that two yards. But what is it at your shoes? They look so outwards."

"It's new style," began Emory pridefully; then purpled down and began snatching at the shoe strings.

"You got the right shoe onto the wrong foot, ain't?" laughed Mrs. Spitzbarth, and added penetratingly, "I bet now you was seeing some girl in place of the shoe strings. But don't go changing them off in here. Go and set onto the porch and you kids take and go along with."

Encompassed by this cloud of witnesses, Emory, shoe in hand, limped to the discarded sofa upon the porch. Solemn and absorbed, his audience fought silently for position as Emory unlaced the other shoe. He strove to hold his head rigid so that his freshly larded pompadour should not break loose; but it did break loose and fell in a black jungle over his eyes. At that instant there was a gasp from the corner. Emory answered it with gasp and sprang to his feet. The cousin again! What did she have to haunt all the porches for? Scarcely taller than the dasher of the churn behind which she was palpitating, her little face swirling red looked not unlike a crimson bud trembling upon its stem. Swifter than thought, Emory snatched a pink-gingham cushion from the sofa and dropped it chastely upon his exposed socks. Rising above this pink pedestal, he felt that he was being burned to death by the two eyes which seemed unable to remove themselves from his, just as he seemed unable to remove his own from them. They stood clinch-locked in mutual panic.

"Was you ready, Emory? Did you get your feet changed off?" clarioned Mrs. Spitzbarth. "And, say, did mister give you the job on the newspaper?"

Emory broke from the clinch. Rather, something strong within him, stronger than himself, stronger than his immediate horrid predicament, wrenched him about and shot a strange glint into his gray-green eyes.

"No!" he shouted. Bemused, he kicked off the pink-gingham cushion. "Anyways, not yet," he said stubbornly. And looked, without seeing it, at the little white apparition skittering past him and in at the kitchen door.

"Well, ain't that the ever?" exclaimed Mrs. Spitzbarth in dispassionate indignation. "Here when I went and told mister you could set them types as good as any other one; it don't take no special brains, I told Spitzbarth, and if Emory feels fur it, I told him—why, Annie, why ain't you in the parlor settin'? Go in along now. Scared, that's what she is," elucidated Mrs. Spitzbarth. "Them foreign parairies where she lives in don't give much folks. But this here newspaper now. Don't leave Spitzbarth make a discouragement for you. Write him off a piece oncet in a while. He'll be bound to print it in sooner if he don't later, for it's usual with him to be plagued for just such and such little pieces to end off his columns neat. Now supper is quick on the table and if your feet are made"—her eyes raced over Emory and stopped with something of triumph—"There it goes, coming out! I told her a'ready that two yards would squinch her. Pull it down, then go tell Elmie you're here a'ready."

The shirt was blue; he saw it through red haze; the result was a horrid purple effect ruffling out above his trouser band. He dived at it with both fists and spun from the feminine eyes of Mrs. Spitzbarth. In the dining room he girt himself in agony. If it had happened once, what would hinder it from happening again? How would he dare, even, to hoist his food? His eyes roamed the table; saucers of jam and jelly spreads, pink and red and amber, gleamed back at him like curious waiting eyes—waiting. He raised his arms cautiously; he felt the perfidious garment slipping upward, slipping upward; it sprang forth with fiendish gusto. Emory dropped both arms and fell into a trance of despair. He turned slowly and contemplated the side door. Life has its bitter moments.

Up rose, above the vocal din across the hall, the blithe voice of Miss Elma Spitzbarth, "Well, I guess we're all here a'ready. I bet you have awful hungry, all of you. It wonders me if mom ain't ——"

Emory groaned sharply as at an actual stab. She was always stabbing him, always blithely forgetting him. They weren't all there! He'd show them—he'd show her —— He rammed his shirt beneath his trouser band and, chin high, strode into the hall.

Two steps and he shied so sharply that his elbow cracked against the front door. From the covert of the walnut hatrack against which her ebbing courage had stranded her, darted athwart his path, a white figure. Stung aslant, Emory gazed at the cousin from Kansas, unstrung and malevolent. He started for the door. She started for the door. He stopped. She stopped. Both started together. Both made it in a desperate heat. Jammed between the unyielding sides of the portal, struggling and clawing, finally, with a simultaneous heave, they burst widely into the room. Burst widely into a maelstrom

of shouts and laughter, burst suffocatingly into a phantasmagoria of colors and swaying bodies.

Emory came up for air feebly scratching at his middle. Thanks to the fact that his arms had been pinioned, the garment was in position. He even essayed a weak smile then.

"Aw," he said. He went about the room clutching at the window tassels, and saying, "Aw."

His hostess did not display the tact which the occasion would seem to have demanded. She was a full-patterned girl, pink and golden. Her round blue eyes rolled now like ribald agates.

"He was squeezin' her!" she shrieked. "Now, Emory, I wouldn't ever have conceited you was anyhow such a flirt."

"And she was leaving him!" giggled Effie Yancey.

"He's some tough bird, our Emmie is," commented the odious Gustifer Holzappel, pretender in chief to Miss Elma's favor.

They were seated at the table at last, the twelve of them. The ten saucers of spreads were staring at Emory again, curious and unwinking. But Emory stared back with momentary assurance. The tablecloth did it. Accustomed at his own home to the cold implacability of oilcloth, the soft linen flowing down over his apprehensive midriff seemed a veritable mantle of charity which hid for the nonce his delinquencies from his world. Grace was spoken, and Emory reached with confident fingers for the bowl of soup and the tablespoon in front of his plate.

Immediately he felt a sharp dig in his left side. Spoon suspended he jerked nervously about. He had the sensation of falling into two dark troubled wells waiting to receive him. Two imploring lips warned softly, "It's gravy yet." The cousin from Kansas ground her palms and averted her eyes. The spoon clattered from Emory's fingers. He hoisted the bowl of gravy from his plate as though it had been poison.

He hated the thin elbow which had warned him, he hated its owner, he hated himself, he hated the excellent dinner. Dishes rotated in giddy succession. He cut viciously into the ten saucers of spreads, as they eyed him each for an instant from the hollow of his palm. The pork, chicken, wienerwurst and sausage all tasted as though carved from the same wooden animal. He could not spoon enough sugar into his coffee to sweeten it. Miss Elma had seated Gustifer Holzappel next to herself—at the far end from him!

He said no word throughout the meal. This was not remarkable, however; for in that forthright community the tongue was supposed to attend to but one of its functions at a time: when it ate, it ate; when it talked, it talked; it did not adulterate its food with spurious conversation. After the meal would come an interval of glazed stupefaction when it rested for a space from both labors.

Emory was approaching this semicomatose interim when the appalling thing happened. He had consumed his currant pie and his apple pie and was gazing meditatively upon the slice of six-layer cake upon his plate, when a custard pie came frothing and quivering his way. All was lost, custard was his favorite pie. With a single deft thrust, he knifed the six-layer quandary over the edge of his plate, ladled off a segment of the custard, then, with a wary glance about, edged a thumb beneath the table toward a restraining button.

The thumb paused in its cruise while Emory's eyes gleamed strangely and moisture gathered upon his upper lip. He had encountered loose fabric billowing about his middle! Shudders zigzagged his spine. With eyes distraught he began reefing in the fabric. Once his elbow rammed the small cousin severely; he did not care, she had rammed him. He had some difficulty in thrusting the last of the cloth beneath his trouser band. He tested it with cautious intake of breath; and felt assuring conviction that everything would hold.

Everything did. The guests were beginning to rise, and with a last drooling glance at the pie, Emory began to rise too. As he did so, the pie seemed to hop toward him. Startled by this phenomenon he jerked and the pie jerked. He felt himself tightly held—he could not straighten—the tablecloth was crawling up his middle—with a gulp he flung himself frantically erect—and chaos crashed about his ears.

More correctly, chaos crashed about his feet. Something sharp struck one instep and the other. A dozen dishes seemed to have pitched viciously at him and were now rolling and tumbling and cracking about the floor. With a hoarse gasp of horror, he realized that he had mistaken the tablecloth for his shirt. Cries of terror, shouts of laughter were hurtling at him from all sides—before him was the side door—with a frenzied kick at a red saucer eye which had landed miraculously upright and was winking at him from the floor, he made for the door and slammed it behind him.

He was fumbling for the latch at the wrong side of the gate, when something again seemed to be pulling him down. In panic he jerked about, mouthing, and had the instant conviction that the thing which was pulling him down was not the hand which was tugging valiantly at his arm, but two dark troubled wells into which he seemed to be plunging headlong.

"It wasn't nothing," pleaded the cousin from Kansas. "Don't go feeling bad ower it. Dishes ain't nothing. It could be a joke."

Emory flung from her and leaped the gate.

Like all wounded things, he made for the first dark covert. Some time later he found himself wedged into the corner of an empty box car upon a siding. He was not thinking particularly; he was not feeling particularly; he was merely quivering when he first realized where he was, and he must have lain there quivering for a long time.

It seemed a hiatus in his life, that interim in the box car when his mind lay inert save when it recoiled from its own distracted images; when his body lay inert save when it startled violently at some small nocturnal sound as at a crash of crockery; but those moments were, in reality, the most important of Emory's life. For his soul had bestirred itself, there in the darkness of that box car it was beginning to weave its cocoon.

Oh, yes, that was what had been the matter with Emory. For the human spirit is like a little white worm, it must have its cocoon in which to be protected. It is not a creature of this world; it is loaned for a space from another, and it has no natural covering. It must have the outer shell, the other self, behind which to hide from the coldness and the gibes, else it will be broken utterly. The wise man

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Emory Felt That He Was Being Burned to Death by the Two Eyes Which Seemed Unable to Remove Themselves From His

Patriotism on Chintz and China

By ESTHER SINGLETON

A Statue of Franklin, Labeled Washington—Staffordshire

CHINTZ and china! How quickly those two delightful words transport us into the eighteenth century, the most attractive period in our Colonial history, the period that appeals to us more strongly than the earlier primitive times which prepared the way for the American Golden Age.

It is not to be wondered at that Austin Dobson's enchanting ballades, rondels and rondeaux found their first large and appreciative audience on this side of the Atlantic several years before their vogue began in England, for there is good reason for this.

It was in the eighteenth century that we reached the climax of our Colonial prosperity and we always enjoy anything that will help us to reconstruct that period through our imaginations. Heirlooms of many kinds survive to tell us that our ancestors lived elegantly and that the eighteenth century, despite its formal courtesies and elaborate manners, is not too far away for us to connect with it intelligently. The mere mention of such words as Ranelagh, Vauxhall, the Pump Room at Bath, spinets and tambour frames, bagwigs and flowered dresses, sedan chairs and linkboys, tea and snuff, lace wrist ruffles and sword knots, ombre and quadrille, patch boxes and mouches, Ramillie ties and cocked hats, ridottos and assemblies, minuets and gavottes, Chippendale and Spode, Heppelwhite and Wedgwood, chintz and china is sufficient to project the roll of pictures that we have in our mind's eye, ready and willing to be released at a moment's notice and at the slightest provocation.

A Washington Plate, Liverpool

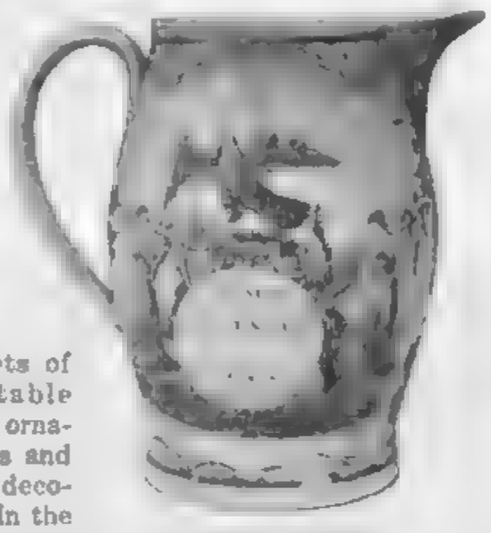
Scanning the Glass of Fashion

IN THE eighteenth century, when the rage for china reached such a point that china mania became a favorite theme for satirists, the craze, naturally enough, crossed the Atlantic. Contemporary travelers have noted many times that our Colonial ancestors were very eager to keep up with the fashions of London. They were very successful, too, in doing so; and the flame of this ambition was continually fanned by the manufacturers and merchants, who were just as eager then as now to keep a little stream of American money flowing into their coffers. Consequently, the managers of the newly established china factories created and maintained a substantial market in the New World.

The quantity of old English china that still exists—some of it in the possession of descendants of the original purchasers and some of it in museums throughout the country—is remarkable and would be of itself quite sufficient to suggest to us that the importations were larger than is commonly supposed. We have, however, other evidence as well. Inventories of wealthy citizens in both Southern and Northern colonies describe possessions that have long gone the way of all perishable goods; and advertisements in the Colonial newspapers frequently give long lists of the newest china—as they did of every other kind of goods—on its arrival from England.

When the Neptune, the Jupiter, the Charming Rachel, the Edward, the Manchester, the Albany, or whatever the name of the brig might be, dipped her bow through the Narrows and furled her sails in the serene harbor of New York—just as beautiful, though very different from the animated harbor of today—the newspapers would announce that James Gilliland, of Wall Street, John J. Roosevelt, of Maiden Lane, Henry Wilmot, of Hanover Square, or George Bell, of Bayard Street, was displaying a choice assortment of china and earthenware of the newest fashion; and as this was the period when Chelsea, Derby, Bow, Worcester, Leeds, Liverpool, Swansea, Lowestoft and other works were in full activity, and when Wedgwood, Astbury, Whieldon, Spode, Turner, Minton and other Staffordshire potters were at the height of their inventiveness, we can make a pretty safe guess as to what the latest fashion implied.

Yet it is not all guesswork for us, because sometimes the lists are quite explicit. Let us look at some of the importations as they arrive: Some beautiful ornamental chimney china; birds and baskets of flowers for the tops of bookcases; English Delft; green, agate, tortoise-shell, Tunbridge, Porto Bello, cream-colored, sprigged, quilted, pine-apple and cauliflower, melon ware; elegant sets of Dresden tea-table china and ornamental jars and figures decorated in the highest taste; blue and white landscape gilded; very handsome red-china teapots—Wedgwood's; black-and-white ribbed and engraved china and penciled china.



A Liverpool Jug

Consequently, when Miss Sally Tippet looked over the morning paper in 1757 or thereabouts—just as eagerly as Miss Dorothy Manhattan looks over hers in this year of grace, 1926, to find out where she can buy a $6000 mink coat for $2500, or the latest sport suit and tiny cloche hat from Paris—she would probably decide to have a look at the attractive new importations before they were picked over and while the day was fresh and fair.

So, tying in a neat little bow the cherry-colored ribbons on her large and coquettish white chip hat, adorned with the huge red rose at the side, and throwing her buff-silk capuchin cloak around her shoulders, she would trip forth in her high-heeled shoes to do a little shopping in Hanover Square, with the very particular desire of seeing those new silks—those lemon-colored paduasoys, those striped lute-strings, those green-and-white peelong satins and those watered tabby ribbons which Sidney Breese had mentioned in an advertisement as airy as his name, but very cleverly planned to trap the feminine taste.

A Statue of George Washington—Staffordshire

A Rendezvous on a Day Long Gone

ON HER way to Mr. Breese's, our New York belle would surely drop in to examine Mr. Wilmot's new china; and, indeed, she might even be persuaded to purchase, then and there, a little Bow or Chelsea shepherdess, with brightly flowered and looped-up skirt, dainty buckled slippers, trim bodice and gay little hat stuck at a pert angle on a powdered coiffure.

Perhaps, while pricing a cauliflower teapot or a set of Wedgwood's new cream-colored queen's ware or some pink Spode teacups, Miss Sally Tippet would be very gallantly accosted by Mr. John Peruke, very conscious of the new cocked hat he was holding in the correct style, under his arm—a hat which, dressed and cocked by the most fashionable hatter in England, he had just bought a few minutes ago at Rivington and Brown's, also in Hanover Square.

While John Peruke was calling Miss Sally Tippet's attention to a new statuette of the famous actress, Kitty Clive, as Mrs. Riot in Garrick's farce of Lethe, and enthusiastically exclaiming, with the

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PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Penn's Treaty With the Indians. Mulberry on White Chintz or Penciled Calico

THIS MAGIC BUSINESS

By HOWARD THURSTON

PHOTOS BY ELY-LIN, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Mr. Thurston's Famous Levitation Illusion

SLEIGHT of hand is the magician's stock in trade. A slip of the hand is confusion, and a slip of the foot may be even worse. The public is intolerant of slips when its heart is set on being fooled. It has paid to be fooled, it wants to be fooled, and mishaps spoil the illusion. Let me be more explicit.

In Philadelphia, a few months ago, I tripped over a stage brace as I mademyentrance. That trifling misstep immediately bore the fruit of serious trouble. Some of the members of my company giggled; a titter ran through the audience. One of the girls on the stage upset a fish bowl. Our machinery was out of gear, our audience out of sympathy. The routine of rapid action was gone. My assistants were a trifle late in handing objects to me or receiving them, only a momentary delay, but most precious time lost when you realize that fractions of seconds count in the successful presentation of tricks. Trick after trick in my opening routine just failed to have the right punch.

"We have lost them, George, but we will get them again," I whispered to my faithful colored helper, who has been with me for twenty-seven years.

It was an extreme case. It required vigorous and prompt handling. So I decided on an expedient I only employ in rare emergencies—a risky piece of business. I was doing the Rising-Card trick when this resolution came to me. Different persons in the audience had named three of the five cards used in the trick when I stopped short and fixed my gaze upon a good-natured-looking man in the aisle seat of the third row.

"Excuse me a moment, please," I said. Then I walked straight down the runway to the genial-faced stranger and cried out, "Well, is it really you, Jake? Goodness, I'm glad to see you! It's been fifteen years since I left you in Calcutta."

The Most Important Trick of All

HE LOOKED at me in astonishment, while the eyes of everyone were riveted upon the tableau. Would he respond to this little byplay, I wondered. Would he understand what I was driving at and would he rise to it?

It was over in a flash

Suddenly his countenance brightened and his hearty voice fairly boomed all over the theater, as he said, extending his hand, "Why, Thurston, it's been nearly twenty years."

"How are the family, Jake?" I asked. "Come back and see me after the show."

I hadn't misjudged my man. For several minutes before stepping down from the stage, I had scanned the faces of the spectators, trying to select the right man for this rather daring means of diverting their attention from the faulty, hesitating action of the performance. And now that the device had served its purpose I hastened back to the stage.

"I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen, for the delay; but I just couldn't help shaking the hand of my old friend and partner," I said

The effect was what I wanted—and had expected. This unlooked-for happening, ostensibly no part of the show and quite human in its appeal, had caused them to forget the earlier lapses. It had also given the members of the cast a chance to recover their poise. The remainder of the performance went over big.

The hardest task of all for the magician is to create just such a friendly feeling as I have described in this case. It is the most important trick he carries in his bag. While I have said the public likes to be fooled and pays to be fooled, it should be borne in mind that most grown-ups go to a performance of the black art with a chip on their shoulder, waiting for the conjurer to commit a blunder which puts the joke on himself or to deride him for his failure to deceive.

In other words, you might say that the public likes to be fooled if it is well done, and resents it if the execution is clumsy.

There is an utter lack of the warmth of feeling which radiates across the footlights to other classes of entertainers. Where a comedian or tragedian may proceed with his entertainment in a normal manner, taking it for granted that the audience is already sold to him, the magician's first task always is to sell his performance and himself to the spectators. The human touch is his open sesame.

I have spent thirty-five years in the acknowledged business of fooling the people. No man that ever lived can fool all the people all the time, not even he whose life specialty it is to study and produce illusions that are too quick for the eye or seldom discernible to it. All through the summer months, our off season, I devote my time to synchronizing human dexterity with mechanical chicanery in pursuit of stunts which are bewildering.

During the playing season I exhibit the finished article on the stage, backed by a company trained to work in fifths of seconds Every human and every mechanical agency has been perfected to the *n*th degree to prevent detection; and then at the most unexpected moment the whole thing will be revealed to some watchful eye, perhaps the eye of the merest mite of a youngster. It happens about once a month

Abdul, the Hindu Who Assists Thurston, Performing an Indian Fire Trick

On His Own

THE magic business is distinctly a one-man enterprise. I say this with full appreciation of the splendid support given to me by the corps of men and women who work so faithfully and capably to put our performance across. I could not get along without these competent assistants, and yet we cannot escape the fact that the magician himself is the whole show. There is no stage producer to select and build his effects; he does it himself. There is no stage manager to direct—his duties are of a different kind; no plot, no regular lines or story to adhere to, no cut-and-dried routine to follow. The talk he uses is his own, a running fire of "patter" which must be changed and adjusted to meet each situation as it develops. The tricks are his own or those purchased from a predecessor

From the moment he sets out in his quest for artistic recognition until he finds himself at the head of his own company, if he ever does, the magician goes it absolutely on his own. Few of them travel far, for there is little room at the top. I have often thought it is the very freedom magicians are allowed in the production of their performances and this lack of responsibility to anyone except themselves, which is the cause of so many failures

First impressions are never more lasting than they are in a magic show. Let me disclose some of the methods I employ to make the getaway favorable. The preparations for the night performance start at seven o'clock sharp. Every piece of apparatus is in its exact position. The electrician is standing beside the switchboard, ready to signal the carpenter in the flies for the raising of the curtain. Hundreds of details have been carefully looked after by the thirty-two members of my company. The stage is set. The orchestra is playing. "Five minutes" has been called by Fritz, my stage manager, who has been with me for nineteen years.

Promptly at two minutes before the time for the curtain to rise, I walk on the stage—and never before, for that is the most nerve-racking part of the show, just before the curtain. I'll confess

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SOME LIKE IT COLD

"How Can It be a Winter Resort When It Ain't Got No Winter, Billy? Answer Me That"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHAT you need, Mr. Snowber," said Doctor Slivovitz, lowering his weapons, "is a rest from business."

I smiled in his face, pitying him, and me too. A doctor like that would tell an escaped convict to try and keep out in the open air. Resting from business was what ailed me. I was in the real-estate game then, too—if you know anybody wants a lot in a winter resort, either hot or cold, give me a ring at Thirty-fourth Street—and I hadn't done enough business in the last four months to keep me in cigars.

"Do you drink?" he said, opening a cabinet.

"I don't mind," I said.

"Cut it out," he said, writing me a prescription for dry toast and hot water.

"Take this before and after meals, doctor," I asked, reading, "or how?"

"That's your meals," he said, crossing me again. "You've got to get some of that off you." And he poked me on the belt buckle, which was located at that time about two feet in front of my backbone. "Rest and exercise. I'd advise you to run down to Florida for a few weeks; you'll be able to play a good game of golf down there at this season."

"If I can," I said, "it's a wonderful climate." I never had a golf stick in my hand in my life. Oh, I'm quite athletic, but bicycling is my game; I did .29 for the quarter against Kramer at the Vailsburg track in 1903, and I've kept up with it, too, never missing the six-day race in the Garden. Still, if one doesn't ride himself, it is not the same thing, and I'd put on weight. But I was not yet so lost to self-respect as to take to outdoor billiards and call it athletics. Not but what it would have been a good thing for me. When I rode a dead heat with Jimmy Michaels at Newark, I weighed a hundred and forty-six. Good grief, me a hundred and forty-six! I weigh that much now with only one foot on. I met Charley Clarke at the Garden—you remember Charley; he held the record for the third and the half against time unpaced, and believe me, Charley's no sylph nowadays either—and he said, "Harry, you look like somebody put the foot pump to you!" He's a card. But golf would be a blow-out.

I got into my clothes and went out in the street. The first of the gang I met was Lew Bright—he's developing Bright Sands, down on Long Island near Amityville.

He said, "How's business?"

"Sick in bed," I said. "I'm going to Florida."

"Got something in sight down there?" he said. "I'll take a piece of it, sight unseen. Put me down for three thousand."

I said, "I'm not going on business. Just a pleasure trip."

"To Florida?" he said, sneering at me. "It must be good, if you're so mean about it. I hope you lose your shirt. Put me down for three thousand, will you?"

I met John Harkens in O'Brien's where I went for a good lunch before starting my training under the Slivovitz system. You must know John—Sundance Parkways, near Linoleumville on Staten Island? That's John's.

He came over to the table, sighting me over the leg of mutton, and said, "What do you know?"

"Off to Florida in the morning," I mumbled. "Have a slice?" Meaning the mutton.

"I'll take a little of it, if you're going in with your own money," he said. "Five thousand or any part of it, up to a quarter of the operation. I'll take whatever you want to give me."

I said, "I'm not going on business, John. Just for a rest."

"Indian giver," he said. "Thought I wouldn't take any, eh? You offered it, Harry, and if you leave me out I'm going to be sore."

I was taking the Floridian that pulls out of New York at 9:15 A.M., but seven of them came down to the Pennsylvania without their breakfasts to see me off. They gave me a basket of fruit and a box of cigars and a bottle of gin. I gave the gin back, with a look; I don't drink prohibition booze, as a matter of fact. Life is too sweet. I had answered Doctor Slivovitz that way because I supposed he was ordering me to take the stuff as medicine if it killed me.

They took back the bottle of varnish remover, and handed me my traveling orders in the shape of a paper with a list of signatures.

"We've formed a syndicate," they said, "to take up to three-quarters, and not less than a half. You can commit us up to twenty-five thousand. What's the matter with you, Harry? There's lots of good things, and you'll want in on something we have. Send us a wire when you have it sewed up; and don't forget to state that your own private cash is going in. Don't be a crab all your life."

"All right," I said disgustedly. "If I buy down there, you're in on it. Is that good enough?"

"On the expenses too," they said handsomely. "Where's your ticket? What, are you bronco busting?" And they chased right over to the Pullman window and swapped my upper for a drawing-room. There's nothing small about that bunch.

By the time we hit West Palm Beach I was saddle-galled from those narrow seats in the smoking room; it was nice of the boys to blow me to solitary confinement, but a man has got to be pretty well satisfied with himself to sit alone in a drawing-room for two days, and so for all

the time I spent in my cell they might just as well have bought me a seat in a day coach and saved money.

I could get away from New York so promptly because, as I've said, business was flat. I was then marketing Cold Comfort, a summer resort—it was then a summer resort—that I'd put on the map of Westchester County east of Croton Falls. I had picked up three hundred and fifty acres of old farm land for a ten-thousand-dollar bill; it's a beautiful country up that way, but not for farming, all hill and hollow. It's a prime milk country, if the farmer can find his stock among the hills, the way they echo and reëcho. The fellow I bought from had fifty cows, and was getting six hundred quarts a day, and was rich and influential, until one day he killed a cow for beef, and then he was broke and had to sell out. When he went milking he could hear the whole herd, but he could not find more than one cow at a time, and as bad luck would have it that was the very one he killed. Well, that is how the story was told to me. But the country's ruggedness and scenery make it a fine pleasure resort, or ought to. The lots went in the spring and summer, but you can't sell summer lots when the leaves are falling, and so I was sitting around the office and watching the help to try and fasten a quarrel on them. But they were good boys; a month before I left they gave me a traveling bag for my birthday and said they hoped heartily I would find it useful.

I chummed in the smoker with a man named Darrel, from Richmond, a little wisp of a Southern colonel with a white goatee. He was going down to locate a winter home and tantalize his heirs and assigns; he hated to go to bed, too, and we sat up most of the night and smoked the syndicate's cigars.

A fellow got on at Jacksonville, borrowed a match from me and a cheroot from Darrel and invited us into a conversation. He said he was from Birmingham, and elicited from us the admissions that we were from New York and Richmond respectively. He then cross-examined us shrewdly, which peeved Darrel, being Southern and touchy; I broke down and made a clean breast of my affairs, accounting for every moment of my time. I supposed he was some sort of reporter. A business man can use all the right sort of publicity he can get; it's only false statements about a man's affairs that rile him. Take for instance this scandalous publicity of income-tax returns—but that's not such a good example of what I mean either. I told this inquirer that I was a well-known New York capitalist, down to get away from business and grab something good, especially in trade for unimproved lots in Westchester.

Darrel went on to Miami, but I got off at West Palm Beach at seven o'clock in the morning to find a hotel and win back two nights' sleep. The cabby delivered me to the El Doremus where they gave me a nice room with unobstructed view of a busy bus station for only ten a day and tips; this was early in December, and the hotels had not yet got their nerve up.

I felt peckish when I arose that day, and I went downstairs to eat, only to learn that the dining room had been turned into a real-estate office. I finally discovered a self-service cafeteria in the suburbs where only a hundred and fifty people were waiting for their daily oatmeal and condensed milk, and I bought a place down front from a speculator for a dollar.

It was the same thing when I looked for a drug store to get a prescription of Doctor Slivovitz's filled. I was directed to one of the best drug stores in town—what I was told was one of the best—and I found it in the throes of selling out before turning into a local office of Muscle Shoals. It was full of a maddened mass of humanity, grabbing medical supplies of any sort before too late. I caught the fever and dashed in, coming out with a rubber bathing cap, a popular reprint of Gulliver's Travels, a box of salt-water taffy and a pair of pants stretchers.

I went back to the hotel and sat in the lobby in my new linen suit and pith helmet; I would contribute my bit to the reigning atmosphere of wealth and fashion. A youngish man, tall and athletic, with aquiline features and slicked hair, crossed the lobby in flowing shirt and linen knickers, and grasped my hand with a beaming smile.

"My old friend, Mr. Darrel!" he exclaimed, overjoyed.

"Of Richmond?" I said, rising and pumping his hand.

"Of Richmond, my old home town. Tell me, colonel ——"

"Down here to buy a winter home?" I pursued, slapping him on the shoulder.

"Glad to have you with us, colonel. Tell me ——"

"A mistake in identity," I said, giving his hand back to him, and sitting down. "I'm the other prospect. Colonel Darrel went on to Miami." And I picked up a newspaper to read it

It wasn't five minutes before I heard a fine barytone voice cry, "By George, it is!" And I knew without looking up that it was. But I looked, and there was the twin of my mistaken acquaintance. The twin bolted at me, and caught my hands away from the newspaper.

"Snowber," he exulted. "The old boy himself! This is a surprise. And how's every little thing on Thirty-fourth Avenue in Westchester, Harry? Remember me, don't you?"

"Absolutely," I said, sparring for time. "Let me see—you're Nick the Welcher who ran a handbook beside the Grotesque Theater and beat it off with the bets after ——"

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Snowber. Don't you remember ——"

"No, no, don't tell me," I said, halting him. "I'll have you right away. Let me see the back of your neck. No, you're not Hungry Eddie. Who are you then? Wait, wait! Did you ever peddle horse radish? Just answer me that."

Then I stopped ragging him and let him tell me whom he wished to be. I wasn't angry; the bluff was only his approach, and I'd had to make the acquaintance of prospects many and oft. It wouldn't have done any good to get angry, anyway; there wasn't a chance in the world of shaking the pack off, now that they'd got on my trail. I had admitted that I had money and that I was willing to spend it; it's an ironclad rule in every selling game to dog the prospect with money until he spends it somewhere; and there was a sales manager somewhere in the background who knew the rules.

His name was Abraham Morgelt; I called him Abe, being his buddy from the old home town. He didn't mention real estate until the following day, concentrating on the preliminary step of attention. I sold bonds when I first got off my bicycle, for Germain and Fraker, and I remember how old Fraker used to harp on attention in his sales letters. "If the lead looks as if he wouldn't stampede

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"Bootleg, Si, Si! Look, No Label." And You're Getting Very Good Value, Even at That

THE CONTENDER

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

PUT Mr. Mead at the lower end of the table—that corner there," said Mrs. Bantry.

"There?" inquired her secretary, jarred for a moment from her respectful calm.

"There!" repeated Mrs. Bantry with cold decision. "Are you taking this silly tournament as seriously, Miss Peckham, as the rest of the town? Let me look at the layout, please!"

Mrs. Bantry lay back amidst the pink-and-white foam of her bed, studying the neatly lettered diagram. Miss Peckham, whose position depended on dovetailing her actions with her employer's moods, made a survey of the immediate past and reached a rapid conclusion. Mrs. Bantry had gone sour on the tennis crowd. Last year her dinner to the champion had rivaled the finals as the event of tennis week Miss Peckham suddenly remembered a fact that brought illumination. The champion and his court had accepted an invitation this year to a state dinner at the country club, and had done it without the formality of finding whether Mrs. Bantry was going to dine them or no. True, Mrs. Bantry had probably no intention of repeating her triumph. She never lingered on a height already won. Other circumstances made that still less unlikely.

Miss Peckham, who served as beater to a steady, persistent lion hunt, knew that three magnificent specimens had come roaring through the bush into Corning's Neck that very week—an Italian dramatist in search of American impressions and royalties, a Hungarian statesman promoting international friendship with a view to a loan, a Swedish count in full cry after a wife and a fortune. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Bantry would never have given a tennis dinner that week. But still, there was the slight to be avenged. Mentally, Miss Peckham ran over the list of guests. Among all the tennis crowd Mrs. Bantry had invited only Lawrence Mead; perhaps because she liked him; perhaps because he was rated as the coming champion, and Mrs. Bantry kept always an anchor to windward; but mostly that she might, in her own delicate but decisive way, snub him on behalf of the element he represented. When Mrs. Bantry handed back the diagram and spoke, conjecture became certainty.

"To his left, Harriet Waterman." Harriet was talkative and fatuous.

"To her left, Horace Beeman." Harriet had a pale passion for Horace Beeman, himself a worn-out bachelor beau. She could be depended upon to neglect anyone to her right.

"To Mr. Mead's right, that daughter of John Comstock. Helen's the name, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bantry—Helen."

Mrs. Bantry's tones, until now a little blurred with sleep, took on a rich decisiveness as she raised her thoughts for a moment to the surface.

"She's an unknown quantity, but I feel sure ——"

Miss Peckham wished that her employer would go on. The unspoken sentence appended to the "but" promised a story worth hearing; something—dimly remembered—about a long retirement from the world. A scandal, probably.

"You may bring up my mail," ordered Mrs. Bantry. Her tone had changed again. She was smiling now. Having arranged to make everyone in that corner uncomfortable and irritated, she felt contentment and holy peace.

"Miss Comstock!" announced the butler, partly to the staircase and partly to empty air. Mrs. Bantry, descending, glanced at the clock. She quickened her pace, and experienced a slight though definite sense of irritation. Ten minutes after the hour and five minutes before anyone else might be expected to arrive—but social ciphers were always prompt. As she entered the salon, irritation blew away before a gust of admiration.

Last Night—That—and Today He Had Forgotten Her Utterly, Completely

Miss Comstock was crossing toward the colony of divans which made hospitable and human the center of this formal state apartment. Against the soft blue of walls and hangings, the subdued lights, she moved, a study in golds.

"This is beauty!" thought Mrs. Bantry before she added, "This is a person!" Her acquisitive eyes catalogued the details. Blond hair which the lights touched with bronze swirled like bands of beaten metal over a little head. The figure was slim but voluptuous; firmly sinewed, perhaps, but still soft.

The girl sensed approach, stopped, turned on Mrs. Bantry a pair of gray eyes which seemed to light the room with cold fire. "Voluptuous!" Mrs. Bantry had said to herself. "And spiritual!" she added now. The girl's history disentangled itself from the miscellaneous gossip in Mrs. Bantry's memory.

That accounted, of course, for this aura of innocence or whatever you might call it—she found herself searching for expression.

Her voice, speaking the conventional phrases of greeting, came out soft and shy but decisive. By now Mrs. Bantry was vividly interested, had begun plotting social adventures.

Suddenly, too, she found herself justifying that arrangement at the lower end of her table. The malice of Mrs. Bantry burned in short flares and spurts; often when the impulse was past and her dainty mischief done, she made amends to herself by arguing mischief into virtue.

"On your right, my dear, I have put Tommy Seavern; he'll amuse you. Don't mind that frightfully irritating calm of his. It's only his pose. If I were a young woman beside him, I'd consider it a challenge. And on your left, Lawrence Mead. He plays tennis."

"Oh, I know ——"

"You've met him?"

"No, but I've been reading the newspapers."

"Which print nothing but lawn tennis this week. Lawrence Mead, the coming champion." Mrs. Bantry clipped her syllables sarcastically. A gleam of the morning's malice had shot for a moment into her mood. "But he's really quite tolerable for all that. He's been playing the game in his desultory way ever since he left college. But he's become a newspaper feature—isn't that what it's called?"—clipped syllables again here—"only during the past year. So he's a little older and better balanced than the rest of the overadvertised young——" Mrs. Bantry paused for a word. Before she got it, another idea set her off on a new track. "As though it mattered, now that tennis has become democratized! Once, the tournament drew our people. Now we're only a tuning up for the championship at Forest Hills, where anyone may enter. You can imagine! Heavens, I used to think polo was safe, now even polo ——"

The easy but formal entrance of Baron Fortesian, the statesman from Hungary, swerved Mrs. Bantry onto the trail of bigger game. Helen stood watching him express with face and gesture his whole-hearted devotion to Mrs. Bantry, of all women in the world; watching the summer sunset afterglow fade over wide lawns, pleached paths and artistically gardened vistas that carried the glance to a sea which looked as though it also had been mowed and rolled every day for fifty years; watching natural light and artificial light play strange shadowy tricks with the Louis Quinze furniture; watching most intently of all the tall, swaying, correct figure, the lean, high-nosed marble face of her hostess. And the expression in her gray eyes explained perhaps that evanescent impression of interested candor which had attracted Mrs. Bantry. It was not a baby stare; it was too mature and humorous for that. But it took in everything with the look of a child who is beholding his first Christmas tree. The baron, on presentation, kissed her hand Continental fashion; and in his own fashion swept her face, as he bent down, with a glance balanced between ardor and respect. Mrs. Bantry, watching, smiled, and her eyes softened. The Comstock girl had drawn back and flushed slightly. So she herself had felt at sixteen when a foreigner first kissed her hand; pleased, thrilled, a little frightened, wishing he wouldn't do it and wishing he would do it again.

This mere supernumerary stuck unaccountably in Mrs. Bantry's consciousness. The company was arriving now; cars as sleek and fine lined as Thoroughbred horses laced with their dimmed lights the vista of park and ocean. The salon had become languidly animate with soft-voiced chatter, controlled laughter, suggested perfumes. But even as she struggled to recall by name that play of the Italian which set New York afire last year, to remember where the Swedish count stood in the war, to find impromptu badinage for the rest, Mrs. Bantry was glancing over her shoulder at the girl by the big couch. At first she stood alone, still wearing that expression of amused wonder; now she was talking to the Massinghams.

Lawrence Mead was approaching her. But a knot of men stopped him, gathered about him. Talking about the day's matches, of course. Wasn't he a finalist tomorrow? The butler announced dinner. As she took Baron Fortesian's arm, Mrs. Bantry suddenly unloaded a remote corner of her mind.

"I could never make out whether it was just sophistication with that Lawrence Mead, or coldness—or what ——"

"Madame?" inquired the puzzled baron.

"His immunity to girls—considering that they are perpetually trying to make fools of themselves over him," said Mrs. Bantry. Then, realizing she had been talking aloud, she pulled herself up with something as near embarrassment as she had felt for ten years.

An irregular face, a little lined, spite of its youth; rather negative hair—mouse-colored, if anything—dark blue

eyes; loose, easy, controlled motion, of course; so, as he seated her, Helen Comstock catalogued him in a furtive glance. She absorbed this only dimly. She was trying to pull back into memory a hastily read headline from the evening paper. Someone had won a thrilling five-set match. Should she venture —— Suddenly that problem solved itself. From the upper reaches of the long table, a man had called, "I say, Lawrence ——" caught his eye, and in pantomime of congratulation was shaking hands with himself. Now Mead was seated; he turned his dark blue eyes lazily on her. Then he smiled. That smile made a great deal of difference. In repose, his face had seemed irregularly austere, even puritanic. But the movement of his lips, the crinkle of his eyes, gleamed to light tiny candles at all the points of his countenance. He waited as though he was expecting her to start conversation. Helen stirred in her chair, snatched at the first commonplace to hand.

"You won today!"

"Yes," he said absently. He did not take his eyes from her face however. And then—"You ought always to wear your hair like that."

Helen stiffened. Her mind, her soul and her lips made three separate and distinct answers.

Her mind said, "How do you know I don't?"

Her soul said, "This is thrilling, somehow."

Her lips said, "Really?"

She wondered if that sounded offensive. She ventured to look up. He had flushed just a trifle. He must have taken it as sarcasm. She hadn't intended it so. Again she took refuge in the commonplace.

"Congratulations."

"Oh, yes!" He seemed to grasp at the commonplace himself. "It was a hard match. And I have a harder one tomorrow." Then he dropped his eyes on her, and again he flushed ever so slightly.

"You live here, do you?" That was what his lips said, but his intent eyes said something more compelling. "Tell me tell me—tell me." What did he want her to tell him?

Suddenly she found herself answering those eyes:

"No, New York nominally. I'm visiting the Carringdens. I haven't lived anywhere to speak of in the past seven years. I haven't lived at all. I've been dead in life." She pulled herself up. The pause was eloquent, expectant.

"Go on," he ordered. "Traveling?"

"Not even that. I've been most of the time in one spot. You see, I had a brother wounded in the war."

She stopped. She did not pity herself; she was asking no pity of anyone for what had passed; she had intended not to talk of those seven dun years; and here she was, about to spill it all to the first man at the first dinner party! Yet his response impelled her to go on.

"And you've been taking care of him?"

"Has anyone told you?"

"No."

"I've been taking care of him—yes. Were you "

"In the war? Oh, certainly—on the Mexican border! I didn't get across." He seemed to grasp her meanings before she had finished her sentences, even to pluck them out of her mind.

"Well, that's all—caring for him."

"No, that isn't all. I'd like to know the rest." And then she was telling it, frankly though jerkily; but the climax first.

"Wounded terribly—and shell shock. A shock that amounted to insanity. His mind—and it had been a very fine one—as good as gone. But still so sweet, so docile—except for periods when he'd do strange things. My mother had died two years before. I was the only one who could handle him—we had been very close. It was best to take him far away from everything, where he could be absolutely quiet, see as few people as possible and work a little with his hands; that or an institution. We were seven years in the San Juan country—desert and mountains."

"And then?" His expression showed that he anticipated, even before she answered, the meaning of that answer.

"He died six weeks ago."

He said nothing. She liked that. She glanced hastily down at her filmy blue dress.

"We don't believe in mourning in our family. When he went overseas—he especially asked us not—if he was killed. And so I'm back. And this is like fairyland. No people, really, for seven years—just passers-by and books." She pulled back here. "I'm breaking all the rules of charm and society conversation as taught in the school where I was finished," she laughed. "I've been talking about myself when I should have been encouraging you to talk about yourself. Put me at my ease. What do you do?"

"Oh, I play lawn tennis."

She looked for the first time full into his face.

"You do a great deal more than that, I think." He became grave.

"No, I haven't so far. You make me feel very trivial – with what you've just told me. You see ——" Here he seemed to be looking inward, scrutinizing himself. And when he spoke it was with an appearance of difficulty; as though something stronger than his will drew out the words.

"I was intercollegiate champion. Then the war. Then I kept on playing tournament tennis because I like it better than anything else in the world. Only I didn't really play tennis—I know that now. I just trifled with the game, as I've trifled with everything. It's my misfortune, I suppose, that I don't have to work. Life's been entirely too easy. And last year I looked myself in the face. What I needed was to do something hard –with everything I had in me. Well, tennis was the thing I could do best. Trivial, but true. I made up my mind to have a try—a serious try—at the championship. I put into my game what it had always lacked—concentration and the will to win, especially concentration. Training myself to see nothing in the world when I'm playing except that ball, and to think of nothing except how and where to put it."

"And they say you stand a splendid chance to win tomorrow."

"Oh, tomorrow! Yes, it counts a great deal in a way. This is the most important preliminary tournament. And it happens to be the first time I've met the champion this season. If I beat him, it's a fine start toward beating him at Forest Hills next month in the real championship. And at any rate I'll get a line on his game."

"Do you care a great deal?"

He had been very grave. Now again the smile lit the tiny candles at the points of his countenance.

"Yes," he said, "when I think it over, that's the most encouraging thing—not my phenomenal rise in lawn tennis"—a little sarcastic twist of his lips drew the conceit from this phrase—"but the way I do care."

"And when you're champion?"

"If I become champion—well, I said when I looked myself in the face last winter that I'd win the championship if I could, just by way of discipline, and then find some job more worth while. But I don't know. When you're champion, there are so many influences holding you to the game. Vanity among them, I suppose."

Here he stopped abruptly. At just this point, too, the man on Helen's right seemed to feel that it was time for some polite advances. He turned to address her, but the intent pose of her head warned him away.

"Well, you've a right to fancy yourself," she said.

"And after all," he resumed, ignoring the compliment, "I wonder sometimes if it isn't worth while. If a man has no other special talent, I mean. Isn't it as decent and dignified as going out and making a million dollars that I don't need?" Here came another of his abrupt pauses; and as suddenly, he spoke again: "I don't know why I'm talking this way to you. Or maybe I do. But I've never said it to anyone before."

"It may put you further at your ease," replied Helen softly, "to know that you're the only person—besides my father, of course—to whom I've talked about my brother."

With the dessert, Mrs. Bantry took advantage of a pause in the flow of the baron's conversation to survey the field of action. Her glance halted at that corner which she had planned and contrived to render so uncomfortable. Lawrence Mead and Helen Comstock were talking intently; his face, turned toward hers, was illuminated as she had never seen it before.

"Heavens," she thought in deplorable slang, "that Comstock girl works fast! The candid pose—why hasn't anyone else thought of it before?" As she rose to signal the dispersal for coffee, Mrs. Bantry found herself regretting something she had believed in for a moment and lost.

The mosaic which had been the dinner party broke into a kaleidoscope of movement and color and settled down as the guests regrouped themselves by the open windows of the salon, in the intimate little side rooms or along the lighted terraces, into brilliant spots. Without a word of invitation or acceptance, Helen and the tennis man, still talking eye to eye, rounded the table, made for the piazzas. Three frilled shirt fronts barred the way. Foremost was an elderly man with the beefy, port-wine-colored visage of a British country squire. He seized Lawrence Mead heartily by the lapels of his coat, dragged him bodily away from

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"If You'll Stand for It I Think I'm Going to Talk to No One Else But You Tonight"

SHAPES IN LIGHT

By Joseph Hergesheimer

John Gilbert as Rudolph and Lillian Gish as Mimi in King Vidor's Production of La Bohème

IN THE course of a few days Jesse changed his place of living. Pola had left the Ambassador for her house; her rooms in Reposa—as the name indicated—were quieter than those in Huerta, and he moved into them. They were on the ground floor, strung along a terrace and brilliant grass; and every morning, as we had breakfast together, a girl of uncommon attractiveness would read, in attitudes of unstudied and accidental charm, in a couch hammock just outside the windows. Jesse, who was exceedingly modest, hadn't even smiled at her; but I did get him to admit that she was probably conscious of his presence in California. She would like you to throw open the door and offer her a contract, I went on. Remember the girls in Florida. The winter before, Jesse and I had gone to Florida and Cuba, and for the first time I had realized the immense power of the world of moving pictures over the young feminine mind.

Girls, in their best frocks and most impressive manner, were continually meeting us by chance in the corridor that led to his rooms in the Breakers Hotel; the girls at the news stands in both the Breakers and Royal Poinciana, in Palm Beach, had their hair freshly marcelled at his appearance and sold cigars and candy and souvenirs, post cards and chewing gum, with an air of passionate and remote melancholy; and once when we went into his sitting room a young symmetrical person advanced impetuously from where, in the bathroom, she had secreted herself. This was all, for me, very stirring—usually.

Flattered by Mr. Nichols

IN THE Royal Poinciana two really lovely girls, with a mingled shyness and determination, took, each of them, one of my arms. Oh, Mr. Lasky, they began. Pride, if nothing else, forced me to admit at once that I wasn't Jesse. I am here with Mr. Lasky, I continued. I am Mr. Hergesheimer—Joseph Hergesheimer. But they released me at once; they were sorry, they said in chorus, and swept away, hiding their embarrassment, their complete indifference to whom I had turned out to be, in a glacial annoyance of carriage.

I saw very little of Jesse at dinner or in the evening, and so, practically every day, he had invited me for breakfast and the discussion of all that was happening to us. The operation of this was always identical—I'd arrive at Reposa on the precise second agreed upon, after having ordered breakfast from my rooms, and Jesse would be more or less dressed; that is, he'd have something on. In his bedroom he'd be hurrying from spot to spot, the clothes for that morning mingled with the black clothes of last night. I'd wedge the buttons into the starched cuffs of his shirt; we would choose a necktie and find an appropriate handkerchief, and breakfast would arrive. I would start with the prune juice while Jesse lingered brushing his hair, and then he'd appear serene, contented and without a trace of haste. His attitude would suggest that I had arrived too soon. What did you do last night? he invariably asked. Did you enjoy it? Well, I mostly replied, I saw Aileen and we played dominoes. At this he never failed to appear mystified; he hadn't played dominoes since he was a child and couldn't actually remember it then. Dominoes, he'd repeat, with his ingratiating smile—what a game! With that smile Jesse always mitigated any note of criticism in his voice or feeling. He, it turned out, had been to an immense occasion where he was presented with a commemorative piece of silver.

Tonight, he went on, there is to be a showing of Mr. Griffith's new picture for a few people at the studio, and would you care to come. I'll be glad to, I assured him, if I could bring the Nichols, who were having dinner with me—Robert and Mrs. Nichols and Aileen—and that he was very cordial about. The dinner was as pleasant as possible; and before it began Nichols placed what was obviously a very old and valuable book, bound in vellum, on my table. His manner seemed to indicate that it was a bomb he hoped I wouldn't notice until he had left and it went off; where in reality it was a present with my name beautifully inscribed in the front. When they had gone, and I had returned to the Ambassador, I looked very carefully at the book Nichols had given me. It was fine with age, with mellow paper and lovely printing; and in Latin, a language I had neglected to learn. Yes, its wisdom and poetry and form were closed to me. I could see that Horace had written it, but that was all.

I began, uncomfortably, to reflect on my ignorance, the fact of my total failures at school. I had complained about the lack of background in moving-picture directors, and here I was helpless in the face of the simple lines of Horace, an urban gentleman, I had been given to understand, who had found pleasure in the country. The words Falernian wine came into my head; I had a vague idea that the Romans had corrupted the Greek civilization—but perhaps only in architecture—and no more.

I wondered if Miss McLeary were better founded in the classics, and thought of telegraphing her: Can you read Horace in the original? But I didn't. As it was, she and the telegraph office in West Chester had enough trouble with me. Nichols had been splendid in his complete assumption that I was the master of antique and sonorous languages. You will like a little of it before you fall off to sleep, he had told me; and, confused by the compliment, I hadn't contradicted him.

Renée Adorée in the Role of Musetta in La Boheme

Instead, the whole truth was, I was deep in a book about the catching of very large fish in far seas; my mind was filled not with graceful poetry but with the forming determination that I must try the tarpon of the Cuban coast. I had caught them on moonlit nights in the Captiva Pass, in Florida, and along the Panuco River, above the oil refineries of Tampico, but the blue-black water of the Caribbean Sea promised a different and equal pleasure.

It was evident that I was largely a trivial person; and yet, objectionable as a number of very articulate people found the books I persisted in writing, they weren't trivial. It was very strange. I couldn't read Latin or Greek or German or Spanish or French. Italian was now beyond me, and many of the great books in English that I could read I had indolently ignored.

I had tried Dickens without success, a chapter of Thackeray was enough, Bacon I was ignorant of, I knew nothing of the Restoration drama and was familiar with only the lyrics of Shakspere; Johnson, seen by Boswell, was a nuisance; George Eliot tired me beyond endurance; twenty pages had been enough of Wuthering Heights; Jane Eyre I had considered at the age of ten and not since; I failed properly to appreciate Jane Austen and I would never, in spite of my contrary purpose, read the incomparable Chaucer.

Obeying One's Public

AGAINST that, I did like John Donne and Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet I heard almost nothing of, and Sir Thomas Browne; and, until I had begun to write, sometime between eighteen and twenty, I had been saturated with the English poetry of the nineteenth century. As the number of my written paragraphs multiplied, my interest in reading declined, perhaps because I wasn't capable of both. I lost interest in the accomplishments of literature and became involved with the difficulties of its means. A finished beauty was infinitely less engaging than the imperfections of my own efforts. And so in place of enjoying a reach of Horace before I fell off to sleep, I was busy with the problem of how to save a large hooked fish from the ravages of sharks. I was wondering where I could live in the intervals of fishing on the Cuban coast.

Again at the Fairbanks' for dinner, with Lillian once more on my right. Mrs. Fairbanks and I came to another of our amicable differences of conviction; she was interested in the body of opinion of her whole public, of the public, and I was forced to admit that only the opinions of a very few were important to me. The proof of her rightness, she felt, lay in the display, in the theaters and moving-picture houses, of the sign Standing Room Only. The people were invariably correct in their choice of what she should, where they were concerned, do. She was willing to accept their great massed voice for her direction.

There I was as far removed from her as it was possible to get; if I had listened in the beginning to my own infinitely smaller public I'd have arrived simply nowhere.

I wasn't in the least interested by indiscriminate judgments; it was necessary to the validity of what I did that it should deliberately proceed in the face of an enormous indifference and a sharp scorn; or perhaps I should say that my conceit was such that I insisted on hanging myself in my own way, with my own sentences. My peaceful contention with Mrs. Fairbanks was brought to a temporary stop by the soup—we were having a purely Mexican dinner and I was interested to see how Lillian, in her unsuspecting coolness of person, would survive such burning condiments I shall like it very much, she said firmly, and then ate a spoonful of beans. Oh! she exclaimed, and an expression of pained amazement spread over the pure oval of her face. She softly laid the spoon by her plate and took no more of that. The rest of the dishes she first tried very carefully.

After dinner we went back into the drawing-room and the lights were extinguished for a picture, but it was very different from the one we had before seen together It was a historical comedy, almost a satirical parody, with Raymond Griffith, and I couldn't see how either the picture or Griffith might be improved. We laughed continuously. Lillian exclaimed with pleasure, and Douglas and Mrs. Fairbanks agreed with my pleasure. It was dexterously played and always highly amusing; the two girls in it were charming and Griffith was usually rushing distractedly from one to the other. It wasn't, I suppose, very novel Raymond Griffith, with a pair of dice, took all the feathers and beaded finery from an Indian chief; he lured the Indians from a war dance into the steps of the Charleston; and when it appeared that he was about to be hanged, when, actually, he was hauled into the air, his expression of nonchalant surprise was in the perfection of the comic spirit.

Raymond Griffith

Charlie Chaplin as a Satirist

I WONDERED how the hanging of a man could be so irresistibly funny, an operation in itself notably without humor, and came to the conclusion that the essence of the scene lay in the fact that there was no question of strangling involved. I realized there was no possibility of tragedy. I was free from that oppression; and what remained was the absurdity of Griffith's conduct, his expressions, confronting a solemn, an irrevocable fact. He was raised from the ground and lowered and raised again in irreproachable clothes and an idiotic look of protest; and then, finally, he was pulled entirely over the limb the rope hung from, and everyone concerned fell backward into the dust. I was completely satisfied with the whole performance, tired from laughing, and when it was over my mind returned to Chaplin. But not because Raymond Griffith had suggested him. Griffith was an individual; I was recalling how Charlie Chaplin—a very serious man -made me laugh to the point of humiliation. I went with Dorothy to see The Gold Rush and at moments I was exhausted with a ridiculous and noisy enjoyment.

I laughed at Chaplin when I saw him and he was at his best, but when I thought about him I was sober minded. He was, in the shadow of his pantomime transferred to the screen, the most satisfactory actor I had ever seen; he gave me a greater, a more complete, satisfaction than any other; the range of emotions and thoughts he brought up was extraordinary. Mainly, there was that presentation of the brutality of chance I had spoken of, the spectacle of an impotent and conceited atom lost and whirling among the frigid stars. He had this effect on me as well—he clarified to me what I was doing; a small number of books and paintings and musical scores, works of art, had done that, and I was immeasurably in their debt

The spirit of courage is contagious, and the spirit of a book above all pettiness and conceived in clear beauty communicated to me, as much as I was able to absorb, at least the breath of its unheated serene fineness. And for that, and for more than once, I was indebted to Chaplin I had said that his mind was not unusual, but it could not have been negligible; it must have had its secret apprehensions, for, at bottom, his great ability was critical; he was a satirist. But his satire—here he was purely creative—lay in actual presentation rather than by a comment on it. He was the veritable waltzing man with a dog tied to his trousers and the girl of his choice mocking him!

Richard Barthelmess in Tol'able David

I had been interested in his bravest moments; I realized how widely separated they were and what deserts of the commonplace lay between them, the commonplace that reached with the monotony of a fog over the world of moving pictures The Gold Rush was in no way dominated by the fire of revealing satire and moving comprehension; it was even without any logic of progress; it was so large and shapeless, so loose in construction, that I was afraid it would break under the weight of public patronage; where it should have been firm, consecutive, it betrayed its promise. And at the end Chaplin, with a fortune of gold, married the girl who had mocked him; Chaplin, the eternally unmarriageable, the individual who could never own anything, who could never succeed, never reach any destination. Charlie Chaplin with the stupidity of a fur coat hiding his inimitable human raggedness!

The Art of Accepting Criticism

AT MARION DAVIES' party we had arranged to see each other again; I said something about the construction of The Gold Rush and Chaplin was interested; we would develop it in detail; but we didn't. Except for the dinner where we both spoke, we had no further contact; and though I was sorry for this, it had its fortunate aspect, since it was in my character, in my lack of tact, to push my criticisms to the farthest point. I'd have been carried away by the sound of my own convictions and ended, in Chaplin's thoughts, as something of a presumptuous nuisance. I realized that, remembering my reactions to criticism a critic seldom endeared himself to me. I understood how necessary to him his integrity was; academically, I appreciated an honesty undeterred by any considerations of expediency; but I appreciated it best when it was engaged with books other than mine. The correction of an actual mistake in any of my pages I regarded as

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Douglas Fairbanks in The Black Pirate

John Gilbert in The Big Parade

Henry King, the Director of Tol'able David

WEED 'EM AND WEEP

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

By the Time I'd Hauled Enough Top Soil to the Front Lawn, I Had a Blister for Every Chink in China

WHO'S that man I seen you talking to this evening?" I asks the frau a couple of weeks after we'd completed our house at Doughmore-on-the-Sound.

"That wasn't no man, Mr. Bonehead," she returns. "That was your gardener."

"My how-was-that?" I inquires.

"Your gardener," repeats Kate. "You don't expect we're going to have this place sticking out like a sore thumb in the middle of a sand lot, do you? It's got to be landscaped."

"Not with my panting bank roll, it doesn't have to be," I barks. "I'm the landscape for this joint the way I'm terraced with mortgages and hedged with interest notes. This hut looks sweet enough ——"

"Yes," cuts in the missus, "like a diamond stud in a dirty denim shirt."

"What would you suggest," I asks, sarcastic—"that we peddle the sparkler to launder the shirt?"

"Kate's right," remarks Hank Ritter, who's drifted over to the shack with Jim and Lizzie Magruder for a five-handed massacre of the neighbors. "You can't blow yourself for a dinner jacket and then balk at buying a clean collar to go with the layout."

"Maybe not," I admits, "providing the tailor leaves you a few slim dimes. Know what this stack of sticks and stucco set me back?"

"Enough," says Hank.

"I should have got off that easy!" I comes back. "When I started out I figured it would cost twice as much as I figured; when I got through ——"

"You'd been doubled and redoubled," finishes Ritter. "I've just played a hand with those contractors myself and I know how they bid. Just the same, you've got to manicure your grounds even if it brings the sheriff on the run."

"Even!" I yelps. "Right now I can feel his hot breath on the back of my neck. How much," I asks, turning to the wife, "does that wop seed sprinkler want for throwing us a landscape?"

"For two thousand dollars," returns Kate, "he'll ——"

"What'll I do with a flock of greenhouses," I interrupts, "a mess of sunken gardens and a lot of orchid beds?"

"For two thousand dollars," goes on the frau, "he'll fix the lawn, put up a bird bath and set some evergreens out in front."

"Bird bath, eh?" I repeats. "What am I supposed to do—play Saturday night for every sparrow in the neighborhood? How many evergreens do we get?"

"As many as you'll buy," replies the missus. "He just plants 'em."

"Some plant," says I, "and I'd be an evergreen myself to fall for it. Two thousand berries! It didn't cost any more than that to lay out Central Park."

"Grass comes high," grins Hank. "That's how the expression 'long green' started. Why don't you do like I'm doing and work your place yourself?"

"Huh!" sniffs Kate. "What does he know about gardening?"

"What is there to know?" I snaps. "Shovels don't care who push 'em or seeds who plant 'em, do they?"

"Seeds," agrees the wife, "don't care much if anything about the who, but they're mighty particular about the how, the when and the where of their planting."

"Bunk!" says I. "All you need is a strong back and a weak mind."

"Look!" I Shrieks. "Isn't That a Blade of Grass?"

"I don't know how strong your back is," slaps out the missus, "but I'm not going to have the garden all botched up by somebody that doesn't know the difference between a dahlia and a daisy."

"Who doesn't?" I shouts.

"What is the difference?" asks the frau, quick.

"That's easy," I tells her. "Dahlia seeds come in packages marked Dahlia and ——"

"How," cuts in Kate, "do you tell 'em apart when they come up?"

"Why do you have to?" I wants to know. "A dahlia's going to be a dahlia no matter what I think it is. It's not like Mike Sweeney's twins."

"What about them?" asks Lizzie Magruder, whose brains would have weighed exactly a pound if you handicapped them seventeen ounces.

"Mike," I explains, "had a set of twins—Pat and John—who were dead ringers, excepting that Pat had a couple of teeth. The way to tell 'em apart was to put your finger in John's mouth. If he bit you, it was Pat."

"There's one thing you won't have to plant around here," remarks Ritter, "and that's moss. You can just strip it off your wheezes."

"How," inquires Lizzie, after a little synthetic thinking, "could you tell in the first place which of the boys was John?"

"Where's the difficulty?" argues Hank. "All you had to do was put your finger in Pat's mouth. If he didn't bite, it was ——"

"The Barroom Boys'll now sign off," flares up Kate, giving me and Hank the icy eye. "I'm going to have the gardener start work tomorrow," she adds, cold, "and that's that."

"It's not even this," I growls. "You're going to have a garden and a lawn right enough, but I'm the baby Burbank that's going to plant the seeds."

"And field the weeds," adds Ritter.

I Grabs Ritter by the Arm and We Do a War Dance Around the Newborn Blade

"In our set," says I, haughty, "we do not permit weeds to enter the grounds."

"How are you going to keep them out?" asks the Magruder oh my.

"I don't even have to try," I tells her. "This is highly restricted property."

"Let him do the gardening," Lizzie urges the missus. "He ought to raise a lot of laughs, anyways."

"So'd your mother," I comes back. "Where do you figure the guffaws are coming in?"

"It'll certainly be funny," says she, "for a person who can't tell a dandelion from a cowslip ——"

"That's easy," I interrupts. "You treat a cowslip rough, and if it growls it's a dandelion."

"And," completes Hank, "if it doesn't, it's a sweet William.

"Let Dink take a try at it," goes on Ritter. "The exercise'll do him good, and if he gets into a jam he can always call on Jim for help."

"Sure," offers Magruder, who'd have made the same crack if it was a question of taking an eight-day clock apart or translating a Bohemian ballad into Norwegian via the Portuguese.

"Where'd you learn about gardening?" I asks. "In that walk-up apartment of yours?"

"Jim's wonderful," puts in his yes-yoke, "when it comes to things like flowers. He is, you might say, a child of Nature."

Kate finally agrees to let me take a shot at the garden, the idea of my working off some of the fat under my belt winning her over.

"No matter what happens," she remarks, "I ought to get something decent-looking around the house."

"Fear not, fragile one," I assures her. "In a little while you'll have a sylphlike meal ticket picking posies and petunias with one hand, and parsnips and peas with the other to lay at the feet of his lady fair."

"I'll be satisfied," sniffs the frau, "if you can just bend over that far."

II

THE next day I hikes me down to the village what-not store and asks for Kileen, the owner, whom I'd met a few times on the 6:15.

"What'll you have?" he asks.

"What have you," I comes back, "for a lad that wants to give some seeds a good home and a chance to get up in the world?"

"Going to fix your place up, eh?" says Kileen. "Who's doing the job?"

"None other than," I tells him. "I've only got about an acre to split up into lawns, flower beds and vegetable gardens, and an hour a day ought to take care of that easy. What do I need?"

"Sympathy," says he. "That land of yours has only been rough-graded and you got to top-soil and fertilize it with bone meal before ——"

"Bone meal?" I cuts in. "What's that—dandruff?"

"Ever done any gardening before?" grins Kileen.

"No," I admits; "but grass and flowers have no prejudice against me, as far as I know. What's the trick about throwing a bunch of grass seed around and letting it sprout?"

"Over in England," remarks the storekeeper, "they say it takes a hundred years to make a good lawn."

"Some Moisture, Eh?" I Gloats to Taylor

"I'm not going to make this one in England," I promises. "What are you trying to do? Gyp yourself out of a sale?"

"No," says he; "but I don't want you to bring your children up with curses in their hearts for Frank Kileen."

"Don't worry," I assures him. "All the family curses for the next eighty-six years are reserved for the guy that blue-printed me into the building blues. I'm going to wet-nurse this lawn myself and ——"

"All right," shrugs Kileen. "Got any tools or anything?"

"Nothing," says I, "but a desire to delve and a passion to plant."

After I tells him the general idea of the layout I got in mind, Frank begins fixing up my order.

"Two hundred pounds of grass seed!" I yelps, when he gets to that item. "What do you think I'm starting—a golf course?"

"Lawns," says Kileen, short, "are not seeded; they're reseeded. What'll you have in the way of vegetables?"

"Oh, the usual," I answers. "Tomatoes, onions, succotash ——"

"How'll you have your succotash?" asks Frank. "On a vine or a tree?"

"Whatever is customary," says I, "among the leisure classes. What's the matter? Isn't it a vegetable?"

"It's vegetable hash," explains Kileen, "and you can't any more raise it than you can grow a beef stew. Want all the stuff that plays a part in the succotash act?"

"I don't care," I comes back. "The only thing I want for sure is parsnips."

"Like 'em?" asks Frank.

"Never ate one," says I, "nor ever saw one. I just want to find out what parsnips look like. Are they good?"

"The crime rate among 'em is low," replies Kileen, "but if they're food I'm your sister's favorite chess player. Are you fond of boiled turnips?"

"I prefer 'em to an earache," says I, "but I wouldn't go any further."

"Well," returns Frank, "the parsnip is the poor relation of a turnip. What else'll you have?"

"You know better than I do," I says, "what you're overstocked with."

In a Few Seconds Here Comes Back From the Kitchen Toting a Platter

By the time I'm ready to leave the store Kileen's peddled me everything but his license to do business and his membership in the Eagles.

"When will your fleet of trucks deliver that junk?" I asks.

"Starting tomorrow," answers Frank. "Better stop in the drug store on your way home."

"You mean another drug store, don't you?" I growls. "What for?"

"To lay yourself in a supply of court-plaster, liniment and bandages," grins Kileen. "A set of crutches and a wheel chair won't go to waste either."

And that was no hollow jest either. By the time I'd hauled enough top soil to the front lawn and spaded the ground for vegetables and flowers, I had a blister for every Chink in China, a callus for every sardine in the Subway, and a crick in the back that had my nose flirting with my toes. I'm about through with the heavy work when the Magruders and the Ritters drop around for a slam party.

"Where are the flowers?" giggles Lizzie.

"I don't know," says I, with a frown, "and I'm worried. The seeds have been in the ground since this morning, and I'd sort of hoped to have a bunch of bouquets this evening. Wonder what the trouble is, Hank?"

"You maybe planted the seeds upside down," suggests Ritter.

"What would happen if he done that?" asks the Magruder misfire.

"Nothing," says Hank, "excepting that the roots'd grow up in the air and the flowers would come out underground. You've heard the expression '*sub rosa*,' haven't you? That's what they call roses that've blossomed below the earth."

"How can you tell they're growing at all?" Lizzie wants to know.

"Ask your husband some day," says Ritter, kind of blushing. "We're good friends and you're no child, but —— What did you put in that plot over there, Dink?"

Suddenly She Lets Out a Shriek. "There's a Worm in It"

"That's my zoölogical garden," I tells him. "I got tiger lilies, elephant ears, dandelions, cockscomb, cowslips and horse-radish."

"What you've probably got," remarks Magruder, "is a mare's-nest."

"What's the matter?" I growls. "Don't everything look all right?"

"Yes," says Jim; "but you got to know how deep to put seeds in, how far apart, and so on, and what do you know about it?"

"I can read, can't I?" I comes back. "And there are directions on every package, aren't there?"

"Do you believe that stuff?" sneers Magruder.

"Jim," remarks his wife, "says they write down everything wrong so you'll buy more seeds."

"And Jim, of course, knows," I bites off.

"He knows, anyhow," snaps back Lizzie, "that you can't pick flowers the same day you plant the seeds. Can you, Jim?"

"I suppose," says I, "you'll be surprised if I should happen to carry off the grand prize at the Doughmore Flower Show this year."

"Too bad your lawn isn't ready," smiles Magruder.

"Why?" I asks.

"So I'd have some place to roll around with laughter," he answers. "You might get a prize for the best weed display."

"Display her yourself," says I. "You married her."

"You calling me a weed?" shrills Lizzie, who's got the lines of a hungry slat.

"Talking about lawns," cuts in Ritter, leading me away, "how's the grass coming along?"

"It's only been in a week," I tells him, "but if I get a blade of grass every place I let a drop of sweat fall I'll have a putting green out in front. I wish it'd rain. I've lugged the hose around here so much I feel like a hydrant."

Suddenly my eyes pop out and I let out a yell.

"Look!" I shrieks. "Isn't that a blade of grass?"

"Ladies and Gentlemen, We are About to Award the Grand Prize for the Best Exhibit at the Show"

Hank inspects it carefully.

"It is indeed," says he, "a blade of blue grass, wonderfully well-proportioned and of exquisite texture and coloring. It does credit to its Kentucky stock. Breeding tells, suh, breeding tells. I congratulate you, suh."

I'm too excited to be kidded. I grabs Ritter by the arm and we do a war dance around the newborn blade, the pretty little thing.

"Come on," says I, "let's go back and tell the others."

"Just a moment," returns Hank. "An event of this importance should not be blabbed out crudely. Have some cards engraved with a small bow of green ribbon at the corner and reading, 'Mr. and Mrs. Dink O'Day announce the arrival on their lawn of a blade of blue grass.'"

"What's going on?" asks Kate, who's come up with the Magruders.

"It's here," I tells her hoarsely.

"What is?" she inquires.

"Grass," I whispers, and points to the sacred spot. All three stoop down to look.

"Huh!" says Jim. "It doesn't look like grass to me."

"No?" I yelps. "What does it look like—a keg of Bismarck herring?"

"Offhand," returns Magruder, "I'd call it the beginning of a clump of chickweed."

"Well, even if it is," I growls, angry, "I raised it and I'll stand by it."

"You'll stand by it all right," grins Ritter, "with a weeder all summer, cursing the day it was born."

"You think it's a weed too?" I demands.

I Got Too Much Scotch in Me to be Bluffed Out of Anything, So I Calls the Dare

"I'm afraid," returns Hank, "that Jim might be right."

"Heaven knows he's overdue," says I, "but I'm going to ask Taylor." And I yells over to our next-door neighbor, who's outside watering his hopes. He comes over a-running.

"Is this or is this not a blade of grass?" I questions.

"It is not," he returns.

"It's chickweed of course," declares Magruder.

"It's not that either," says Taylor, lifting the piece of green out of the ground. "It's a pine needle that probably blew over from one of my evergreens."

III

FOR ten days after planting the seed there's not a drop of rain, and to sweeten the pot the water department comes along and orders me to lay off the hose.

"I told you," remarks the wife, "that you should have let a gardener do the work."

"I suppose," I barks, "these nurserymen have clouds chained up in their joints and let 'em loose when, as and if needed."

"Maybe not," returns the frau; "but I've noticed that everything goes wrong for a dub."

"Forget it," says I. "It rains on the just and unjust alike, the only difference being that the unjust have the umbrellas and the just their new hats. That right, Lizzie?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, either," returns the Magruder hen. "I know a lot of nice people that have umbrellas."

"Talking about hats," I remarks, gloomy, "I think I'll get me a swell new lid tomorrow, a fourteen-dollar woolen suit guaranteed not to shrink, and go out and sit in the bleachers at the ball game. If that combination doesn't bring on a rain, I'm going to become an atheist."

"It wouldn't do any good," Lizzie assures me. "Jim says it's not going to rain tomorrow."

"Who's he been talking to?" I asks. "Jupe Pluvius?"

"He doesn't have to talk to anybody to learn things," sniffs Mrs. Magruder. "He just figures them out for himself."

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THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

"When They Shot the General He Grabbed a Rifle From a Soldier and Started Smashing Right and Left"

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIPPE

XII

THE way of it was this. The good captain had no cargo for Amapala, it seemed, he only dropped anchor inside those tall conical islands and went ashore on some business—none of mine, you know—saying he'd be back in an hour. But while I waited, sweltering, the boat heaving monotonously on the swells that come like tide rips through those narrow channels, a motor launch bumped alongside and a man in white riding breeches scrambled aboard and appeared in the chart-room door.

"Captain Sisler?"

"Gone ashore. Ought to be back in a few minutes now."

I guessed who this man was. There couldn't be two such figures in Central America. A small, boyish-looking man, pale-haired, his eyes almost colorless, as if the sun that burned his skin to mahogany had bleached them; a big black revolver picturesquely strapped to either leg. Now a good many men carry revolvers, riding. But not many carry two.

This was Johnny Hecht, almost as well known as old Ben Murchison himself, though for a very different reason. This man was a killer, and looked it. His pale lashes made his eyes look lidless. He had curiously long hands with flattened thumbs.

"Aren't you Doctor Hecht?" I asked him.

By his eyes, I knew he didn't like to be reminded that he'd been a doctor once. With such men, if you're wise, you notice.

"My name's Pressley," I added.

He nodded, climbing on the captain's stool, his pale eyes regarding me with some new interest.

"Not Buck Pressley—Ben Murchison's partner?"

"Yes."

"Heading for Vizcaya, are you?"

But I didn't wonder why he asked. I only answered listlessly that I'd just come from there.

"By the look of you," he grinned, "Vizcaya must have blown up in your face. What's doing down there anyway?"

"Far's I'm concerned," I said, "it's all done."

"Not going back?"

"Never!" I said. "Never, *jamás*, not any more forever!"

"You interest me," said Johnny Hecht. But I didn't wonder why. After a moment, conversation languishing, I asked if he'd heard anything from Guatemala lately—anything about Ben Murchison.

"Only that he was killed," said Johnny Hecht.

Maybe it was the casual air with which he said it. If I hadn't been feeling so rotten I would have laughed.

"That's nothing new," I said, "for Uncle Ben. He's been killed a good many times if you believe all you hear."

"Yeah," said Johnny Hecht. "Charmed life and everything. But I guess they got the old boy this time."

"I don't believe it," I said stupidly.

"I'm superstitious myself," said Hecht. "Got eleven bullet holes already, and I'm superstitious about the twelfth one. So I don't let anybody give it to me—not with a 30-30 at point-blank range."

"What have you heard," I begged, "exactly? When was this? I —— He was all right the last news I had."

"Couple of weeks ago. How long you been away?"

"A month."

"Then you know about the new administration in Guatemala? They had a mark against him for bumping off Anselmo Palomar and knocking down their playhouse five years ago. You with him then?"

I nodded. No need to say I was the one; to him it would have sounded like a boast.

"That's the trouble," said he thoughtfully, "with turning peaceable. In the old days they wouldn't have tackled Ben Murchison at any price. But I hear he surrendered like a lamb."

"Go on!" I begged.

"That's all," said Johnny Hecht. "They sent a young army out to get him—order of deportation, you know. Chased your peons off and rounded up your white men. Turned your mules out and smashed your mills with sledge hammers and set fire to everything that would burn. Marched the general and his friends toward Puerto Barrios till they came to an appropriate spot for a murder, and shot him in the back—'trying to escape'—just regulation stuff. Marched the others into Barrios and told 'em to take the next boat for God's country unless they wanted to say good morning to Him personally.

"Outside of that," said Johnny Hecht, yawning, "I judge you'll find everything all right. . . . Where the devil is that captain? I can't sit here all day."

It seems to me now that I took it calmly; stupidly, I suppose.

"Who told you about it?" I asked him.

"Your shipping clerk," he answered, nodding toward the shore. "Half-breed named Simpson. Just got a job with the Fruit Company. Like to talk to him? Come on. If the captain wants to see me he can chase me a while."

But I didn't wonder why Captain Sisler might want to see Johnny Hecht, soldier of fortune. I went ashore and talked to Eduardo Simpson, and he confirmed what Hecht had said. He was a badly scared Eduardo. Guatemala was no place for a white man now, he said.

He hadn't been with Ben Murchison, though. He'd been at Sabado, our shipping point, clear across the tip of British Honduras. His account was hearsay too. Oh, I believed it, right enough; all but one thing. Eduardo wasn't sure of that himself.

"Do you believe, sair," he asked me—"do you believe the zheneral is—dead?"

"No," I said. "No, Eduardo, I don't."

And even now I don't know why. It had nothing to do with reason. You know, the natives used to think his life was charmed; but of course that's nonsense. This wasn't superstition. I knew it, that's all. Ben Murchison never had been dead and Ben Murchison never changed. I don't know how else to put it.

That's how it happened that the Salvador went on—if it went on—without me. By the time Johnny Hecht had found Captain Sisler—if he found him; and I guess he did—I was on my way north by automobile to Tegucigalpa. My entrance to Honduras was illegal, but simple. I had no baggage and I had plenty of money.

I didn't believe Ben Murchison was dead, but I wasn't fool enough to land in San José and expect the present authorities to let me run loose across Guatemala hunting for him. Yet I had to get into Guatemala.

Certainly they had tried to kill him. He'd be hiding somewhere, badly wounded, waiting for me to come. He knew I'd come.

From Amapala, on the Pacific coast of Honduras, it's only about two hundred miles straight north to Puerto Barrios, just across the Guatemalan border on the Atlantic side. But beyond Tegucigalpa there are no roads for anything but the sure feet of mules. Crossing the high backbone of the Isthmus, there are places where you climb stair steps cut in solid rock, places where you ride along a shelf

and look straight down at tree tops half a mile below. We slept in mountain villages whose names I can only guess at on the map; I only sat doggedly in the saddle and followed my guide plodding on ahead, ate where I could and slept where he told me. I had no energy for more

Once the scenic grandeur of the Cordilleras would have meant something to me. But compared to the mountains of Vizcaya they are not very high. The jungles of the Atlantic slope of Honduras are not different from the jungles of Peten. Nothing new about it; nothing hazardous; nothing romantic either. It was only a labor to be endured. Two days across the mountains. A day and a half across a scorching plain where the air burned your skin and the saddle was too hot to lay your hand on. Not that I suffered, exactly. Oddly enough, it was the uselessness of my right arm that made me almost cry with rage sometimes. You never know how much you need two hands until you try to get along with only one. You can't fill your pipe or button your clothes or even wash your good hand properly without another hand to work against.

The doctor at Santa Barbara said my shoulder was infected; said I'd have to give him at least a week to work on it. A week! It was already May. I had to find Ben Murchison before the rains came on.

Two hundred miles. Not far on the map; not far as the crow flies; a short leap for an anxious mind, but a heavy, heavy trail for a sick and weary body. Often, in the States, I've motored that far between meals. I made it in six days—the last few miles on the only bit of railroad in Honduras, to Puerto Cortes. From Cortes, as illegally as I had entered, I hired a fishing boat and rounded the border and the estuary of the Motagua River and landed at night on the beach below the American consul's house at Puerto Barrios.

The consul didn't know me when I stumbled in—raw-whiskered, sun-blackened and sweated to skin and bone. He gave me whisky and quinine and told me what a fool I was.

"You've gone to a lot of trouble to get yourself deported. All you can hope for is an indemnity for your outfit, and that's a lawyer's job."

"I hear they shot Ben Murchison. Is that right?"

"I wouldn't go so far," said the consul, "as to call it right exactly. Technically, the worst they could do was deport him as an undesirable alien. But you know how scared they were. Ben Murchison was never a man to take chances with. They had him where they wanted him and they took the opportunity. That's the plain truth; but how are you going to prove it? Officially, he tried to escape."

"Who saw it?"

"Nobody, I guess," admitted the consul. "They took pains to march McArthur and Stevenson and Hurley on ahead. They heard the shot and saw the general fall. Then this big Indian of yours—what's his name?"

"Zalas—Gabriel Zalas. What about him? Dead too?"

"Not so you could notice it," said the consul. "They hadn't bothered to arrest him, it seems, or any of your peons; but he was trailing along like a lost dog, and when they shot the general he grabbed a rifle from a soldier and started smashing right and left. Laid out quite a few of them before they could get a shot at him. Then he took to the woods and got away. For a big fellow, the boys say, that *mozo* could certainly step. If you could find him," said the consul, "he might be an eyewitness for you. The police will be glad to see him too. You'll find his description pasted up on any wall, labeled Dangerous Criminal Reward"

Poor Gabriel Zalas! He was not a dangerous anything; only a child mind in a giant body, obedient, bewildered when there was nobody to tell him what to do. Hunted and masterless now. Unless –

Gabriel had got away. If Ben Murchison was alive, Gabriel would be with him

After a while I noticed that the consul was still talking

"—— exceeded their authority in wrecking your outfit - if you can prove they did it; but the administration is perfectly within its rights in canceling any concession and ordering the deportation of any alien it finds undesirable

"And Ben Murchison was certainly an alien. Yes," said the consul, smiling; "at least he had his wish in that respect. He died an American citizen in good standing."

I don't know why it should have hit me so hard—this reference to Ben Murchison's curious brand of patriotism. I tried to keep my mouth shut; but my left hand, trying to pour whisky, spilled it.

"I've been here three years," said the consul, "and he was the only American in this district that took the trouble to register more than once. Regular as clockwork, once a year. And about the only one who never asked me to do a thing for him. Just ——"

"Yes," I said, shaking, "and a fat lot of good it would have done him! Who are you to laugh at him? You just finished telling me that he was murdered; but will you say so officially? Not you! You're afraid you can't prove it You're afraid you'll antagonize somebody and risk your precious job. Play safe, that's you! What do you know about a man like him, that played his chances straight across the board and asked no favors of any man? You ——"

Crazily I cursed the consul of the United States of America But he'd been cursed by abler men than me; he only rose and took the whisky bottle and locked it up, and looked at me shaking in my chair.

"You're a sick man," he said. "You take my advice and go home to the States and get the fever out of you. What's the matter with your arm? Find some more trouble in Vizcaya, did you?"

I told him what he could do with the United States

"You'd better let me put you up tonight," he said. "Better stay here till the police find out you're in town so I can swear you didn't—try to escape. There's a boat tomorrow."

"Thanks," I snarled, "for the implication that I, too, am a citizen in good standing. But Ben Murchison stood on his own legs without any chair-warmer to hold him up, and so will I. Good night, Mr. Consul!"

"Good night, Buck," said the consul gravely. "Go on to bed and get a grip on yourself. Damn it, man, I know how you feel! I liked the old catamount. Want me to walk to the hotel with you?"

"No," I said, "thanks. I ——"

"Don't do anything foolish," said the consul.

I did not go to the hotel. Puerto Barrios has no streets to speak of; but such as they were, I walked openly through them, my feeble right hand on the butt of my revolver. It was a good thing I didn't have to use it.

With my left hand I couldn't have hit the broadside of the Fruit Company store, much less a man; and one recoil would have jarred my right arm loose at the shoulder so I felt.

That's all I did—just felt. I couldn't think. I walked to the house of the *arriero* who kept my own horse for me. The *arriero* wasn't glad to see me. Very likely he'd figured that he had inherited a good horse. I paid him three times what I owed him, to keep him from running to the police with the news that I was here. Then I rode north into the vast, mysterious, hot forests of Peten.

Somewhere in there Ben Murchison was waiting. He knew I'd come.

XIII

AN EERIE place, Peten. Once it was populous; not now. Along the whole trail from Puerto Barrios to Number 1 Mill there are only three Maya *pueblos*. At each I asked, "White man, hurt?" and "Very big man, Indian, San Martin tribe?" Gabriel Zalas was of San Martin, a highlander.

They only answered stupidly, "I do not know."

Those are the first Spanish words they learn. "No *sé*—I do not know." And it's the truth. They don't. To a white man they seem not very different from dumb animals. Their grass huts are not much more elaborate than the nests of birds. They live like animals. I slept with the body smells and breathing of a whole family around me, and crawling things rattling across the mat I slept on. This was perfectly normal to them.

From their dull minds the ancient light is gone. When Christ was born, they were a mighty race. Their cities spread from Costa Rica to Peten. They had artists and artisans, mathematicians and astronomers, priests and kings; yes, even professional athletes. Archæologists today have dug great ball courts out of the jungle, with walls forty feet high, where they played a game like basket ball. Scholars have deciphered their calendar, so accurate that it identifies positively any day within a quarter of a million years; it was fifteen centuries before white men equaled that knowledge of the stars.

(Continued on Page 62)

Ben Murchison Was Dead. The Jungle Had Him

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 27, 1926

Parents and Teachers

PARENTS, and to only a slightly less degree teachers, receive most of the odium which the armies of lay sermonizers insist upon heaping somewhere. To the laxness and inertness of parents and to the ineffectiveness of teachers are ascribed most of the ills of our time. After the judge or district attorney has analyzed for his audience all the technical and legal reasons for a crime wave, he finally dumps upon the relaxed discipline of the home what might be called the ultimate cause of the difficulty.

An orator has been described as a man who tells others to do what he himself does not propose to do. Burke said that you cannot indict a nation. Parents as well as voters make up nearly the whole adult nation. It is fashionable today to blame nearly everything that goes wrong on the home and the parents. In a sense they are at fault. But the statement means nothing; as well say with owl-like solemnity that the guilty parties are those men and women whom the census shows to be engaged in gainful occupations. We should get as far, and no farther, by lecturing the American people or the inhabitants of the United States of America.

Like all men and women, parents are conditioned by the age in which they live. Crime and other ills are laid to the weakening influence of home and religion, as well as to the spread of luxury. It may be so, but who can say that less harm was done in earlier times by an overemphasis upon authority? Prosperity is hard to endure, but poverty has been the cause of degradation and suffering ever since the dawn of history.

If we distill the very essence of wisdom from all the greatest teachers and prophets which the world has ever produced, we cannot draw exactly the line between the good and ill effects of having and not having, between being forced to do and not being allowed to do. One may be a most devout and loyal believer and yet admit that the thunderings of gloomy hell-fire theologies have driven youth into rebellious atheism; while it is only too obvious that the stern severity of the woodshed-thrashing father has turned adrift many a sullen and lawless son.

In the shades of these eternal mysteries of life man can at best grope by feeble guides. Dogmatism is futile, like the frog that swells with pride. Generalizations contradict and destroy one another. Naturally, no parent or teacher, no human being, is wise enough to say precisely where wholesome discipline and training merge into harmful severity, or where helpful advantages shade into weakening indulgence. Yet extremes can be detected and avoided.

The parents who permit little children far below legal age to drive powerful automobiles, or who break the rules of summer camps by sending candy secreted in stockings to the pampered darlings there, are unfit for parenthood.

We know that in childhood the milk of personality must not be stirred up unduly. Children largely find their own play; excessive outside amusements, such as nightly movies, interfere with normal nervous and mental development. Children cannot jump the early and simple stages of growth; too many impressions from the outside destroy the unfolding sense of values; too many amusements and activities result in nervous disorders and queer physical ailments.

Parents and teachers, it must be agreed, are under a peculiar responsibility to train the coming generation. Yet all our precious possessions of every kind are the individual responsibility of all individual adult consciences, without regard to parenthood or occupation.

Men and women cannot break laws and disregard the rights of others while at the same time deploring the looseness of the rising generation. This point is often made as regards prohibition enforcement, but it is just as applicable elsewhere. Adults who hog the road and otherwise outrage the decencies of traffic would better keep quiet in regard to the laxity of youth.

The same is true of those who break the recognized quarantine for infectious diseases and impose themselves, coughing and sneezing, upon social gatherings, merely because they lack the strength of character to stay at home.

Selfishness is not new in the world and the old Satan is not the especial prerogative of any generation. The fight against it has gone on for ages and will continue as long in the future, with, we all hope, occasional victories.

Do We Want More Smallpox?

MUCH attention was attracted by a bulletin published last June by the League of Nations, from which it appeared that the number of smallpox cases reported in the United States in 1924 was 51,429, or nearly double the figure for 1923. If the statistics published by the League are correct, this nation, in 1924, won the unenviable distinction of having more cases of this particular disease than any other country on the globe.

"The greatest prevalence," said the bulletin, "occurred in the Pacific and East North Central States. California reported the largest number of cases, followed by Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. . . . The prevalence of smallpox in the United States is in direct ratio to the enforcement of vaccination, which is more general in the Eastern States than elsewhere."

Dr. C. C. Pierce, writing in the October, 1925, issue of the American Journal of Public Health, depicts the situation even more strikingly. Doctor Pierce is senior surgeon of the United States Public Health Service in Chicago. What he has to say is singularly impressive, because it has so little concern with medical theories and deals so largely in facts which can be verified by anyone who will take the trouble to go to the nearest library and check the official statistics he employs. The independent investigator will find, for example, that the report of the surgeon general, United States Public Health Service, for 1924, stated that smallpox is the most widely distributed plague in the world and that approximately one-fifth of all the cases of it reported during 1923–24 occurred in the United States.

According to Doctor Pierce, and overwhelming evidence excludes all doubt as to the correctness of his statement, "A study of detailed data shows that the number of cases of smallpox that occur each year has a very definite relationship to the number of unvaccinated persons in the community. States that have good vaccination laws have few cases of smallpox during a period of years. Massachusetts, with good vaccination laws, and Minnesota, with no vaccination law, during the years 1918 to 1923 are good illustrations of this. During these eleven years Massachusetts had 457 cases and Minnesota 53,152 cases of smallpox." The population of the Bay State is about fifty per cent greater than that of the Western commonwealth.

However the figures which express the relationship are compared, the open-minded investigator is forced to the same conclusion. Consider what happened in California. In 1919, according to the bulletin of the League of Nations, there were 2002 cases of smallpox reported. Vaccination laws were repealed, and in 1924 the number of cases rose to 9425. During the years 1917 to 1920, inclusive, similar causes produced similar effects in the state of Washington in even greater proportion. And yet there are persons who would say that these experiences are mere coincidences!

Smallpox is always a live issue. During the past few years it has been obtruding itself on public attention in its own unpleasant deadly way. We are now squarely faced by the question of what we are going to do about it, if anything. If we are willing to see this loathsome and deadly disease thrive and flourish, we have but to ignore it and be patient. If we want more of it, there is not the smallest doubt that we shall have it. Physicians and health officers cannot stamp it out. They do not make the laws. It is all they can do to enforce them. Legislatures take their cues from their constituencies and do their bidding. The voters are the court of last resort. They it is, and not the doctors, who will have the final say in the matter.

Unfortunately, the principle of local option cannot be successfully applied to contagious diseases. If the death-bearing germs would respect state boundaries and remain where legislation favors them, the problem would be simplified. We know that they do nothing of the sort, but migrate at will and carry the menace of contagion with them. The people of every state are to some extent at the mercy of the commonwealths where vaccination control is lax or nonexistent.

Nets With Twelve-Mile Meshes

TO THE four hundred and ninety-seven men of the Immigration Border Patrol is intrusted the task of guarding some six thousand miles of international frontier. In other words, each patrol officer covers, as best he can, about twelve miles of border.

The salient result is not that so many aliens are bootlegged in through the twelve-mile meshes of these border nets, but that so many are kept out. The more troublesome frontier lies along the reaches of the shallow Rio Grande; and yet, even here, the smuggling in of aliens has been reduced by about seventy-five per cent. Considering the handicaps of limited personnel and small appropriations, seventy-five per cent efficiency is no small achievement. If men and money were available, this performance might be steadily bettered until it reached ninety-five per cent. It would be sound economy for the Director of the Budget and the Appropriations Committee to bring the attainment of this goal within the bounds of possibility.

If the Bureau of Immigration errs in recommending the addition of two hundred patrol officers to the present force, with a proportionable appropriation for their maintenance, it errs on the side of conservatism; for if our frontiers are to be guarded at all, they should be guarded with reasonable thoroughness.

Mr. Robe Carl White, Assistant Secretary of Labor, testifying before the House Committee on Immigration, directed attention to the embarrassments which arise from the fact that the Border Patrol is not authorized to confiscate and to press into service the motor cars and other vehicles captured from smugglers of aliens. Both the customs and the prohibition service have the right. The Border Patrol also should have it; and Chairman Johnson has signified his approbation of the permissive legislation that will be required to confer this new power on the service.

From all accounts, the Border Patrol is functioning well, and it will certainly function better as soon as its powers and resources are made commensurate with the tasks which devolve upon it. In the long run it would prove false economy if this branch of the immigration service were to be starved into impotence.

The Justice of the Market Place

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

CONSIDER yourself in the visitors' gallery looking down upon the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. It is 9:45 A.M.—fifteen minutes before the big brazen gong sounds which opens the capital security market of the greatest creditor nation on earth. But already, in that spacious, lofty chamber which occupies six stories in height, an intense antemarket activity reigns. From 400 to 600 of the 1100 exchange members are assembled on the floor, standing in groups around the twenty trading posts, busied with their orders, which are now being rushed in by tens of thousands from all over the country to the main brokerage houses in the Street and relayed by their private wires directly to the floor of the exchange.

On the floor, pages in uniform, pneumatic-tube attendants, reporters and telegraphers, between 200 and 300, are darting swiftly about like a school of minnows. From the long telephone booths fringing the side wall, where private wires connect the brokers on the floor with their main offices, a small army of more than 550 telephone clerks of marvelous efficiency and speed are scribbling down thousands of order slips of purchases and sales; their duties are extremely important, for they transmit oral messages involving millions of dollars each day and the slightest inattention or failure to hear may result in heavy losses to their firms. These telephone clerks are not permitted to go beyond their booths; indeed, the most stringent rules safeguard admission to the trading floor; even partners of floor members are forbidden; only actual exchange members and employes, pages, telegraphers and tube attendants have access—unless, perchance, one happens to be the Prince of Wales, and even he created a disturbance, for that vast market, with prices running like quicksilver, cannot stop even for crowned heads or princes of the blood.

Upon the big black annunciator boards on two walls, white numbers constantly flash and disappear with a brisk clacking sound—each broker has his own number, and by flashing it upon the signal board his telephone clerk can summon him swiftly out of dense crowds to receive an order from his firm. Pneumatic-tube attendants are cramming order slips into containers to send through the pneumatic tubes, which connect the telephone booths with the various trading posts. It is estimated that in the final fifteen minutes before the opening more than 25,000 of these order slips are rushed through the pneumatic tubes alone.

Meantime the ticker operators are thoroughly testing the big illuminated ticker tape by printing on it many meaningless letters and symbols to discover any defects in its machinery. In an active market the ticker machine must print as many as 230 symbols a minute, and in some of the recent big days the volume of business has been so vast that even electricity itself could not keep pace, and the ticker has lagged twenty minutes behind the actual trading on the floor.

As the hour of ten approaches the tension and noise increase; clack, clack, go the indicator boards; hundreds of telephone bells ring; the clerks scribble down orders like fiends; the antemarket crowds thicken around the more active trading posts. Here, just below, is the steel crowd; over there, the motor crowd, the oil crowd and so on. No actual trading has begun; that is forbidden; but they are preparing for the battle which will ensue when that big brazen gong strikes the zero hour.

And now, in the few minutes which remain before this highly organized bedlam breaks loose, let us differentiate among that throng of members, for there are several types of brokers, each with his own function and place in this mighty pattern of trade. Here, sitting on the circular seat at the base of the trading post just below, is the specialist, making up his book for the day. He is called a specialist because he establishes his headquarters at some one trading post and executes orders, intrusted to him by his fellow members, in the one stock or group of stocks located at that trading post. In addition, he may trade for himself, subject to the stringent regulations which bind all members to deal fairly, equitably and publicly in all transactions and always to give precedence to customers' orders. Thus, if Mr. Specialist has a customer's order to buy or sell 100 Steel at a price, he

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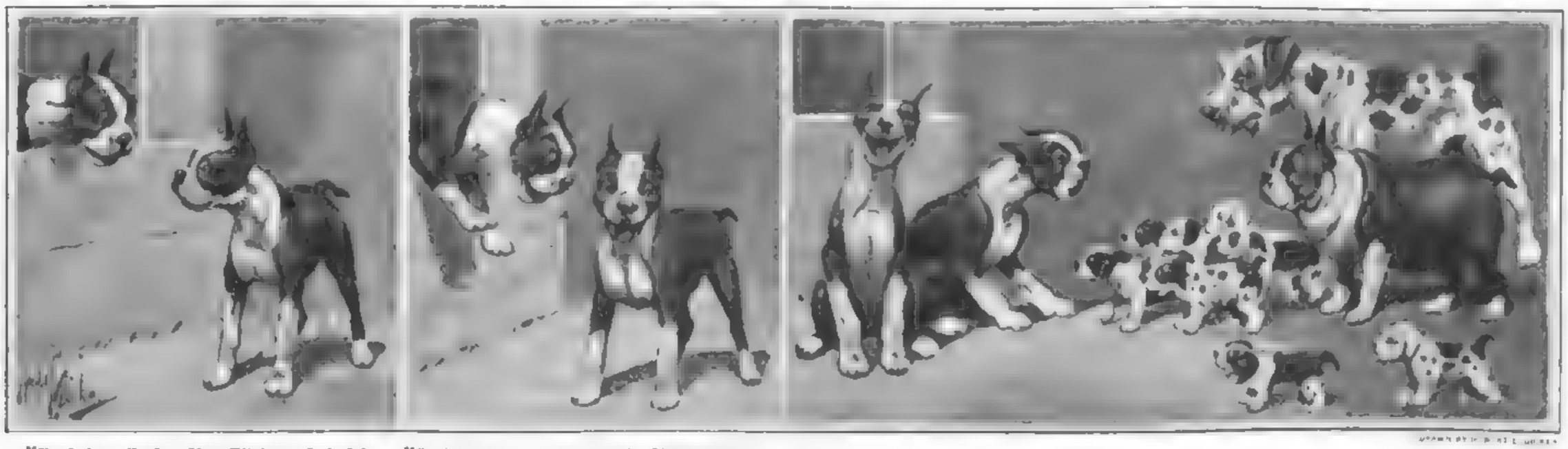
CAFETERIA EDUCATION

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Vi, I Just Had a Chat With an Old Admirer of Yours, Bud Brown. He's Bringing His Wife and Kiddies Over This Afternoon"

"Buddie Brown, That Lovely, Charming Boy! How He Used to Thrill Me! So Graceful and Debonair! Such Exquisite Taste! I Was Crazy About Him. How Does He Look?"

"Here's the Charming, Graceful Guy Now. Had Some Taste in Picking Out a Wife. Look Him Over for Yourself, Old Girl!"

To a Business Woman

YOUR lot be praises, never kicks,
High-salaried executrix!
Executive? I'm apt to mix.

But when you write to me—now this'll
Strike you as rather superficial—
Spell out your first name. Don't initial.

One other boon I crave is this:
Append in a parenthesis
Whether you're Mrs. or a Miss.

—Fairfax Downey.

No Babies Allowed

APARTMENT A: "Right foot first; now then, back with it and out with the left! Now cross right over left, clap your hands as you cross each foot; that's it, faster!

"Listen to your music; you've got it now; that is, you have the first lesson, and remember, there are 120 steps to the Charleston. Let's have the whole crowd over here again next Friday. Fine!"

Apartment B: "Is that so? Well, you just try some of this stuff you're braggin' about! Put me out! Go ahead, just let me see you try it! Lay a hand on me, you big brute, and I'll have my brother and several other big men over here on your neck so fast you won't know what happened. Mother told me I was making a mistake when I did it. Oh, why did I ever marry you? Think of the neighbors ——"

Apartment C: "This is station XYZ, broadcasting the jazz orchestra from the Rialto Hotel. Jo Mogus and his crowd of merry tin-tin-abulators will attempt to show you how opera should be played. We won't keep you standing by, either, for they're off."

Apartment D: "You know yourself, don't you, when you bid one club it means that you have a mixed hand? Well, why did you go and bid then, and me, like a big chump, go ahead and raise your bid and change the suit? You'd think a nickel a point meant nothing in your young life. It's no wonder there's more than one divorce based really on bridge. Maybe I did disgrace you tonight, but what of it? You'd make a saint ——"

—C. H. Stanton Massey.

Tweedledee and Tweedledum

I

BEFORE the cave assembly in ninety thousand six B. C.
Up stood Dame Skinclothes Jones;
Her nose was long and sharp and thin, her dress was but a
leopard skin,
Her ear lobes dangled bones.
"Oh, friends," in mighty tones quoth she, "an awful fiendish
weapon be
This hatchet made of stone.
I fear for poor humanity unless our warriors all agree
To leave this thing alone."

Against the use of sharpened stones
In war, spoke Madam Skinclothes Jones,
Before the cave assembly
In ninety thousand six B. C.

The wise old man sat 'neath the tree, but not a single word
spake he.

II

"Within our hearts grave fears exist; your kingly aid we
would enlist
To fight against the sling.
Unseemly do we deem its bent the pates of mankind to in-
dent—
Down with the awful thing!
Its use in war is, we deplore, uncivilized, and furthermore,
We pray Your Majesty
To treat with others for the state, the tone of war to elevate;
This for humanity."

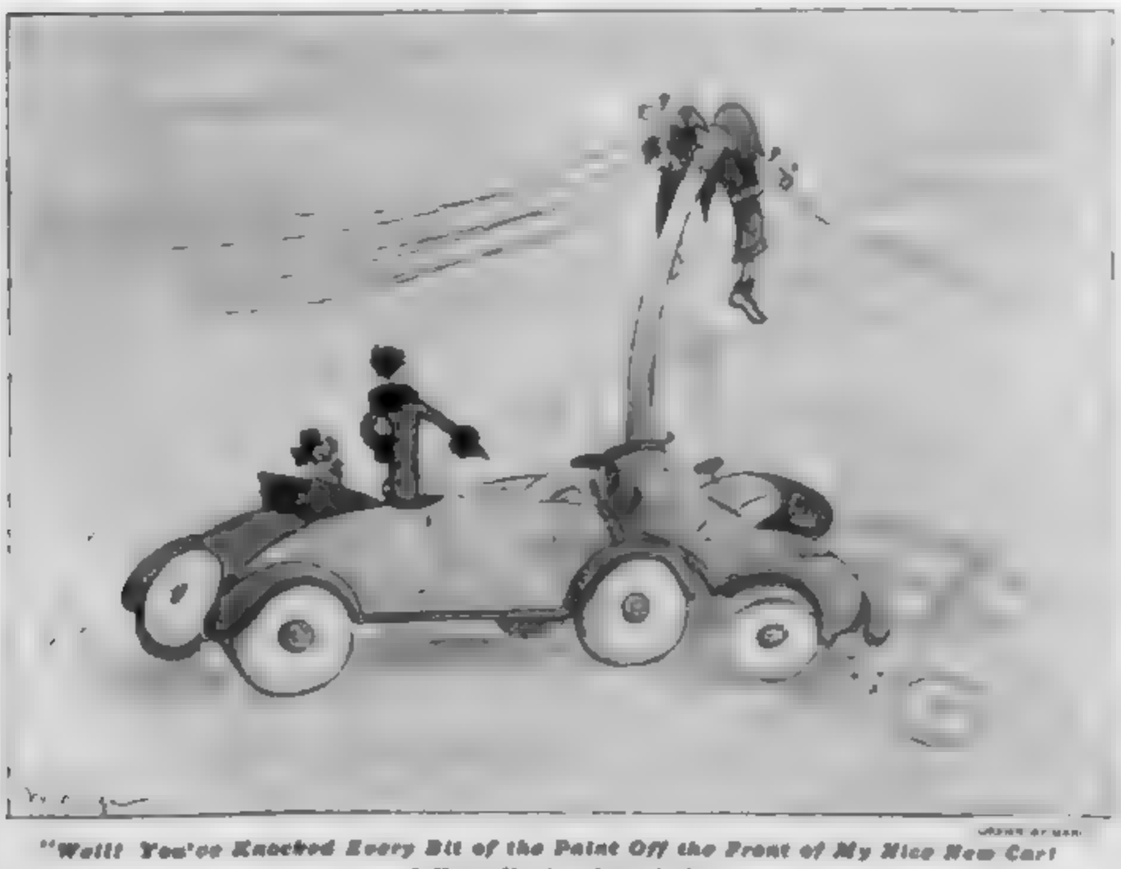
Thus folks, ere history came to be,
Appealed unto the King of Gee
To aid a movement aimed to bring
An end to warfare with the sling.

The wise man yawned beneath the tree, but nary a single
word spake he.

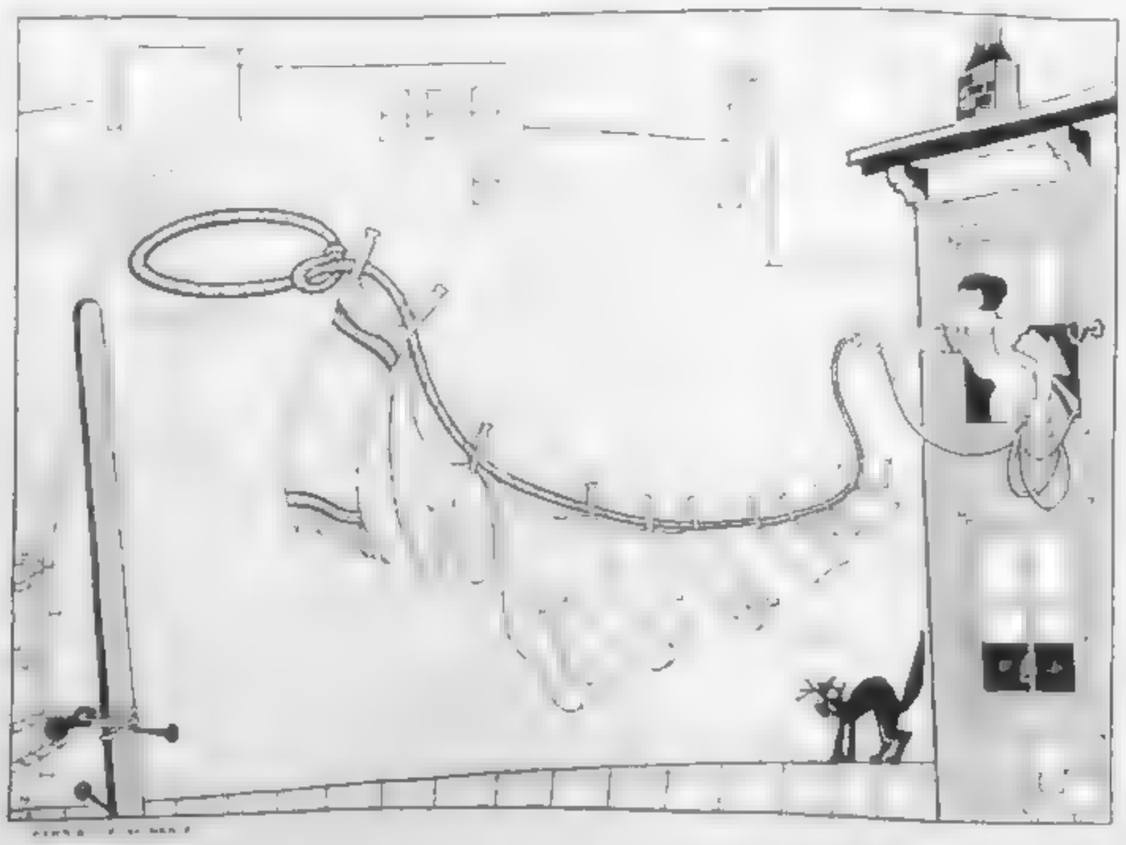
III

In palmy days for Saracen, protests arose from lips of men
Against a hell device
That threw huge stones o'er city wall, flattening houses in
their fall,
Which none considered nice.
By moral force 'twas hoped to wean the nations from this
dire machine;
Though might be right, 'tis true,

(Continued on Page 234)



"Well! You've Knocked Every Bit of the Paint Off the Front of My Nice New Car! I Hope You're Satisfied!"



The Lady Who Was Brought Up on a Ranch Hangs Out Her Wash

So many vegetables! Such delicious flavor!

Such good vegetable soup can only be made with thirty-two different ingredients.

It takes fifteen vegetables of splendid quality to give all the enjoyment you take in eating Campbell's!

That invigorating, appetizing flavor can only be produced when the soup contains rich beef broth.

Alphabet macaroni and selected barley are necessary to make the soup so hearty and substantial.

And for extra pleasure to your appetite there must be these savory herbs and this skillful seasoning.

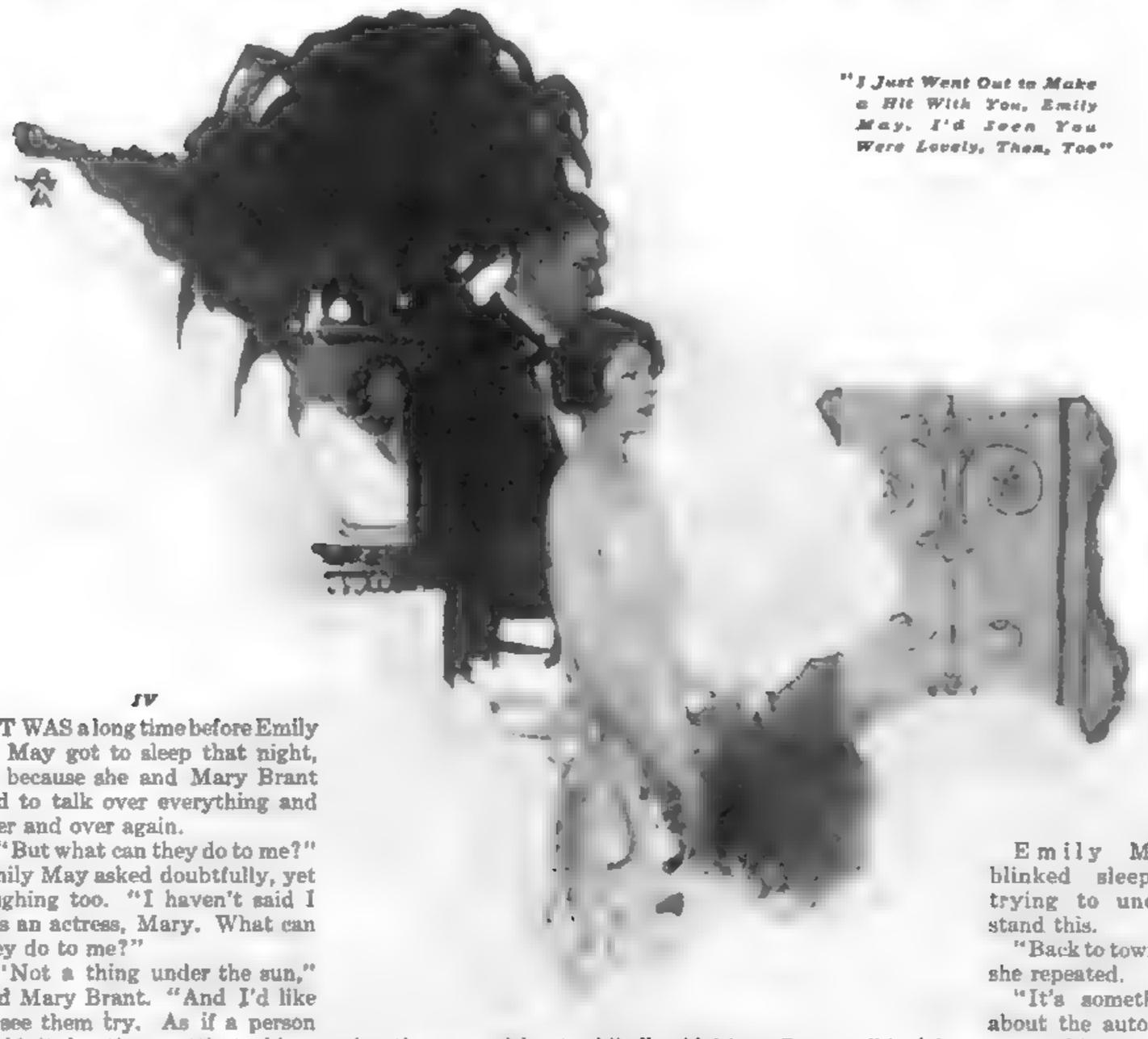
Then—and only then—you get the best vegetable soup that can be made—Campbell's!

32 ingredients **12 cents a can**

UP ROSE EMILY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON



"I Just Went Out to Make a Hit With You, Emily May. I'd Seen You Were Lovely, Then, Too"

IV

IT WAS a long time before Emily May got to sleep that night, because she and Mary Brant had to talk over everything and over and over again.

"But what can they do to me?" Emily May asked doubtfully, yet laughing too. "I haven't said I was an actress, Mary. What can they do to me?"

"Not a thing under the sun," said Mary Brant. "And I'd like to see them try. As if a person couldn't be the prettiest thing under the sun without being one of those scandalous creatures."

"I don't suppose they're really any more scandalous than anybody else," Emily May suggested defensively.

Mary Brant sniffed. "Then they get a bad name without the game," she retorted. "More fools they!"

Emily May giggled. "No one ever thought me scandalous in East Harbor, Mary Brant. And now, just in this little time, I'm a woman with a past and a future and everything. Isn't it fun?"

"He wanted to give me a ten-dollar bill," said Mary Brant, remembering this outrage with a recrudescence of her forgotten wrath. "If I was to make him acquainted with you, he said he would."

"The man downstairs?" Emily May inquired.

"A kind of a tall man with a bad eye and a clipped mustache," Mary Brant explained, and Emily May nodded.

"I know who you mean." She shivered a little, then put thought of him aside. "But that's why everybody watched us at dinner," she decided.

"And a buzzing of tongues everywhere after," Mary Brant assured her.

"I suppose they're expecting me to do something outrageous," Emily May thought aloud, and shivered with delight. "What shall I do, Mary Brant?" She was sitting on the edge of the old woman's bed, and she stretched her pajama-clad legs out in front of her. "I feel wicked enough already, wearing these," she confessed. "But with everyone expecting me to do something—you'll have to keep an eye on me, Mary."

"I'll do that, never fear," said Mary Brant.

In the end Emily May went back to her own room, but, of course, she could not sleep; and the moonlight lanced in through the windows, and she could hear voices on the ground beneath as young folk came and went there, soft voices and half-caught laughter, and occasionally a little silence more eloquent than sound; and Emily May lay listening and smiling; and once she got out of bed to creep to the window and kneel for a while, looking out, never so far from sleep in her life before. But in the end the great hotel grew quiet and night filled the valley with its hush, and there came a chill in the air so that Emily May was glad to get far beneath the coverlets; and so at last she fell asleep.

Mary Brant came into her room in the morning to draw the shades. Emily May had slept late, and roused only at Mary's coming.

"It's a shame too," the old woman confessed. "But Draper says he's got to see you, if he's to get back to town today."

Emily May blinked sleepily, trying to understand this.

"Back to town?" she repeated.

"It's something about the automobile," said Mary Brant. "And it meant nothing to me, but a lot to him by the way he acted. He's waiting in the hall now, my dear; and he's an old man. You can just put on this and I'll have him in."

So Emily May was still half asleep when Draper came in with his ill news; but even if she had been wide awake she would have understood little of what he said. There was, it appeared, something wrong with the car—a defective part. Draper used words of no meaning to Emily May.

"If you were going back to Boston soon it'd be no matter, ma'am," he confessed. "I'd get it tended then."

"But I'm not," Emily May told him. "I'm going to stay here for a while, and then go on somewhere else—I don't know where."

"I can get down there today," Draper explained, "taking it slow and easy. It won't hurt the car none at all, and that'll let me come back maybe Monday afternoon, or, anyway, Tuesday. Or if I was to have luck and find them open late, I might get back tomorrow."

Emily May sighed. "Oh, dear," she said.

"You could be hiring a car here, if you was wanting one," said Draper.

Emily May smiled with recollection. "Mr. Riddle has a car," she remembered. "I'm sure he'll let me use it if I want." She nodded with a great show of decision. "You're quite right, Draper," she agreed. "That is what you had better do. Only get back Monday if you can."

"Sure, if I can," he agreed, and touched his forelock and turned to depart.

Mary Brant passed him at the door, and she looked at him with an eye suddenly acute as he went by; and when he was gone she stared at the door closed behind his back, till Emily May asked, "What's the matter, Mary?"

Mary cocked her head. "Now why should the man wink at me?" she demanded.

"Wink at you?" Emily May laughed softly. "Mary, you ought to be ashamed, at your age."

"I can be winked at as well as another, and safer too," she retorted. "But it weren't that kind of a wink so much, but more as if he'd say there was something between us, between him and me, that we was laughing at together." She frowned thoughtfully. "Now I wonder is there anything the matter with the car at all," she exclaimed.

Emily May's eyes widened. "But, why?"

"That young Riddle got him for you," Mary reminded her. "So they're thicker'n thieves, to be sure. And it might be so. That's a devilish young man and ready for anything he chooses to do."

Emily May cried, "Mary! He wouldn't."

Mary softened; she laughed, and she put her arm around Emily May.

"There, and if he did," she protested, "it would be only for the sake of seeing more of you. But I wonder just the same."

"He doesn't have to go to so much trouble," said Emily May loftily. "And besides, he wouldn't, Mary." Her tone appealed to Mary to agree, and the old woman yielded.

"Sure he wouldn't," she assented. "I'm a suspicious old woman. But why did the man wink at me?"

She moved to and fro about her business in the room, still muttering thoughtfully to herself; and Emily May went indolently back to bed again, and presently called to Mary to have coffee sent up, and fruit, and a chop or two. So presently she rose to breakfast; and afterward the business of dressing reminded them that Emily May's trunks had not come and Mary telephoned down to inquire for them.

"There's an afternoon train," she reported to Emily May. "The man says they'll probably come by that. You've enough for today without."

Emily remembered that she had meant to order a bathing suit, and she wrote that letter immediately. While she was at the desk she thought of Arthur Tuck, and started a letter to him, but she found it surprisingly difficult to write. Arthur had been so sympathetic and so kind, but she remembered quite well that he had said she had money enough in the bank to last all summer. It would be a shock to him to have this quick demand for more. So the letter required some phrasing, and Emily May frowned over it for a long time.

"It isn't as if the money was just gone," she explained elaborately. "Because I really have a great deal to show for it, and I won't have to buy any clothes for months, and the car will last for years. It's beautiful too."

When she was done she was so terrified by a sudden realization of her own extravagance that she tried to soften the blow Arthur must endure.

"Of course I don't have to have more right away," she added in a postscript, "but I'll need some soon, if you can manage it for me."

Before she sealed the letter she added up the stubs in her check book again. There was one blank stub, and she could not remember what that check had been, but the others amounted to so much that they left only some ninety dollars to her credit in the account. The missing check, she thought, must surely be less than ninety dollars; and Arthur would have more money there before very long. She had about fourteen dollars in her pocketbook; and she asked Mary, laughingly, "Have you any money, Mary?"

"Savings book full of it in East Harbor," Mary replied, "but never a penny in my pocket."

(Continued on Page 43)

"I Think—I'm Not Sure—But I Think That Luther Had Just Found Mr. Jasper"

SWIFT

—a food service

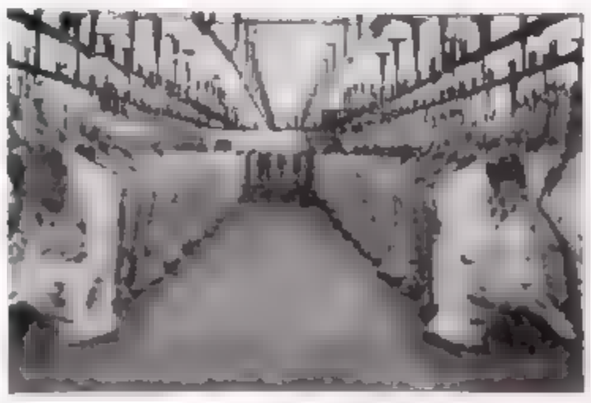
THE Swift branch house is a local institution serving the particular tastes and requirements of its city in fresh meats, lard, ham and bacon, poultry, butter, eggs and dairy products.

1 Eighty per cent of the beef cattle are raised west of the Mississippi River, while seventy per cent of the meat is consumed east of that river.

2 From the distant producing regions meat animals are sent in large numbers to farms in the Middle West where they are fattened for market.

3 Swift & Company's packing plants are situated at points convenient to both the producing and consuming regions. Here the meat is prepared.

4 Swift branch houses, each equipped with modern refrigeration facilities, receive meat, lard, poultry and produce direct from the packing plants in sanitary refrigerator cars.



5 Your retailer gives his order to the Swift branch house salesman, or personally visits the branch house and selects the products he desires.

© S. & Co.

Swift & Company Branch, Hartford, Conn.

THE Swift branch house—there are over 400 of them in the United States—is a service station which connects you, through your retailer, with our direct distributing system.

This local supply depot receives goods every day or two in Swift refrigerator cars from distant plants, so that there is an unfailing supply of quality meats and dairy products, selected to meet exactly the needs and tastes of your community.

Sanitary surroundings and careful handling mean dependable goods in prime condition.

In many of these branch houses, Swift & Company smokes ham and bacon and makes sausage, so as to supply these products in the freshest possible condition.

Swift branch houses are an important and indispensable part of the wholesale food marketing machinery of the country. The National Distribution Conference recently reported a lower selling cost for packer branch houses than for any other form of wholesale distribution.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

Put fresh oil in your car for Spring. Oil used during winter months may be found seriously contaminated with gasoline and impurities.

And *perhaps* your car requires a different oil for warmer weather. Some cars do. See the chart at the left. This is an additional reason for changing.

If you don't need to change to a summer grade of Mobiloil, drain and refill if your oil has been in use over 500 miles:

Better compression—increased pick-up—quieter and smoother operation will be immediately noticeable.

The even more important but hidden effects will be reduced wear of bearings, piston-rings, cylinders and valves.

If you don't care to change oil yourself, drive to the nearest Mobiloil dealer and he will gladly drain and refill with the correct grade of Mobiloil for spring and summer use.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, Kansas City or Minneapolis.

Make this CHART *your guide.*

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for modern passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown in each space. Arctic means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Below zero (0°) temperatures when temperatures drop to 32° (freezing point of water) or below zero) prevail [illegible] Arctic (except [illegible] Gargoyle Mobiloil E).

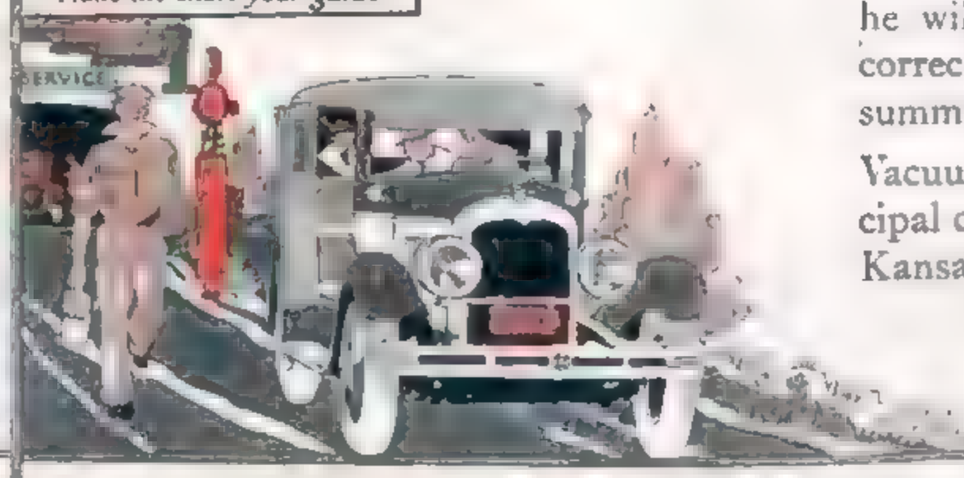
If your car is not listed here see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-66	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn 6-66 S	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn 6-66 sedan	A	A	A	A				
Auburn 8-88	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Austin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet 4	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Chevrolet 4 sedan	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Chevrolet [illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Chevrolet [illegible] sedan	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Flint	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Ford 6-60			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fordson	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Federal Will's Six X5 X6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Federal [illegible] sedan	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Federal Knight	B	A	B	Arc	B	Arc		
Gardner [illegible]	Arc	A						
Gardner [illegible] sedan	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E		E	E	E	E	E
H. C. S.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
H. C. S.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Graham-Paige [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Graham-Paige [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	Arc				
Gardner sedan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Graham Brothers [illegible]	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile					A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile sedan			A	A				
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett 6			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett [illegible]			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jewett 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Jewett 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Jewett [illegible]	A	A	A	A				
Kissel	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kissel [illegible]	A	A	A	A				
Kissel [illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Lexington Continental	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Lexington Continental sedan			A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon [illegible]	A	Arc						
Marmon sedan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash [illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile 4							A	A
Oldsmobile 4 sedan	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Oakland Sensible Six	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Paige	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	A	Arc						
Peerless [illegible]	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Peerless [illegible] sedan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo [illegible]		Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	BB	A	BB	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker		A						
Star			A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Star sedan	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Stutz							Arc	Arc
Stutz [illegible] sedan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Overland	B	A	B		B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	A	B	Arc	B	A	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	A	A	A	A				

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL: For these interior lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil [illegible] as recommended by [illegible] Chart available at all dealers.

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide



VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 40)

Emily May giggled. "Well, everyone thinks we're rich, so it doesn't matter," she decided. She found only one stamp in her pocketbook, so Arthur's letter could not be mailed till they went downstairs to lunch; and the clerk told her she had missed the morning mail. But this did not seem to Emily May in the least important, for Douglas was already coming toward them across the lobby, and she realized with a shiver of satisfaction that knickerbockers became him, and then he had taken her hand and was saying, in an eager tone, that his business was done and he wished them to lunch with him.

Afterward, he and Emily May drove in his car all the long afternoon. The roads threaded the mountain passes, and the heights towered above them on either hand; and sometimes for minutes on end the branches of the trees met above their heads; or they came out abruptly upon hidden lakes; and once they alighted to walk down a rugged path along the current of a tumbling stream, and Douglas showed her trout lying in the clear water there; and she nodded and cried, "Aren't they lovely! I've seen them so at home."

"Fine fishing in California, isn't it?" he agreed; and she remembered, and was a little frightened, and a little ashamed to deceive him, yet held her tongue.

He suggested that they dine before returning to the Mount Hamilton; and she assented, not minded to deny him anything. So they stopped at another of the great hotels hidden so surprisingly in these remote valleys, and afterward drove homeward in the moonlit night.

"There'll be a crowd tonight," he warned her. "I don't know whether you'll want to dance. Must make you feel conspicuous."

"I don't think I do want to," she agreed. "The drive has been such fun—but it's pretty late, isn't it?"

"We might stop the car somewhere and—sit and talk a while," he suggested tentatively. She made no reply to this; she was apt to be thus silent at times. But when by and by they emerged into the valley he turned aside into a less used road and came along a stream where the moon filtered through elms, and stopped there; and she made no protest, only relaxing a little by his side.

Their voices were hushed and low, as though they spoke of secret things; and they were very grave. Yet what they said was neither serious nor secret. He spoke of himself, not explicitly yet in such fashion that she got a picture of his life; perceived in him a young man of means and leisure, yet with enough energy to prefer a business career and enough intelligence to succeed in it. And at times he offered her an opening to speak of herself, but when she did so it was not so much of the things she had done as of the things she had thought. And no one who had known Emily May in East Harbor would have suspected her of such thoughts as she here confessed to him, or recognized the picture of herself that thus she drew.

So by and by they went soberly enough back to the hotel, and Douglas said good night to her at the elevator with everyone looking on; and even as the doors of the cage closed between them she saw two or three come toward Douglas, questions in their eyes. And she smiled to herself behind the back of the elevator man

Mary Brant was an old woman to whom sleep was desirable; she was thus asleep when Emily May came home that night, but she roused at the sound of the closing door, and in her gingham dressing gown, her wig carefully adjusted, she came to have a word with Emily May. For the trunks, it appeared, had not come.

"There's trains tomorrow, they say," she explained. "But not much express on them, so it's like you'll have to wait till Monday now, and not a fresh dress to your name."

Emily May smiled delightedly.

"And I can't possibly wear the same dress twice, Mary," she exclaimed. "It's not the sort of thing that's expected of me!" She added ruefully, "I'm going to take a long walk with Douglas tomorrow, too; and I can never walk in high heels."

"You'll just have to wear what you drove up from Boston in," Mary Brant assured her, "and find the easiest paths. The young man'll not care where you go, my dear. It's not walking he wants of you."

"Do you like him, Mary?" Emily May asked.

"It's not me he wants to like him," Mary retorted grimly, but Emily May looked so wistful that the old woman melted and smiled. "But he's a nice boy," she agreed.

"We had such a good time today," said Emily May thoughtfully.

"Did you now?" the other exclaimed in surprised tones. "From the look of you, your eyes a-shining and your cheeks so bright, I'd have thought you'd been miserable the day long!"

Emily May drew near her. "I didn't tell him I—wasn't an actress," she confessed. "And I let him really think I was from California, and I guess I let him think I am what they say. I ought to've told him, oughtn't I, Mary Brant?"

"D'ye think he'd like you the more if you did?" Mary Brant challenged.

"Why, I guess men like to—they get interested in actresses, don't they? I don't suppose he'd have looked at me in East Harbor."

Her tone was so sorrowful that Mary Brant watched her with sudden gravity.

"Emily May, Emily May," she said gently. "You're never going to fall in love with the first man you meet, and a world of them waiting all around."

Emily May hesitated, then she laughed.

"Don't be absurd, Mary," she cried. "Of course not. I'm not falling in love with him. I couldn't; he's never said a word ——" She saw Mary's eyes smiling. "Can't I have a good time?" she cried protestingly.

Mary Brant put her arm around the girl's shoulder sheltteringly.

"There, my dear," she agreed. "Have the best time you can, and don't tell him more than you must, my dear."

When by and by Emily May was abed and Mary Brant gone back to the other room, the girl lay in the darkness wondering whether she had answered Mary Brant's question as truthfully as she might. Her negative to herself was indecisive; she drifted at last to sleep without being perfectly sure.

Her trunks did not come next day, but she did not particularly mind, because she was all day with Douglas. At his suggestion they took lunch along; and they had as they left the hotel the fun of eluding Jasper, the unpleasant person who had sought to cut in on them Friday evening, and who now boldly undertook to follow them on their walk. They lost him among the forest paths, and saw him no more till they came home in the late afternoon. Emily May enjoyed that day; she liked the painted blazes on the trees which marked the trails they followed; she liked the carpet of needles of spruce and pine beneath their feet, and the hush of the forest threaded with bird songs and with the silvery murmur of the little brooks. And most of all she liked being with Douglas thus cloistered and alone. Yet for all that passed between them, they might have been in the lobby of the hotel, so that Emily May thought him an astonishingly circumspect young man, and was both irritated and grateful to him for being so.

When they came back Jasper was sitting on the hotel veranda.

He rose, smiling unpleasantly, to meet them at the top of the steps.

Douglas had time to say to her, "He asked me to introduce him to you. Shall I?"

"I don't like his eyes," she confessed.

Then Jasper spoke to them. "Hullo, Riddle," he said casually. "Made a day of it, didn't you? How-do, Miss Carter?"

She stared at him, not knowing what reply to make, but this silent stare was, it proved, her best defense against his effrontery. He could not face it, spoke to Douglas again.

"Have a good time?" he asked dryly.

"We looked for you to join us," Douglas told him with a derisive grin. "Saw you start out this morning. Just behind us, weren't you?" Before Jasper could reply he moved on with Emily May; and he felt her fingers tighten approvingly upon his arm.

"I've had such a good time," Emily May told him as they parted; and eyes and lips supplemented her words and emphasized them in a way beyond mistaking.

"I'll see you at dinner?" he asked; and she nodded as the door of the cage drew closed.

She did see him again that evening, but only for a little while; for the attention which everyone centered upon her began to frighten Emily May, and she could not be alone with Douglas, since other young men drew near them and

Continued on Page 96)

"Now My Dear, Let Me Fix You So He'll be Struck Dumb in the Lick of an Eye"

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Yes Men

THE hardest thing I had to learn in business," a sales manager told me the other day, "was how and when to disagree with my superiors. In my senior year at college several members of the faculty went out of their way to impress us with the fact that newly graduated men are apt to know altogether too much. This air of omniscience, our professors pointed out, was building up a prejudice against college men in business. It was our job to act meek and agreeable, and be very eager to learn when we jumped the fence that separated the lea of learning from the causeway of commerce. Old grads dropped in at the fraternity house from time to time and told us the same story. At vacation time fathers and uncles reënforced the idea. So when I graduated I cherished the meek and mild idea.

A Popular Idea of How the World is Conquered

"The result was that when I started in with the sales department of our company, I yes-yessed everybody in sight. I was supposed to be in the office for six months and learn something about the line and how billing and credit were handled, and then break in as a salesman. My studied attitude of ignorant agreement worked finely with the chief clerk, and I got a lot of information from him in a short time. But with the head of the sales department things were quite different.

"Every time I was in his office I agreed with everything he said. I accepted all his suggestions without comment. I made notes of his good advice. I saw him giving me some pretty mean looks as time went on.

"One day he called me into his office. He told me about a man who had been buying tires from us for ten years. The man had a complaint about several adjustments, on which the salesman had refused him the allowance he felt he was entitled to. The boss proposed writing this customer, making the adjustments he insisted upon and then cutting him off the books for good and all. The boss asked me if that wasn't the way to handle it.

"I told him, certainly. Absolutely. Then he flew up in the air.

"'Certainly nothing!' he raved. 'Absolutely my vermiform appendix! Why, good gosh, man, this chap has been doing business with us for ten years. He buys in carloads. And we fuss about a little matter of mileage adjustment. I believe the old codger is dead right. But suppose he is wrong. Can't we afford to spend a few adjustment dollars in order to get business that runs in the thousands? Are you ever going to begin to think, or are you going to yes-yes me for the rest of your life? Suppose I tell you that if you don't snap out of it and get some comeback to you, you'll never go on the road for us! Now let me hear you say yes, certainly, absolutely!'

"That woke me up, and, as you know, I did get on the road soon after that. So I must have made a fair recovery. I got to thinking about the thing, and it seemed to me there must be some middle ground between offensive omniscience and synthetic agreeable ignorance. Certainly if a new man makes no suggestion of his own for weeks at a time it is natural for his boss to put him down as unproductive of ideas. If, in addition, the newcomer agrees instantly with everything his superiors say, they cannot be blamed for thinking the youngster is thoughtless, and not prone to reason things out for himself.

"I could tell you the name of a man nationally known who has built up a reputation for mature judgment largely on his trick of hesitating before answering questions. Approach this individual on a bright August day and ask him if he doesn't think it a typical summer morning, and he'll think a couple of seconds before assuring you that in general what you have said is true.

"So I set down some simple rules for what I called the diplomacy of disagreement. They've worked well, and if you're still interested I'll give them to you. First, when a new man comes into an old business there are a great many things about that business concerning which his superiors must be better informed than he. Diplomacy, then, dictates that the novice avoid disagreement on those basic things. Opinions, however, can be offered purely as suggestions, with the attitude that they have probably been considered before, yet here they are for what they are worth.

"Second, many men have minds which are stimulated by opposition. Perhaps, when your boss asks you to come in and talk over a problem with him, he is really seeking a chance to clarify his thinking by telling his conclusions to someone else. Diplomatic disagreement with such of his conclusions as may arouse question in your mind may serve to aid your boss in bringing new ideas to bear on the case. In any event, he is apt to have much more respect for you if you disagree with him here and there.

"Third, do not disagree without a reason. Blind opposition is worse than disinterested silence. And when you do disagree, state your reason fully.

"Fourth, avoid too frequent disagreement. Censor your own disagreements before you state them, rejecting the unimportant ones.

"Fifth, do not let your agreements be too prompt. A moment's consideration to an answer cannot do you any harm, and will prevent your superiors from gaining the idea that you are a conclusion jumper. Snap judgment is very dramatic, but dramatic business is best done on the stage.

"So there's the hat. Don't you agree with me that there is much to be said for my theory of the diplomacy of disagreement?"

"Well," I hesitated, "it seems more than possible that there may be something in it."

—C. L. FUNNELL.

Why I Quit Being a Mixer

I AM making a new start in a strange city. This time I know I shall succeed, for now I understand the reasons for my previous failures. And it is merely in the hope of assisting other ambitious young fellows to avoid similar mistakes that I undertake this brief recital of personal experiences.

After my return from France six years ago, I experimented at a variety of jobs, finally discovering that I preferred salesmanship to any other vocation. In some manner, however, I had become imbued with a false doctrine. I thought the first essential in successful selling was to be a good fellow. No wonder I failed to get ahead for five years!

And so I arrived at my present home less than a year ago, with nothing much in the way of tangible assets, but with a firm resolution: Never again will I aspire to be a mixer. For I had come to understand why so many men of great personal magnetism—and, yes, real ability—are taking orders from superiors instead of from customers.

My awakening came in a small but busy and prosperous Western city to which I had gone after several years of knocking about in the East. I had migrated as the result of a sudden impulse, possibly obeying the unseen spirit of Horace Greeley.

"In order to become better known," had been my thought, "I must transfer my activities to a newer, smaller field." And so I found myself shortly in a county seat of 50,000 inhabitants—a place which everyone agreed had a future. The Chamber of Commerce slogan, "Come and grow with us," had exerted a strong appeal to me.

It did not take me long to connect with the best insurance agency in town. If I do say it myself, I have personality. I should have, considering the time I've spent in cultivating it!

Next I set about deliberately to become a professional glad-hander. I hungered for new names and faces, which I mentally catalogued and cross-indexed after the most approved mnemonic methods. In every possible manner I capitalized my natural talent for making people like me. As part of the program I went out of my way to do favors for others. Few ever beat me to the luncheon check.

Presently I let drop a hint that I had been quite successful as a community song leader, a talent which I had employed to excellent advantage in the army. As I hoped, I soon received an invitation to try out before one of the service clubs. The results were: An enthusiastic reception, a regular job—without pay—and an invitation to become a member. "A wonderful start," was my triumphant thought.

(Continued on Page 84)

How to start the day wrong

Sleep late.

Linger over bathing, shaving and dressing.

Look at your watch, utter an exclamation of dismay, sprint downstairs.

Gulp a bite or two and leave the house hurriedly.

Since body and brain are thus denied proper nourishment—*at a time when they need it most*—the above method of starting the day wrong cannot be surpassed.

For the right kind of breakfast ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ this crisp, delicious food!

AMERICAN breakfasts have a great deal to do with American nerves and American malnutrition. Dietitians warn us to beware of the hasty breakfast!

Once you think about it, you realize how reasonable it is. Nothing to eat all night—the body ready and waiting for food to supply *all* its varied needs—and we give it a skimpy, hurried breakfast, frequently deficient in some of the vital elements of nutrition. Then we start out to do the hardest, most nerve-racking work of the day, on this kind of meal!

Probably you don't want a big breakfast. Your appetite may not be at its best in the morning. But if you choose a *small* breakfast wisely, it can give your body all it needs until lunchtime.

You could find no more nourishing and delicious dish for breakfast than Grape-Nuts. This famous food is made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by special milling and baking processes. It has a delightful nut-like flavor all its own. It is remarkably easy to digest. And a single serving—two tablespoonfuls—eaten with milk or cream, gives your body an abundance of varied and balanced nourishment.

Grape-Nuts furnishes dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

And Grape-Nuts is *crisp!* It encourages the thorough chewing which is necessary for perfect digestion and for the health of teeth and gums. Ask your dentist what he thinks of modern soft-food diet! He'll tell you that it is ruining the teeth of this generation—and he'll advise you to eat plenty of *crisp* food.

Make the tempting, nutritious single serving of Grape-Nuts a daily breakfast habit. Your grocer has Grape-Nuts—or you may wish to accept the following offer:

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"—

and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free. We will send, also, "A Book of Better Breakfasts" written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College. Follow these delightful menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

G—S E P 3 27 26

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name .....

Street .....

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario

GOODYEAR

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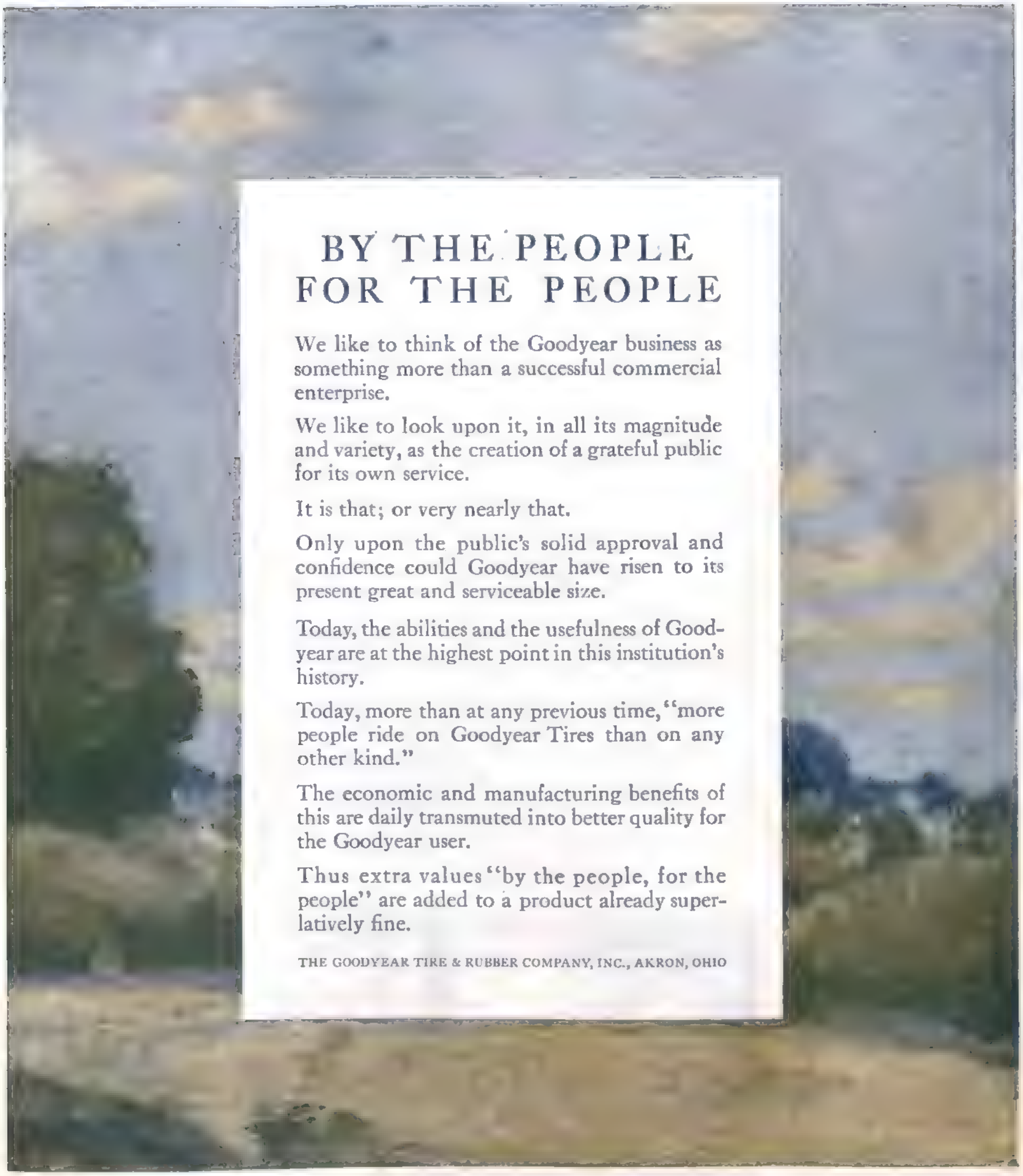

BY THE PEOPLE FOR THE PEOPLE

We like to think of the Goodyear business as something more than a successful commercial enterprise.

We like to look upon it, in all its magnitude and variety, as the creation of a grateful public for its own service.

It is that; or very nearly that.

Only upon the public's solid approval and confidence could Goodyear have risen to its present great and serviceable size.

Today, the abilities and the usefulness of Goodyear are at the highest point in this institution's history.

Today, more than at any previous time, "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

The economic and manufacturing benefits of this are daily transmuted into better quality for the Goodyear user.

Thus extra values "by the people, for the people" are added to a product already superlatively fine.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC., AKRON, OHIO

Supertwist **BALLOONS**

THE NEW AESOP

By Arthur Guiterman

Prologue

THAT son of David, Solomon the king,
Skilled in the tongues of river, rock and tree,
Of beast and bird, had speech with everything
That moves upon the earth or swims the sea.
Some part in what that monarch knew descends
To me, who am of David's blood as well;
The birds, the beasts, the hills are all my friends;
They speak to me, and what they say, I tell.

Fable I—The Hickory Tree

A CHIPMUNK resides in the bowlder-stone wall,
A wise and prosperous Chipmunk is he,
Admired by most and respected by all
Including the Rabbit, the Woodchuck and me.

Said I as he sat on a rock with his wife
Observing the play of their little ones three,
"Come, tell me your highest ambition in life."
—For Chipmunks are quite as ambitious as we.

Regretfully, soulfully, wistfully fond,
He chirped as he pensively perched on my knee,
"Five pastures away and three mountains beyond
There burgeons a wonderful Hickory Tree.

"For months and for seasons with sorrowful sighs
I've languished that nut-bearing marvel to see;
Alas, but its glories are not for these eyes!
That clearly is Fate's adamantine decree."

"But, Chipmunk," said I, "you are brave, you are strong.
Why don't you skip merrily over the lea?
The road may be rough, but the summer is long.
What's kept you so long from your Hickory Tree?"

The Chipmunk replied, "In my juvenile prime
And venturesome youth, I was poor as could be;
I had to be gathering nuts all the time.
How could I set out for the Hickory Tree?

"As older I grew and my harvest was stored,
The Jay and the Squirrel—the Red Chickaree,
Came spying and prying to plunder my hoard;
They kept me from seeking my Hickory Tree.

"Now, here is my bride, who believes in me so,
My little ones, too, with their innocent plea;
Since children are Pledges to Fortune, you know,
How dare I depart for my Hickory Tree?"

"But, Chipmunk," I cried, "when your children are grown—
Your bride's in the nest—who so watchful as she!
The world and its wonder may still be your own;
You then may discover your Hickory Tree."

"It would not comport with my weight in affairs,
My eminence, dignity, rank and degree,"
The Chipmunk rejoined, "to relinquish my cares
To wander in quest of a Hickory Tree!"

There's always an isle, but we haven't the chart;
There's always a door, but we haven't the key;
There's always a goal, but we haven't the heart;
There's always a far-away Hickory Tree.

Then are you too poor? Or are you too rich?
Or how are you bound? And why not be free?
Come out of your rut, come out of your ditch;
Be off to your wonderful Hickory Tree!

Fable II—Wise Birds

"MATERNAL parent," quoth a fledgling Wren,
The gravest of a family of ten,
"That I may show due reverence for knowledge
And fit myself for nesting near a college
To win, in course of time, a Ph. D.,
Please tell me who our Wisest Birds may be."

"Sweet Chick," replied the mother, "with elation
I satisfy your thirst for information:
Beyond all doubt, the most sagacious fowl
Is that famed bird, the Melancholy Owl.
He does not dwell like us in leafy hedges,
Nor like the Bobolink among the sedges,
Nor like the Ouzel close to mountain brooks,
Nor like the Meadow Lark in grassy nooks,
Nor like the silly Thrush in fragrant bowers;
He broods in broken roofs of ruined towers
With awe-inspiring mien and staring eyes
On themes unknown, and therefore trebly wise.
Disdaining ease, his nest is fashioned crudely;
Immersed in thought, he eats a trifle rudely;
He has no time for frivolous pursuits
And rarely speaks, and when he does, he hoots.

"In wisdom next we rank the Solemn Raven
Who makes the wilderness his lonely haven.
With dignity he wears upon his back
The Scholar's proper robe of rusty black.
His customary attitude is tragic;
'Tis whispered that he works forbidden magic!
He never plays, he never sings or jokes,
And when his thought has utterance, he croaks."

"But, mother dear," demurred a second Fledgling,
A scatterbrained and yet observant hedgling,
"Are sages always drear and dark of soul?
Is there no wisdom in the Oriole
So brave, so bright, so gayly, swiftly winging?
And what a nest he builds—so lightly swinging!
He loves no haunted hall nor gloomy glen,
But pleasant orchards near the homes of men.
I love to see his flash of golden color;
Oh, is it really wiser to be duller?
I love to hear his soft and mellow flute;
Oh, must the voice of Wisdom croak or hoot?
Must Learning ever dwell aloof and solemn
And muse on fallen arch and shattered column?
Is there no room in schools for mirth and quip
And no such boon as Joyful Scholarship?"

"Poor little son!" resumed the patient mother,
"You lack the poise that marks your elder brother.
The Wise are always somber, never gay,
And known as wise because they look that way.
Be, therefore, grave, all merriment forswearing;
For birds of soberness in speech and bearing,
And such alone, deserve advanced degrees
And, possibly, Phi Beta Kappa keys."

Fable III—A Professional

MARTIN, THE KINGFISHER, sat on a limb
Awaiting a fish that was coming to him
To perish untimely, unshriven, unhoused.
Martin the Kingfisher's topknot was tousled.

I watched him ahead of my drifting canoe,
With envy; for while I'm a fisherman, too,
And fishing is something I put all my heart in,
I'll never be half such a fisher as Martin.

For Martin dropped down with a "plop!" from his place;
Impaling a minnow, a chub or a dace.
He bore it away to his brood and their mother,
Then perched on his cedar to watch for another.

"Oh, Martin," said I, "of javelin bill,
I covet your craft and invincible skill;
Beholding your prowess, your friend and well-wisher,
I wonder what makes you the Pluperfect Fisher.

"And haven't you ever a doubt of your right
To slay every minnow that swims into sight?
And don't you keep wishing that all of these shiners
Were trout for the good of us sportsmen and diners?"

Said Martin, "I haven't a qualm or a doubt.
I'm glad of a chub and I'm glad of a trout.
I haven't the leisure for talking or wishing.
My family's hungry; I have to be fishing."

Ho, Martin, the Kingfisher, feathery dart!
Absorbed in your fishing, you make it an art.
And lord of his art shall he be who will give it
His patience and toil, who will dream it and live it.

Fable IV—Tradition

AS THE Desert Rat was nosing
For whatever might be found,
He observed the Ostrich posing
With his head below the ground;

So he asked him, rather brashly,
"Is your reason wholly fled?
Don't you know you're acting rashly
When you cover up your head?"

Said the Ostrich, "Heathen stranger,
I should think you'd understand
That I'm safe from every danger
With my head beneath the sand."

Said the Rat, "You silly pigeon,
There's another end in view!"
Said the Bird, "It's my religion
And I know that it is true.

"That you simply can't behold me
When my head is out of sight,
For it's what my fathers told me
And my fathers must be right.

"I will do as I was bidden,
As my father's fathers did:
When my head is neatly hidden
I am absolutely hid!"

A Hyena, also hiding
In the manner of his kind,
Thought the Ostrich too confiding,
But he didn't greatly mind;

For he chuckled as he caught him
With a predatory spring,
"Oh, I'm glad his fathers taught him
That extremely useful thing!"

Fable V—The Eagle

ABOVE the world the bronze-winged Eagle flew,
Ascending, swooping, circling far and wide:
"I seek the Truth, the Truth, the old and new
And all the Truth!" the soaring Eagle cried.

And Behemoth, the Mighty, heard the cry
And bellowed, "Here the Sacred Rivers flow;
And here the Truth by which we live and die,
Yea, all the Truth, was written long ago.

"What clay is meant to know was here revealed;
Then doubt not, pry not, lest our God be wroth;

(Continued on Page 60)

PHOTO. BY E. A. MCILHENNY

Lower Saranac Lake, Adirondack Mountains

Wet Streets!

It rains . . . and motoring hazards increase. The windshield blurs. More than ever you need the full, free vision that all-steel construction makes possible. More than ever you need the strength and protection that only the all-steel body gives in time of accident. There are 19,000,000 cars on the highways . . one out of 34 is destined for accident this year. Guard yourself against possible injury. See that your car gives you . . your dear ones . . the protection and safety of the all-steel body.

Put the protection of all-steel between you and the risks of the road

IN THESE DAYS of crowded highways, no car is safe from mishap. But the car with the all-steel body is safe for its occupants.

Not every automobile body is all-steel. Many appear so, when they are in reality thin shells of metal covering frameworks of wood. For this reason many motorists believe erroneously that they have all-steel bodies.

The Budd All-Steel Body is *all-steel*—in the fullest meaning of the word. There is no wooden frame to shatter in collision. There are no wooden joints to work loose and cause squeaks and rattles—to warp. It is steel welded to steel—welded into one single, reinforced unit. All-steel . . . all-strength . . . all-safety! And fireproof!

Budd All-Steel construction eliminates bulky wooden corner-posts which obscure vision, and often cause accidents. Wood is replaced by slender, stronger columns of steel. You can see *all* the road, and *every* car on it.

The Budd Body is beautiful, with the grace of line to which only steel is so readily adaptable. All-steel takes a handsomer finish, whether paint, lacquer or enamel be used. It is lighter in weight, more durable, and slower to depreciate.

Budd originated the All-Steel Body thirteen years ago. For the safety of your family, yourself . . . see that your next car is equipped with an All-Steel, Full-Vision Body, by Budd.

by Budd

ALL-STEEL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FULL-VISION
MOTOR CAR BODIES

Detroit—EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY—*Philadelphia*

GRAHAM

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

To Sell *is to* Serve

Idealism sometimes proves itself practical.

Graham Brothers Truck business was founded upon an ideal—

"To sell is to serve."

Instead of merely building trucks for the "market," Graham Brothers analyzed the specific requirements of the many industries comprising the market—and supplied the exact type of truck best suited for each.

The ultimate result was the most complete line of standard chassis, cabs and bodies in the world.

Built on a chassis that has won innumerable laurels for endurance, including an award for passing "impassable" roads in Russia, these soundly constructed trucks have proved that they answer the great need of modern business.

That need is for a chassis and body—a truck complete—that can be bought on the moment and put into service without delay.

Whatever the business, whatever the peculiar requirements, Graham Brothers supply it—*and service it* through Dodge Brothers Dealers all over the world.

Thus the perfection of an ideal has brought to merchants a new and valuable service—and has made Graham Brothers the largest exclusive truck manufacturers in the world!

Large Production Justifies Exceptional Quality at Low Prices

GRAHAM BROTHERS

Evansville – DETROIT – Stockton

A Division of Dodge Brothers Inc

GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED – TORONTO, ONTARIO

BROTHERS TRUCKS

There's no substitute for satisfaction

THERE'S a heap of power and long-lasting willingness to work in Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries. Crammed full of chemical energy eager to turn itself into electricity at your bidding, but resting calmly, saving their strength, until you press the button or close the switch. Between jobs these handy helpers restore their vigor. They certainly do last longer, much longer than you expect if you have never before used them. There is an Eveready Columbia dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario
Sold in England and Colonies under trade name COLUMBIA

Eveready Columbia Hot Shot Batteries contain 4, 5 or 6 cells in a neat, water-proof steel case. It is not a "Hot Shot" unless it is an Eveready Columbia

Fahnestock spring clip binding posts on the Eveready Columbia Ignitor at no extra cost.

Other popular uses include
Doorbells
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Gas engine ignition

EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries
-they last longer

Tractor ignition
Starting Fords
Telephone and Telegraph
Lighting tents

THE LAND OF RUBBER AND TIN

(Continued from Page 19)

man-eating tigers, lizards of all sizes, leeches as big as Frankfurters, cobras that chase you through the woods, wild tribes, rivers that rise to flood in forty minutes and devastate vast spaces, a suffocating climate, a fauna ranging from elephants to a little mammal—the smallest known—that weighs only an ounce, insects that pray and millions of them that prey, fish that live on the land, and a broad, smooth, well-kept and excellent automobile road running straight across it through the jungle, spang from Singapore to Penang.

It has great tin mines, enormous rubber plantations, several cities of size and importance, with fine European quarters, tramways, electric lights, telephones, and all other modern improvements; and it has witch doctors. It has an enlightened English government and it has more superstitions than Haiti. Associating Singapore with it, because the Straits Settlements is right next door, it has two great ports in Singapore and Penang, where the shipping activities are constant and of great importance. It has big banks, big commercial companies, thé-dansants, jazz bands, automobiles by the hundred and rickshas by the thousand. It has Chinese who live in palaces and, if they feel like it, can roll in wealth several times a day with fresh wealth to roll in each time they desire thus to amuse themselves; and natives who live in hovels; schools, colleges, hospitals, sultans, mosques and churches. It has natives who play football and cricket and hockey and play all exceedingly well; clubs, a high official society, opium dens, tennis courts, golf clubs, race tracks, beach combers, ships from all the seven seas, imposing persons with monocles and titles, good newspapers and taxicabs. The bulk of the native population go barefooted and wear sarongs, and evening dress is essential at the hotel dances.

Many Holes in One

It has white men who have gone native, stenches that are overpowering and flowers that bewilder with their vast abundance of beauty and glorify the air with their perfumes. It has orchids and lepers. It has the mangosteen, the perfect tropical fruit, and the durian, the fruit that smells like carrion and has been fictionized into something ecstatically delicious, whereas it tastes like a custard flavored with spoiled onions. Pythons wind around telegraph poles and cobras are often found within the limits of the cities and villages. A diverting place.

Indeed it is. One evening, while playing golf on a Malay course, I sliced a ball off into the rough and started to help the caddie find it.

"Hi!" shouted my opponent. "Don't go in there."

"Why not?"

"There's a cobra or two in there probably."

I stopped suddenly. "Do you mean a cobra of the well-known snake family by that name?" I asked.

"Exactly, and keep out."

"Oh, very well," I said, nonchalantly strolling to the extreme opposite side of the fairway. "In that case I concede the hole to the cobra."

"And the ball?" he asked wickedly.

"And the ball also," I told him with dignity. "That is the etiquette, isn't it?"

"It is," he said, "and that makes me two up on you."

Now his manner was suspicious. Perhaps after all, there were no cobras there. Mayhap this was just a little subterfuge. He seemed jauntily indifferent to the lurking cobras, save for his warning to me. So I inquired. Being a newcomer, and not acclimated to cobras, I was interested, naturally, and golf balls are not cheaply come by out there. He was right. A few cobras had domesticated themselves in that particular rough, and some farther along. Now playing golf with cobras as hazards is an exciting pastime for such as me, whose reptile experience on golf links has been confined to garter and gopher snakes, and it had the natural result. I could not keep my ball away from the haunts of the cobras. Every time I came to a place where a snake might abide, there I landed a ball; and I looked for none of them, because, from what I had heard of cobras, I had no desire to cultivate their close acquaintance. Supplementing this sketchy knowledge with some truths about these gentry acquired later, I am here to state that any time a cobra wants a golf ball of mine it can have it.

How to Fight a Cobra

It seems there are two kinds of cobras, maybe more in the close scientific classification, but two in the vernacular—the cobra and the king cobra, or hamadryad. The cobra is an excessively objectionable-looking snake, six or eight feet long, or thereabouts, with a beady eye, a hood, a sac of extremely virulent poison and a nasty disposition. When it decides to do a little something along the lines of increasing the human death rate, it rears up from the ground, inflates its hood and goes to work in a most expeditious manner, and, as I am told, it can not only inject its poison by the puncture of its fangs but can spray it as well. The only pleasant feature about this specimen is that it does not chase you, but remains indignantly on the defensive. It tolerates no interference with its plans or its comfort, but it does not slither after the passer-by for the purpose of making an attack just for the love of warfare.

Whereas the king cobra, which is just as poisonous as the lowlier brother, the common cobra, maybe more so, is a militant and aggressive reptile, as befits his royal degree. The king will not only attack when disturbed but will disturb its royal leisure to attack. The king does not wait for you to make a demonstration. The minute he sees you he does all the demonstrating necessary. The king attacks first. And if the person it attacks is not very lively on his feet, that person is in a world of bad luck.

The only hamadryad I ever saw, I am pleased to say, was a stuffed one in a glass case in a museum in Singapore. This one was about fourteen feet long, slender, with the hood, the terrifyingly beady eye and was blackish in color. Alive, it would have been as fearsome a thing to meet in the wilds, or anywhere else, as imagination can conjure. It is a belligerent, irascible, quick-on-the-trigger snake. It has no gentleness of demeanor or repose of manner. When a hamadryad sees you it just naturally starts out to exterminate you, and if it gets close enough to spear you, extermination is likely.

No specific annoyance is required. Your presence within the royal vicinity is annoyance enough—too much in fact. The king deprecates the appearance of any human being at any time, place or in whatever circumstances and, deprecating, immediately starts out to make the deprecation good. When the king gets under way it can proceed fast enough to extend any sprinter to the full speed ahead, and then some. It is no use climbing a tree. Running is absolutely specified. You must run. The advice is good. If you, perchance, note a king cobra lurking about—run. Better yet—run before you notice the king, and especially before the king notices you.

Of course those who live out there get used to the cobras and the other snakes, but, for all that, they do not make pets of them. A man I know who runs a rubber plantation somewhat up in the interior told me about a jolly little experience of his one evening after dinner. He was sitting in his bungalow, reading, and quite peacefully inclined and content, when he felt a dragging sensation across his feet. He looked down and saw a large cobra beginning a leisurely progress over those selfsame feet. He is an old Malay hand and he knows about cobras. So instead of kicking up a row and moving his feet, he sat motionless, trying not to wink his eyes, even, or breathe. The cobra was in no hurry. It crawled a little and then rested and looked about. It seemed a couple of years to the man who owned the feet before the deadly thing crossed them and glided away across the floor and out the door.

A Charming Little Affair

"Then what did you do?" I asked him.

"Do?" he said. "What do you suppose I did? I got across to the sideboard somehow and took the largest drink of brandy ever taken by one man since the French began concocting that reviving fluid. And I needed it. That steadied me a bit, and then I looked into the glass to see if my hair had turned white."

"Had it?" I asked him.

"No," he told me, "it hadn't; but the reason is, I suppose, because I am almost entirely bald."

Next day he sent for a native snake charmer and told him to get that cobra. The snake charmer got him and another. He squatted down by the side of the bungalow, which was elevated considerably above the ground, as all Malay houses are, on posts or piles, and began toodleoodling on his pipe. He had beside him a slender rod on one end of which there was a white rag. He played on his pipe for a long time with no signs of a cobra. Presently, however, there was a rustle in the dry grass and a big fellow came gliding out, his head up, his hood extended, and made straight for the charmer. When the snake came close enough the man extended the rag toward it and the snake struck at the rag. Almost at the same moment the charmer grabbed the snake just below the hood, and that was the end of that cobra.

When Trees are Dangerous

The men who live on the plantations and in the interior all have similar stories to tell, and very often the snakes get into the centers of population. The python is a gregarious monster, and frequently is found on roadways and near houses. The python likes chickens and the larger ones dote on kids. They run up to twenty-eight or thirty feet in length, but as they are not poisonous and cannot do any harm unless they can get a twist of their tails around some stable thing like the bole of a tree, nobody fears them much. As a crusher, the python is inoperative without the leverage obtained by anchoring itself with its tail. Still, no matter how habituated one may be to the sights and sounds of Malay, there are very few who do not gasp a bit when they see one of these monsters coiled in a tree along the roadside or crossing from side to side.

Running over a snake in an automobile is a curious, humpy experience, and now and then a machine hits a crocodile. Some fellows I know were headed down a street in Kuala Lumpor one night, half a dozen of them strung along in rickshas, when there was a wild coolie yell from the first riksha, the splodge of a burly Englishman hitting the pavement and of his curses, a piling-up of two other rickshas on the wreck of the first one, and then an examination to see what the dickens was the matter. The matter was discovered to be a much-astonished crocodile twelve or fourteen feet long that had been proceeding on his lawful occasions across the street. The crocodile was as frightened as the Englishmen, but not so badly as the coolies, and got away, much to the pleasure of all concerned; but it took a large number of stengehs to revive that party from the shock. A crocodile has a large mouth and a ghastly bite, and the swing of his tail is as powerful an animal wallop as there is.

The crocodile is a dangerous and despicable saurian and there is a bounty on its ugly head. Hence the natives, combining business and pleasure, catch them. They bait enormous hooks, tied to very strong ropes, with any little titbits the crocodile fancies—chickens, young goats, and so on. They tie these ropes to stakes and sit down and patiently await events. It makes no difference to a native how long he waits. When the walloping and threshing in the water tell the crocodile catchers that they have hooked one, everybody turns out and they haul the beast in.

The crocodile is much disturbed, not to say incensed,

Mr. Blythe and Some Native Children

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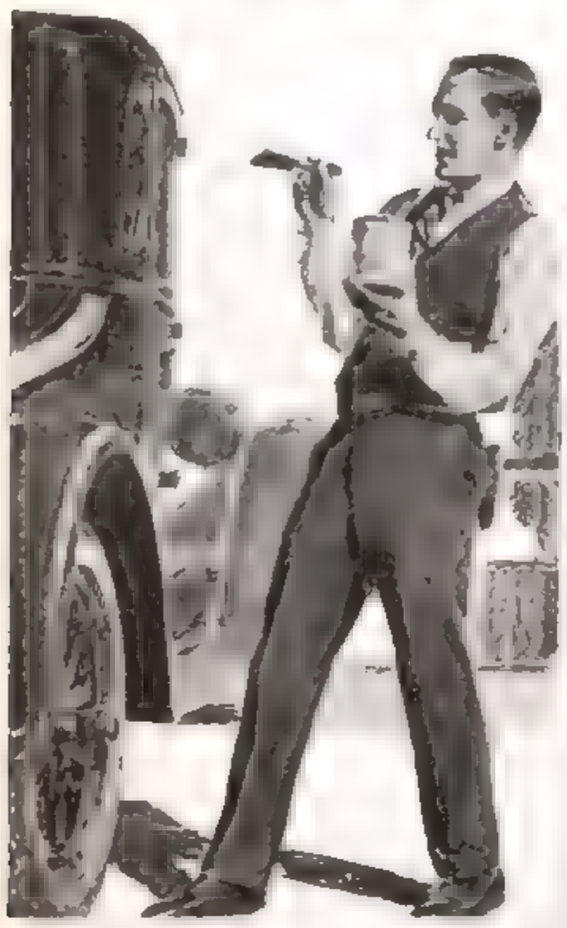

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at this treatment and gets pretty rough and disputatious over it; but that doesn't last long, for almost as soon as the crocodile is inshore the natives, who have ropes like lariats ready, with running nooses, have the front legs and the hind legs fastened, and after that it is not long before the crocodile is no more. When there is nothing more exciting to do, the natives, in the crocodile-infested places, garner some bounty. They like the idea of bounties. A while ago, in Singapore, the health officials offered a certain bounty for all rats brought in, in order to help exterminate bubonic plague. The result was satisfactory. It was more than that—amazing. After a time tremendous quantities of rats came in. Then it was discovered that the natives were breeding rats, and the bounty was withdrawn. However, the natives didn't think of that. The Chinese worked out that little gainful wrinkle.

These diversions, and many such add to the spice of life over there; but the real house companion, friend, and jolly and ubiquitous little pal is the lizard. The lizard is an amiable little beggar, and likes to be around folks. It lives largely in the houses, and on or in the ceilings from choice. Its job is to catch flies and other insects, and it catches them. Now and then, during the course of its hunting operations, a lizard falls off the ceiling and lands in your soup or in the butter, but that is merely an incident. It instantly changes to the color of the soup or the butter, so scarcely any inconvenience is caused.

They are great hunters, these lizards, and expert. I watched them every evening in Penang, with great admiration for their skill and craft. They know lights attract insects. So two or three of them gather around each light that is near a ceiling or close to a wall. If there is a shade around the light, they flatten on the shade, and the moment a fly or moth or other insect flutters up to investigate the light the lizard sets for its spring. When the insect gets close enough there is a flash of lizard so quick it can hardly be followed with the eye, and that insect has disappeared forever. Housekeeping in Malay would be far more uncomfortable than it is if it were not for the kindly offices of the lizards.

This is the Life!

Easily, thus, we come to the native Malay, because the lizard does all the fly killing that is ever done in a Malay habitation, but even so, cannot cope with the entire product. The native Malay is, in his present aspect, a monumental tribute to the soporific tendencies of civilization. It is only fifty years since the first British resident of Perak was assassinated by the Malays, and since they were a wild, fighting, lawless and intensely disagreeable people. For centuries before that time they had warred on their neighbors and traveled and adventured, and had left the imprint of their speech and their customs in all the islands of the adjacent seas. They were addicted to the disagreeable pastime of running amuck, and they lived in sloth and dirt and happy quarrelsomeness. Their principle fighting implement was the kris, that wavy-edged knife with which at one slash they could disembowel an opponent, and they were experts at that method of eliminating enemies.

Intrinsically, they were a lazy people. They fought, probably, because there was nothing else to do. With the advance of civilization, and the alluring object lesson of the British civil service employe, they soon discarded their belligerencies and lapsed back to their state of nature. They are now as utterly opposed to work as they were to peace in the olden days. They detest the idea of work, for their wants are few and the means to gratify them simple and not laborious. The Malay does not need a very large rice paddy for rice enough for himself and his family—often families, for the Malay is polygamous up to the measure of his resources—and his coconuts are there for the picking. He usually has a few chickens; and as for the rest, what are the jungle and the rivers for? If he is a Malay who lives along the sea, the sea solves his living problem, and there he sufficiently is. Many rubber overseers and tin miners have struggled with the task of getting Malays to work, and most of them have been forced to give it up. Except in rare instances it cannot be done.

A Naif Gentleman

Why work? Their native philosophy is summed up in their phrase: "Tida apa," which means "It doesn't matter," or "No matter," and with the Malay expresses the nichevo spirit of the Russian, the maskee of the Chinese and the What's the dif? of the American idler. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters. The native shortens the phrase to "tid' apa" and it covers almost every contingency and smooths out every difficulty. "Tid' apa"—nothing much can matter with food at hand and wives aplenty.

If, as is often the case, he has a few rubber trees he gauges his effort with his trees exactly to meet the wants of the day. Sufficient unto the day is the Malay motto. He loathes it when rubber is cheap, for that means more labor in order to get his necessary stipend; and when rubber is high he is happy, for with rubber dear he has to tap and work far fewer trees than when it is cheap. With rubber as high as it is now, his labors are reduced to almost nil, and he piously thanks Allah for these benefits and gifts, not forgetting to ascribe a portion of them to his own worthiness and virtues.

There are some things the younger Malays like to do, and one is to drive automobiles. They dote on that, because it gives them a standing with their friends, and also because it gives them a chance to make a noise with the horn. A good Malay driver is very good, but also he is very noisy. Every toot he gives on his horn is a new and joyous experience to him. He is as tickled with the noise after ten years of driving as he was the first time he was allowed to be the active cause of the shriek. A naif and amusing fellow. And a gentleman too. He treats you with consideration and expects the same treatment. If he does not get it he is vastly hurt. If he thinks too long over his hurt he may revert to type with a kris, run amuck and do a little extemporaneous carving on the persons of those he chances to meet in the highways and byways, but not so much of that nowadays.

Although "tid' apa" is the constant byword of the Malay, and expresses his fatalism and his indolence and his attitude toward life, there is one thing that does not tid' apa in these times, and that is the lofty price of rubber. The Malay was, no doubt, originally a high-spirited and high-minded person, but his contact with rubber has coarsened him to a considerable degree. Indeed, contact with rubber seems to have many disagreeable sides. It certainly put the British rubber producers and the American rubber consumers by the ears and caused much bitter feeling, much bitter talk and a lot of general slangwhanging and discussion. Also, it caused a lot of general crookedness in the rubber countries, and enabled the Malay who owns tapping rights in rubber trees, which many do, to buy pounds of gold ornaments for his women.

There isn't space here to go into the rubber situation, nor is it necessary. The newspapers are full of it as this is written, because within a comparatively short time, owing to the British policy of restriction of output begun in 1922 and the increased automobile demand the world over, and especially in the United States, rubber had shot up in price from a shilling a pound—twenty-five cents—or less, to more than four shillings, more than a dollar a pound, which was the price when I was there in November.

Much Money and Little Sense

Meantime through it all two classes move serenely—the Malays and the Chinese. The Chinese are notoriously money grabbers and money-makers, and ready for any enterprise they may turn into cash, no matter what the nature of it may be; but the Malay is, in his larger aspect, content to leave money-making to others, to these Chinese, and the half-castes and whites. Still, it is apparent that a certain commercialism has touched the Malay, or some of them, and nowhere is that clearer to be seen than in this rubber business. The Malays and the Chinese are undisturbed by all this Caucasian pother over rubber. The main point with them is that rubber is higher than it ever has been, and hence the thing to do is to get rubber, honestly, if that is easy and convenient, but get it anyhow, and sell it to these foreigners who have much money and little sense.

The Chinese asks no questions as to where the rubber he buys comes from. That is an immaterial

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One of the Ancient Tin Mines in the Malay State of Selangor

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Gen. George Custer Lives Again

Every American school-boy has read of Gen. George Custer, or "Yellow Hair" as the Indians called him because of his long blonde hair which swept down to his shoulders—and their eyes have popped and their pulses have hurried when they read of the deeds of heroism which followed Custer's great campaign among the Dakota Sioux.

It is one thing to read of these things, and quite another to see them re-enacted as they are in Universal's fine film, ***"The Flaming Frontier."*** And all the heroes and warriors who took part in those stirring episodes, live again and fight over the battle of the Little Big Horn.

You will see Gen. Custer, President Grant, Gen. Sherman, Chief Red Cloud, Sitting Bull. You will ride with them into the plains of Montana where all the fighting occurred, and you will see such acts of courage as will thrill you to the core.

You will see HOOT GIBSON, the riding fool, as a daring lieuten- ant in Custer's command. You will see DUSTIN FARNUM as Gen. Custer, and a marvelous cast of wonderful riders. You will see Indians by the thousands and the Wild West even as it is today. Don't fail to see this picture because I know just what it is. Edward Sedgwick directed it.

Don't fail to see REGINALD DENNY in *"What Happened to Jones"* and ***"Skinner's Dress Suit,"*** two refreshening comedies which give this splendid young actor all the chance he desires to show his talent. Don't fail to see ***"The Phantom of the Opera."*** When you see these plays, write me your opinion of them—I want to hear from you.

Carl Laemmle
President

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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detail If it is stolen—and a lot of it is stolen he didn't steal it. All he does is to pay as little as possible for it and get as much as he can for it. And the natives, or the commercial natives, do manage to get hold of considerable latex, or sap, that does not come from their own trees, and not a little crude rubber.

Also they know all about adulterating it with dirt, about short weight, hijacking and much other shenanigan in the bartering of it. A white rubber buyer must be a shrewd person to get all he pays for in the rubber line.

Of course it is absurd to compare the Chinese money sense with the Malay money sense, but it must be said that when the Malay develops into a trader he is a good, tricky trader. He acquires rapidly what is born in the Chinese, but he never does seem to get the hang of the handling of money. The Chinese knows all about banks, and runs them, too, but the Malay trusts nothing but gold—hard money. It may be that a bitter experience is back of this, for before the Malay was thoroughly wise to this paper-token stuff that will buy bangles, bracelets and brooches for his women and mayhap an automobile for himself, he took the paper money and he did with it what all Malays do buried it, putting it in a section of bamboo. Greatly to his consternation, the ants ate the paper money.

Having been taught this expensive lesson no Malay will take paper money now. He wants gold and he pays 5 per cent for gold, because ants cannot eat gold after he buries it, and the traders make this neat extra profit.

There is a great deal of money buried in Malaysia, packed in bamboo and stuck around in native kampongs; but the Malay spends, also. A Singapore automobile dealer told me he sold one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of automobiles—and American automobiles, at that—in two days last November; one hundred and fifty thousand Straits dollars, each being worth about fifty-seven cents, but even so, a lot of automobiles to sell in two days in a place like Singapore. The whole peninsula is reeking with money. Rubber being unprecedentedly high, tin also is high, and the prosperity of the place is evident and almost blatant.

The earliest money-makers in the peninsula were the Chinese, who came in in large numbers as merchants and tin miners. Tin had been mined there for many years, and the Chinese knew about it. So before the white people were aware of the value of the tin deposits, save by hearsay, the Chinese had corralled large sections of tin land by arrangement and purchase from the native owners. The Chinese have sold some of their original holdings, but still control more than 60 per cent of the tin interests, and they are the richest people in the peninsula.

There are plenty of Chinese millionaires in Malaysia, who live in great houses and most expensively and elaborately, and there are a good many multimillionaires among them. Fortunes of twenty, thirty and even fifty and sixty million Straits dollars are not at all uncommon. Also, in a smaller way the Chinese do most of the retail merchandising. They are the plutocrats of Malaysia.

Rubber is not indigenous to the peninsula. The tree was introduced in 1887. A few plants were brought in from Kew Gardens, London, where they had originally come from Brazil. These few plants—some say the number was seven and some say there were more than a dozen—were the beginnings of the millions of trees that now stand in treasure-bearing, wealth-producing rows all up and down the country. The development has been very rapid in the past twenty years. Ninety-three per cent of all the rubber there is comes from the Far East, and of that amount the Malay Peninsula produces 41 per cent, and could produce more, with the present possible production, if restrictions had not been placed on all British rubber, thereby causing much of the late row.

Young rubber trees are raised in nurseries and planted in rows, like peach trees or orange trees or any orchard trees, on suitable ground that has been cleared from the jungle. They will give some sap at the age of five years, although to let them wait a year or so longer is better; but no rubber tree gets any coddling in these times. It must produce as soon as it can. No one over there knows how long a tree will remain productive, because the oldest trees are still going strong. There has not been time, as yet, to test out the age when production ceases, if it ever does. The tree is tallish, straight boled, smooth barked, of a light grayish color, and with intensely green leaves.

The process of making crude rubber is not a complicated one after the trees are nursed to the productive age. They are tapped, but not the way we tap maples for maple sap or pines for turpentine. Tapping the rubber tree requires expert skill and knowledge. The tap is made at the selected place on the bole, and a strip of bark of the required width is cut off in the form of a widely spread V. The wood of the tree must not be cut, and there are severe penalties for tappers who cut into the wood. In Sumatra, at any rate, and maybe in Malaysia, they send them to jail. Cutting the wood injures the productiveness of the tree. Then a cup is hung at the point of the tap and the milky sap runs into it. The tree produces best early in the morning, so work starts at five o'clock, or as soon as it is light.

After one cut is exhausted, another is made just above it or below it, as the case may be, and the first cut is left to grow bark again. This process is continued, with succeeding cuts, until the bark has grown over the first cut and that is ready to cut again. Thus a rubber tree is always producing sap in one cut and repairing the damages of the other and older cuts at the same time. It takes about five years for a circuit of cuts. That is to say, five years after the first cut has been made the bark has regrown so

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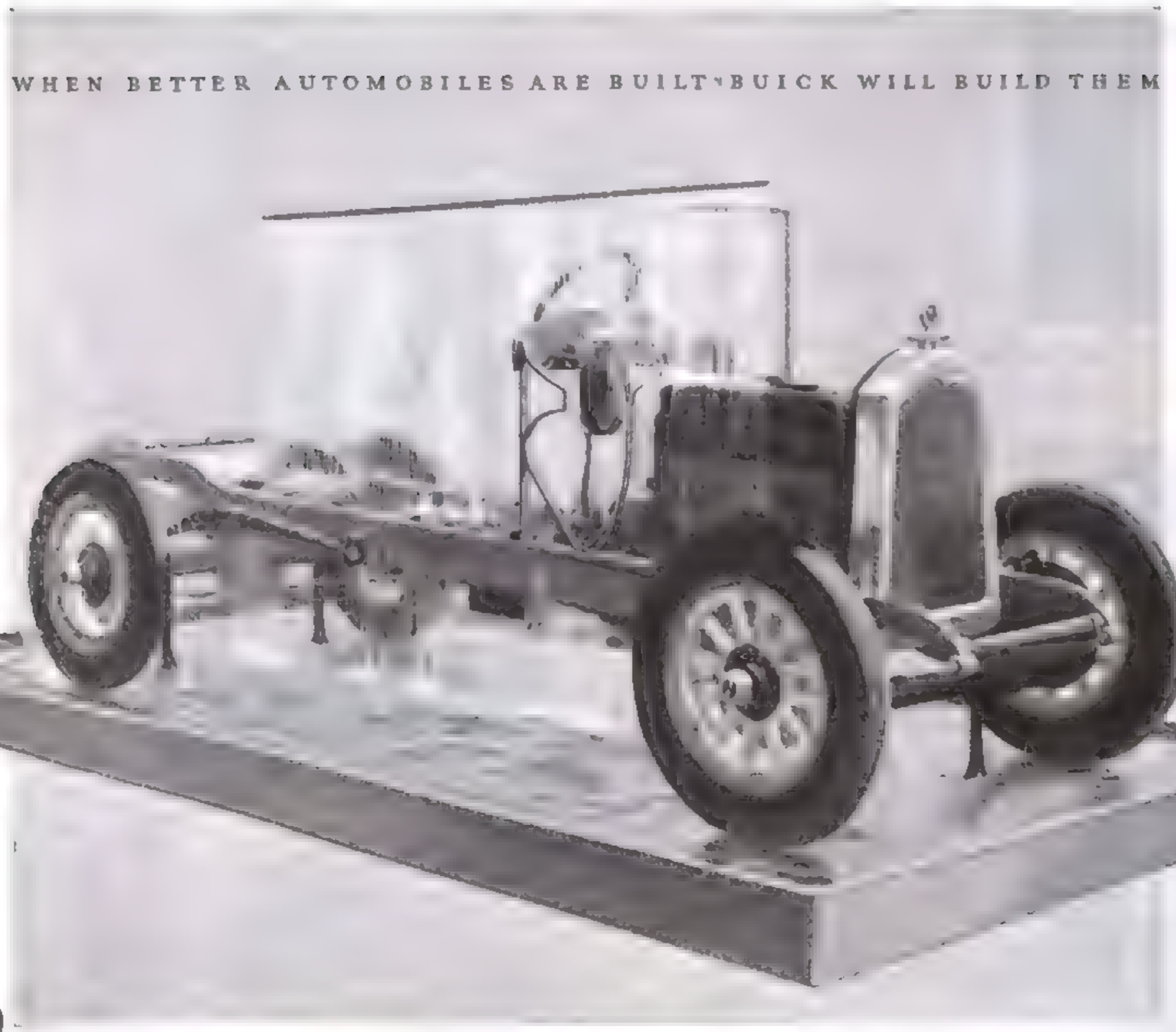
A Stormy Day on the Pacific Ocean



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For gentlemen too, of course.

(Continued from Page 56)

that particular place is ready to produce, and the cuts are continued again along the old lines as the bark renews itself in each space. Life is just one blamed cut after another for the rubber tree; and no matter how the tree struggles to repair the damages to its bark, it hasn't a chance, for as soon as bark is regrown it is cut again. A good tree will produce enough latex, or sap, to make a quarter of a pound of rubber a day.

The sap is gathered in pails and dumped into tanks There it is mixed with a certain proportion of acid, which coagulates it into great milky lumps. These lumps are pure rubber and get to be the size of coconuts and larger. The lumps are taken out, macerated and run through a succession of rollers, one process being used for crêpe rubber and another for sheet rubber. As the rubber, in long thin sheets, comes out of the last roller it is graded by experts who flip it about into different piles just as a tobacco grader in a Cuban cigar factory grades tobacco. Then it is hung in sheds to dry, and when it is dry it is packed in boxes holding from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, which are only about two feet square, and shipped. Some sorts are smoked also.

From Shakspere to Cohan

This prosperity has its great reflex in the shipping. Any boat can get a cargo at Singapore or Penang now, and there always are piles of rubber and much tin awaiting shipment. I saw a ship loading tin and rubber at Penang. I knew the first officer. I asked him how much he was taking. He said that, after he had taken aboard his quota at Penang, he was due to take on a jag of Ceylon rubber at Colombo, and then when he closed the hatches there and set sail for the United States he would have seventeen million dollars' worth of rubber and tin in his hold, and this was not guesswork, for he had signed the manifests and knew the figures

We must not allow all this rubber hue and cry and all this prosperity and consequent crass spending and orgying around to deflect us entirely from a consideration of art among the Malays, and especially the dramatic art, at which the Malay is a whiz. He is a good actor and he has a dramatic literature of his own and draws as he pleases upon the drama of all the world, adapting everybody from Shakspere to George Cohan to his stage. He is strong for Shakspere and for the plays of old Java, which are romantic plays and give the Malay actors opportunity, for they are romantic actors mostly—romantic actors who can do a song and dance or a juggling turn between acts if required. Versatile.

These New York and London producers who thought they were doing something new when they put on Hamlet with the actors dressed in Fifth Avenue and Bond Street clothes were mistaken. The Malays beat them to that innovation years and years ago. They put on Shakspere and dress the parts in the latest Malayan fashions. Also they have other little improvements bringing the Immortal Bard right up to the times. For example, what interested me most about Hamlet as presented by the Gnai Star Opera Company, at Penang, was the little touch where the Grave Digger, upon discovering the skull of the unfortunate and thoroughly deceased Yorick, ran to the telephone, rang up the police and besought them to hurry along and investigate.

And in Laily and Majnoon, which I did not see, but which they tell me is the Malay version of Romeo and Juliet, they have some new stuff. The ardent Malay Romeo, in the balcony scene, does not content himself with rhapsody. He sings a song to his lady love. Also he uses whatever tune is handy for his song. A friend of mine who saw this Shaksperean production by a Malay company told me that the Romeo he saw sang his love ditty to the tune of The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo. Our American and English dramatic innovators never thought of that, either.

This is a common custom. The Malayan actors write long songs for interpolation in their plays and take any tune that fits for them. I heard one captivating star sing for twenty minutes, all about a faithless lover and what happened to him, and her tune was Go Tell Aunt Abbie. That wasn't typical, however. Ordinarily they are nearer to the times than that. They are using mostly American tunes of about 1905 at present.

The company I saw do several plays was the Gnai Star Opera Company, of Malacca, which is a great headquarters for actors and acting as well as for canes. It was a repertoire company and did a different show each night. It had been going for four weeks in Penang, to crowded houses—crowded is right—for about five-sixths of the hall. These seats were jammed with natives. In front there were some big wicker chairs for white customers, but these were sparsely occupied, and usually by most elaborately coiffured and costumed Chinese women, brilliant in brocaded silks, who paid close attention to the play and ate melon seeds continuously. My estimate is that each Chinese lady consumes about two quarts of melon seeds during the course of a drama in the Malayan tongue.

The show that interested me most was Panji Ismarah, which is a native Malay play and has to do with the troubles of Panji Ismarah, who seems to have been a rich and important person. It tells a long story of an extravagant wife who insisted that her lord should get her a certain fruit called manchawarna from a forbidden garden, of a lover who came around when the husband was away, of the discovering and revengeful husband, of a wife ordered to kill herself and saved by a necromancer who hypnotized her to a semblance of death, of the husband's remorse after he thinks his wife is dead and his joy when he finds she isn't, and is filled with fights and fêtes and songs and dances and comic relief given by two ragamuffin servants à la the old Erminie of the days of Francis Wilson, and so on.

Tropical Chewing Gum

The fights are always the same—two contestants participating and neither striking a blow. One dances a few steps and then the other does his jig. One waves his arms. The other waves his arms. They pass courteously to opposite sides and do it over again. Presently the fighter who is due to win makes a sweeping gesture, and the one who must lose falls to the floor. In Panji Ismarah the wealthy Panji at one place fought ten men, one after the other, and each fight was a repetition of the other as to dancing, gestures and result.

The comedy was a bit burlesquey and the songs had a ribald touch now and then, and the applause was general and enthusiastic. The two comic servants, the tall one and the short one, ad libbed all through the play and kept things going. The biggest laugh came when Panji, ordering a period of general mourning for his supposedly dead wife, decreed that all places of business must be closed. The dwarf dissented loudly. He insisted that the bars and the pawnshops must be left open so the people might mourn properly, pawning some possession to get money to patronize the bars, and explained that no one could mourn fervently unless that person had had a few drinks.

The audience liked this the first time, so the dwarf put it over three times more. That is the way the Malay actors do. When the audience shows interest in one of their scenes, they go right back and do that scene over again. They strive to please. Hence Malay plays seem a trifle repetitious to the white observer. It is hard to fool a Malay actor about his own abilities. If he is good he knows it, and he keeps hammering his good scenes at the audience until they know it too; but, at that, they have talent and are much more versatile than our actors. A Malay male or female star must not only be able to do Shakspere but also must know how to hoof it, how to sing a comic song and how to do a monologue while the scenes are being set. They are all-round entertainers and give shows that run from nine o'clock until long past midnight. I do not know how actors are paid in Malaysia, but whatever they get they earn.

Singapore at Close Range

Singapore and Penang are both hot and humid places, with a few points of interest about them, but not many. The English valiantly strive to keep up their sports, even in this equatorial region, and the young men go to their games in shorts, which is a great lark for the mosquitoes. They make a concession to the climate by wearing helmets that weigh seven pounds, or thereabouts, and are the best they can do out there in the way of revering the sacred memory of the bowler hat.

The English maintain stoutly that it is absolutely necessary to wear these heavy helmets for protection against the sun. Across the way, in Java and Sumatra, where the sun is equally direct, the Dutch say the helmet is all nonsense, and wear felt hats and straw hats. The natives in each country wear turbans tied out of thin pieces of cotton and get along very well. So the thing is a moot question as far as any solving of it on my part is concerned. I wore a straw hat in Java and Sumatra and a helmet in Malaysia, and had my courier teach me how to tie a turban. So, having thus shown a broad and catholic spirit, I am in a position to say that, no matter what you wear, it is very hot in all places.

Also, the English go in for white drill clothes. Chinese tailors make these clothes, mostly, for about four dollars gold, or five a suit, or eight if you are fussy. I think the crafty Chinese inculcated this white-clothes superstition on the foreigners. At any rate, the clothes are not cool and do not fit, are worth about as much as a suit of overalls and cost their weight in gold to keep clean; but, barring these few details, may be useful.

I had a large and ornate collection of them, and sold them all for seven-fifty on the way to Alexandria, including the helmet, and did well, for otherwise I should have thrown them overboard.

Singapore, of course, is noted in the works of all the British novelists as a brooding, mysterious, Oriental sort of place where all the plotters of the seven seas meet, and all the sailors and adventurers also. It is full of opium dens and other dens, and is strange, occult and exotic. I made a few investigations into this phase of it, with this result: Singapore is no more mysterious or exotic than Chinatown in San Francisco, or Chinatown in Vancouver, or Chinatown in New York. It is dirtier and more squalid in some quarters, but most of the mysterious and sinful side of it is mysterious and sinful just as the seamy side of any city is mysterious and sinful. They took me to the most secret and degenerate opium den they have. It was duller than dishwater.

(Continued on Page 60)

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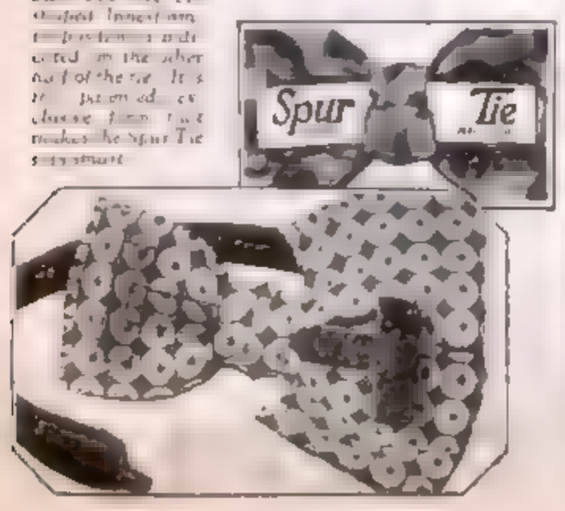


(Continued from Page 58)

There is one thing in Singapore that must command the admiration of all. I refer to the bathrooms of the Europe Hotel. There is displayed an entirely new idea, but old to Singapore, judging from the outward aspects of them. I have heard it was Dutch genius rather than English genius that built this hotel. I do not know. I only know that when the architect was told he must have bathrooms in his hotel, he put bathrooms in his hotel in this wise: He constructed a ground floor for offices, lounges, dining rooms, and so on; and over that a floor of sleeping rooms. Then, as he was to have two floors of sleeping rooms, he stuck another floor higher up; but between the two floors of bedrooms, which are all the bedroom floors there are, he sandwiched in his bathing floor, an intermediate floor devoted exclusively to the bath as it is indulged in in tropical countries that cluster thereabouts. Hence the persons who occupy bedrooms on the first floor climb up a flight of stairs to get to their tin tubs and buckets, and the persons who sleep on the second floor climb down a flight of stairs to do their ablutions, a nifty arrangement, as must be admitted, and helpful to the China boys who take care of the rooms.

Tropical Buck-Passing

The coming hotel keeper in the tropics seems to be the Armenian. These interesting merchants like to run hotels, and they are getting control of many of the large ones. Naturally, they usually run their hotels in the Armenian manner, which is to say, with no more responsibility for anything that can be pinned down by the hectic guest than could be fastened to a rabbit innkeeper in the same circumstances. If anything goes wrong in an Armenian-run hotel, there seems no way to get it righted except by act of Providence. Let an English or an American guest, with a righteous grievance, set out to reach the head man and demand justice, and he will discover he has no more chance of getting to that responsible head than he has of getting to Mecca. He is passed around and around a smiling, effusively polite circle until he quits from sheer exhaustion. And what he complains of is never righted. It is the sublimation of buck-passing, and worth going to the tropics to study.

Aside from this principle of never, in any circumstances, letting any responsibility lodge anywhere where it can be detected, the system of Armenian hotel keeping has one other basic tenet. This relates to the rather necessary fans in the rooms, and is that no fan shall run for a fraction of a second after the occupant of a room has left the room wherein a fan is creaking.

It is the idea of almost every hotel guest that the temperature of the room may be kept down a bit, or at least the air kept moving, by allowing the fan to run while he is out. So guests leave the fans running, only to return and find the fans have stopped. I made many experiments in this matter, being much interested in the processes by which the fans are instantaneously shut off.

I discovered that every Armenian hotel keeper maintains a large corps of boys whose chief duty is to turn off fans. The average time for turning off a fan after the guest has left the room is seventy-five seconds. It is amazing, mysterious, miraculous. There would be nobody in sight in the hall, nobody in the servants' room, nobody anywhere. The hotel floor would be one vacant waste, uninhabited apparently. I would go out and leave a fan going. Instantly, quicker than that, a China boy would rise up from somewhere, drop down from the ceiling or emerge through a trap in the floor—I do not pretend to say where he came from—and off would go the fan.

I asked several hotel keepers about this. They said that little things like that keep the hotels going.

"And American tourists," I added, "whom you charge double rates."

"Yes," one agreed politely, "those help some also. . . . Would you like to buy a silk shawl, or a rug, or some fine tortoise shell or a string of amber beads?"

Reviewing what has been written here, I am disconcertedly aware that nothing has been said about the Sultan of Johore, who rules the state of Johore under strict English supervision. One of the things that positively are not done is to write about the Malay Peninsula and omit the Sultan of Johore. He is the stock tourist sultan, because his palace is just across the creek from the island on which Singapore is built, and he is most readily observed by the tourists—a sultan right at hand, so to say. His palace is not much of a palace when compared to the palaces of the Sultans of Solo and Djokja, but it is a palace none the less and has a tremendous interest for the lady tourists because of the stories they have heard concerning the wholesale polygamous habits of the sultan.

The average number of wives ascribed to the Sultan of Johore is thirty-six. That seems to be a sort of standard figure for his matrimonial appendages. It is a satisfactory figure, too, for it is big enough to make the lady tourists feel deeply sorry for the poor wives and cause the male tourists to express deep commiseration for the poor husband. The lady who wore the purple dress for five days running in Singapore told me that the sultan really has three hundred wives. He didn't look like a man with three hundred wives when I saw him, but you never can tell. My estimate of him, after a critical examination and assay, was that he looks like a sultan who has about thirteen wives; not more than fifteen in any case. Probably thirteen. I have some qualifications as a judge. I met a sultan in Java who is pretty heavily wived up himself, and I once knew a Chinese statesman who had twenty-two. Thirteen is about right, much as I dislike to put up my views against those of the lady in the purple dress.

Unlucky Enough at Thirteen

He is a heavily personable sort of man, with big broad shoulders, a smiling face and a coming paunch, but active and alive and interested in a lot of things. He wore a pongee suit, well cut and shaped in to show his shoulders, a straw hat and a silk shirt, and he talked with a heavy Oxford accent. Maybe it was Cambridge. One or the other, for he was educated in England. He made a good record for himself during the war, but is rather carefully watched by the English in a fatherly sort of way. They do not let him stick around Singapore much after dark. I didn't ask him how many wives he has, thinking the question was a mite too personal. The lady in the purple dress resented this. She said she was positive he has three hundred, and that the fact should be known.

"What difference does it make?" I asked her.

"None," she answered, "but it is so interesting, don't you think?"

Probably so. Anyhow, the lady tourists are much intrigued over it, but I am determined not to go a step beyond thirteen. That is my number and I stick to it. Thirteen wives should be enough for any man, sultan or non-sultan, as the case may be.

THE NEW AESOP

(Continued from Page 46)

Seek nothing further, for the gate is sealed,
Oh, Heretic!" blared mighty Behemoth.

Then, roused from sleep beneath the
caverned sea,
Leviathan heaved up his oozy head:
"Who seeks the Truth? The Truth abides
with me,
The changeless Truth!" the league-long
serpent said.

"When Earth and I were made, to me was
told
The Law that rules the fate of beast and
man.
All that is new is false. Be not too bold,
Oh, Heretic!" roared great Leviathan.

Among the clover rootlets, hid from sight
Below the sod, the dim-eyed Mole awoke;
And, nosing upward toward the dreaded
light,
In sullen hate the Tunnel-borer spoke:

"My sires received the Truth complete and
whole,
And what my sires bequeathed my soul
affirms,
Oh, wicked Heretic!" proclaimed the Mole,
And, delving, preached his doctrine to
the Worms.

Above all mountains, toward the brightening
[illegible]

The Eagle cried, "I seek the Truth, the
Lord!"
The Earthbound raged behind their prison
bars,
"A Heretic!"—and still the Eagle soared.

Fable VI—The Family

THE loons and their chicks were on the
lake,
So we turned the canoe and chased them.
They dived, they doubled, they rose in our
wake
Five rods behind when we placed them,
And the old loons rallied their fledgling's
two
With clear notes rising and falling.
As we paddled to camp in our light canoe
We heard the mother loon calling,
"There were one, two, three, four of us;
Where are two of us?
Where are two of us?"

Oh, the northern loon is a gallant bird
Of comely and decorous feather;
Her musical, echoing laugh is heard
Defying the worst of weather.
As I sit in my bark-covered shack at night
And the wind in the pines is sighing
And the lake's in a ripple of silvery-white
I hear the mother loon crying,
"There are one, two, three, four of us;
Here are all of us,
Here are all of us!"

Envoy

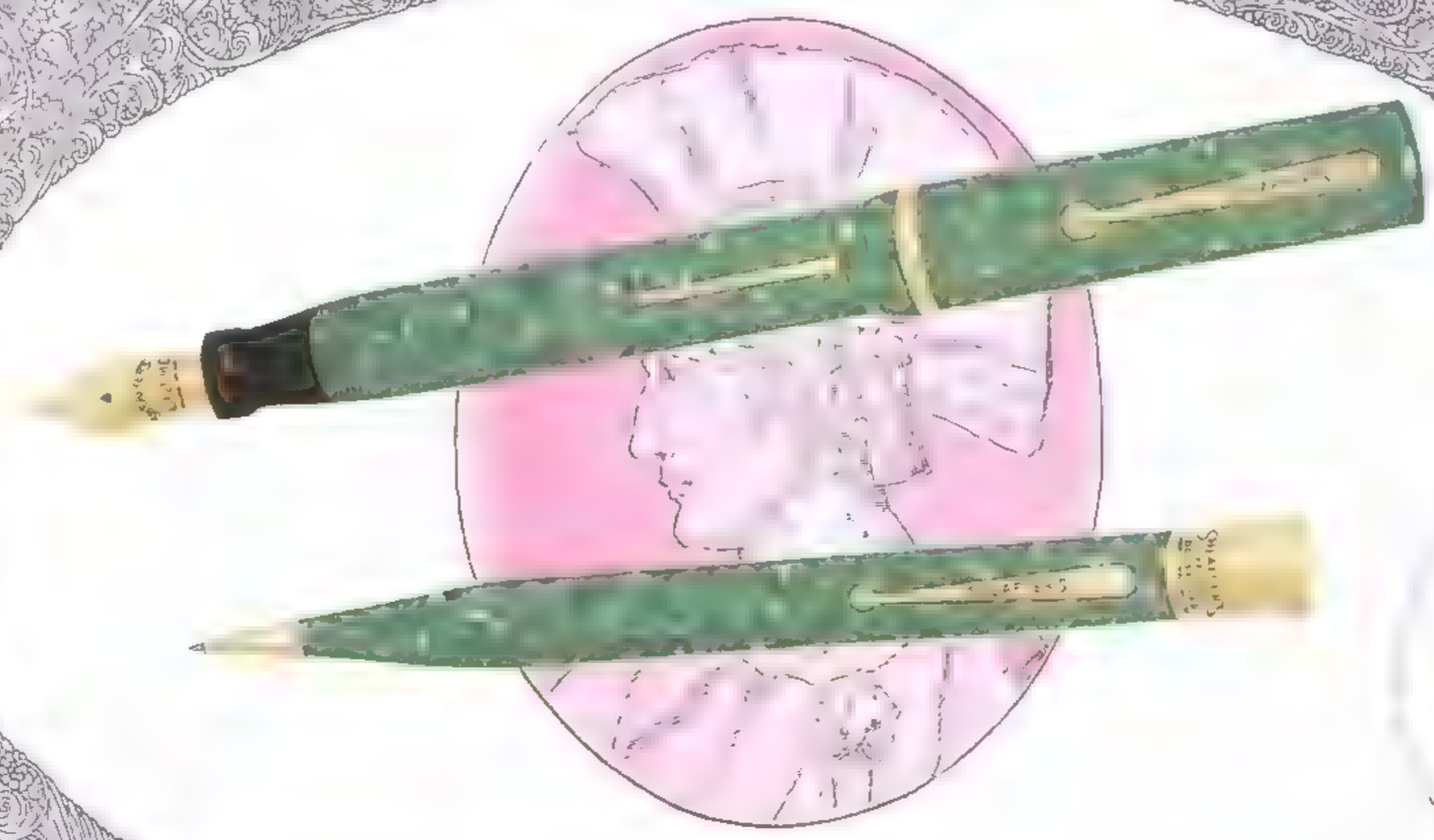
In diverse faiths we worship, you and I,
The Ear of One Alone receives the prayer;
Each turns his face in longing toward the
sky
To see his inmost soul reflected there.

In vain the heathen bid us bow before
Grim idols shaped to justify their greeds;
Shall we who seek Eternal Truth adore
False godlings chained to earth by earth-
made creeds?

God is not summed in any printed page,
Man is not bound by any old belief,
Truth's a slow harvest, not a heritage—
The seed, the blade, the full ear, then the
sheaf.

And though the road to Him be all uphill,
And though from that steep road our
footsteps err,
Still, still our course is heavenward, and
still
The sons grow wiser than the fathers were.

So God may say, "Behold My youngest
son
Who bravely clambers up the scarp of
Time,
Half-knowing that, through battles lost and
won,
He climbs to Me Who gave the will to
climb."



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THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

(Continued from Page 36)

Nobody knows where they came from, those flat-faced men with Oriental eyes. Nobody knows how many thousand years they fought the jungle; there is only the dead stone record of their defeat. The jungle waited till the race grew old, and then closed in, choking their farms, starving their cities, driving them through slow centuries northward to Chichen-Itza in the arid plains of Yucatan. That was their last great place of building and their Mecca for a thousand years. The younger Toltecs drove them south again. The still younger Aztecs wiped the Toltecs out. The jungle took Chichen-Itza five hundred years before ignorant white men came and thought this was the coast of India.

Spaniards, those were. Today the power of Spain has passed. The Aztecs are fading into legend. The Toltecs are forgotten. The ancient glory of the Mayas is forever lost, gone from the minds of men who live like animals in that silent Place of Trees. Explorers come, spectacled white men of this new mongrel race we call American, trying to read the story of the past; but the Mayas only stare at them and answer stupidly, "I do not know."

The jungle does not care. It keeps on growing.

Silent and hot and still—this vast, eternal breeding place of life that has no meaning. A leaden haze blanketed the sky; the air was heavy, muffling sounds as soon as they were made. Only the dull plodding of my horse's hoofs, hour after hour. Somewhere the harsh nerve-racking shout of a chachalaca—"Cha-cha-cha-cha-cha!"—soulless, insensate, like the jungle jeering at you; then silence, and the breathing of the trees.

An eerie place, Peten; but I was used to it. Once I had wondered at those ruined cities. Not much to look at now. The scattered, broken pillars of a colonnade. Stone palaces and temples, their cornices partly restored for study—crude enough they seem; with all their brilliance, the Mayas never learned how to build an arch. Only the heart of a city has been rescued from the jungle; the spread of it is not worth digging up; nothing is there but the stone doorsills of houses that have vanished. Only a little space walled in by living vegetation; only big sandstone monuments sticking out of the bushes, curiously carved, toppling through centuries, carrying to dust the glory of forgotten kings; here a huge idol lying on its back, its grotesque face upturned to empty centuries of sky.

Once I had wondered; now I only rode. Many a time I'd ridden here to find Ben Murchison waiting.

But in the clearing at Number 1 Mill nothing was familiar. No memory of ringing steel was there. Charred sheds and wrecked machinery, a few log carts tilted, motionless, their tall heavy wheels already sinking in the soft ground, green things already springing up to swallow them. It didn't matter. They were only things.

Ben Murchison's shack, built of drier lumber than the rest, was more completely ashes. Not much ashes, at that. It didn't seem possible that his house had been so small. But the foundation posts were there, and the solid block of mahogany that had been the doorstep. And here was the shallow trench the hind legs of his chair had made, the times he'd sat there tilted back against the wall.

Talking, you know. His mild garrulous old voice running on. The stump of a cigar clamped in his mild whimsical old jaws. His freckled hands placidly clasped across his middle, his blue gaze roving through the tops of the mahogany, seeing for me the things that he remembered. Where were those pictures now?

What—what became of a man's memories when he died?

"Uncle Ben! Where are you?"

Oh, not aloud. This was no place to shout. Nothing was there; nothing but things. Only the stealthy breathing of the forest. Only the jungle growing. Creeping up underfoot, closing in—the jungle, eternally waiting to swallow the things men do.

The rains would come and beat these ashes into dust. Charred boards would rot, the iron machinery would rust and melt. The jungle would take back this place and never know that men had been here.

"Damn you!"

There was no answer. Stillness, and time piled so deep that it was time no longer, only a tideless ocean into which things sank and ceased to be. Only the jungle creeping, a vast soulless thing, blind and malignant and invincible; closing in, choking you. Vaguely I'd meant to sleep here, but I couldn't stand it. I couldn't breathe. I dragged my heavy body into the saddle and rode on.

Somewhere in the haze the sun went down; daylight faded. But I knew our cart road to the coast, to Sabado in British Honduras. The jungle had not choked it yet. Ben Murchison might have gone that way.

I knew where a path turned off. Somewhere in there, I knew, men lived—or what had been men a thousand years ago. This path was never cut for horsemen; the crowding brush dragged at my legs, vines groped for me and looped themselves and tried to drag me out of the saddle, branches struck heavily at my bursting shoulder. I clutched the horse's mane with my left hand and put my head down and hung on. Why does the courage go out of a man when his head is down? Spurring my tired horse on through the smothering dark, the fingers of panic clawing and whipping me. Just hanging on.

The clawing fingers fell away. Dogs barked; faint candlelight showed in the chinks of woven huts, like hollow toadstools in the gloom of trees. I yelled, "Hola! It is I, a friend!"

"*Señor! Patron! Vaya*, but I am glad!"

I knew that deep voice roaring. I knew that big humble shape dwarfing the hut out of which it bounded, almost tearing the grass door from its leather hinges. It was Gabriel Zalas in the large and solid flesh. I laughed and cursed him, he was so comfortably human.

"Gabriel, thou blockhead! What dost thou here? Does it go well with thee? Where is Don Benjamin?"

He answered my questions simply and in order. To Gabriel all things were simple; he did as he was told.

"I sleep here. Every day I go to the mill to see if Your Excellency has come. But it is lonely there. I did not know what else to do. I am well, thanks. Don Benjamin is dead. The soldiers killed him. He is buried by the trail beyond the *campamento*."

I'd ridden by the place and had not seen it.

Gabriel went on to tell me about it, but I wasn't listening; only sitting there. Gabriel had fought the soldiers until a bayonet cut his leg; then he had run. He'd got away. But I knew all that.

Ben Murchison was dead. The jungle had him.

"I hid and watched, and that night I made a cross and went and marked the place."

With a cross. The gods of his fathers were nothing to Gabriel. He was a good Christian and said his prayers regularly. What difference did it make? A man died and the jungle took him.

"Tomorrow I will show Your Excellency where ——"

"It does not matter."

Why should I see the place where Ben Murchison was said to lie? He wasn't there. Nothing was there. Only a place where green things would grow richer for the loosened mold.

What—what had become of all he did and was?

Nothing.

Kings passing by, and women in the market place, and soldiers marching—where were they now? Gone, and the jungle had no memory of them. The gods they carved in their vain groping for a thing that should not die—where were they now? Thrown down by swelling roots and lost in rotting vegetation. Just blocks of stone. Glory and pain, courage and hope and memory—the wonder of the human soul could blaze and pass; a man died and he was nothing.

Only the jungle was eternal, growing forever out of its own decay.

I don't know how long I sat there, sagging in the saddle. Only one thing had driven me and it was gone.

"Señor," said the patient Gabriel.

"Eh?"

"The rain comes."

I don't know how he knew. The gloom had not thickened, the breathing of the forest had not changed. Not that it mattered. The mills of Murchison & Pressley were already—shut down.

"Will you not dismount, señor?"

"Eh? I don't know."

Gabriel shuffled uneasily. This was all wrong. I was the *patron;* responsibility was mine. I envied him. I was tired, sick, bewildered, and there was nobody to tell me what to do.

Why must a man eternally decide, do something, drive his heavy body when he has no will and no desire? This green life had no will and no desire. It only grew and crept and waited till you ceased to struggle and blotted you out and never knew or cared.

Gabriel was distressed. I had never failed before to make things definite for him.

"What shall we do, señor? This is a poor place; there are only mats. But the roofs will not leak much, and ——"

"No!"

I couldn't stand it. I couldn't breathe. Something still drove me—fear, fear of this green Thing crowding down on me, creeping up, closing in, choking me. No use to scream at It to stand back. It had no ears.

"I ride to Sabado, Gabriel; to the sea."

"But that is far, señor! And the rain comes! Listen!"

I heard it then. You couldn't say it came. It just began. It was everywhere, a vast slow whispering as if the drops merely let go and fell. The smell of vegetation was intensified.

But there was no sense in me, only the last instinct of all, to crawl as far as I could toward refuge. There was a place where this thing couldn't reach, where a man could be, do nothing, and be safe; a place where nothing ever happened. Home! Steve and Joe and Hurley had already gone there. I didn't know what names were home to them, but I remembered mine.

"I go to Sabado, Gabriel. And from there ——"

It was no use to tell him Milo, Indiana; he'd never heard of that far-off peaceful town. And in Spanish you can say house, you can say residence, you can say domicile; but you cannot say home. There is no word for it exactly.

I had no house, no residence, no domicile. I had to say the very thing that had least meaning to me.

"—— to my own country. I do not return. Stay thou here with thy people. Here is money. Good-by, Gabriel; may it go well with thee."

"They are not my people, señor! They are stupid lowlanders. Look how they stare like animals! They know nothing. I call them animals and they do not understand. I—I do nothing here. I have only waited for Your Excellency!"

And it came to me that I meant something to him. I won't deny that I was grateful; a man can't help being grateful even for a dog that needs him and will go with him through the night. I had no worth to anybody else.

"Get thy hat and blanket," I said, making it definite for him. "Here, pay these people for thy lodging. Unlash my blanket roll and get out my slicker. Take both blankets for thy covering."

He obeyed; shouted cheerful good-bys to the villagers and strode off. The jungle swallowed him. I clutched the horse's mane and put my head down and hung on. The clawing fingers fell again—not that it mattered now. I had no need for courage any more. Louder and louder swelled the rustle of beginning rain.

XIV

MILO, Indiana. A blessed, peaceful, one-horse Middle Western town. Oh, not literally; even on Saturdays you will not see a horse; for blocks around the courthouse square the curbs are packed with flivvers and limousines, sport roadsters and sedans, representing so many farmers and shoppers and factory hands and prosperous business men. Oh, a busy city, Milo; but behind the smoke of all its factories, inside the spreading settlements of its industries, the heart of Milo is a village yet. If your father was born there, back in the days before the gas boom, you belong. Mine was. But his house is gone. I had sold it in 1906 to make room for a big department store.

A live town, Milo; it grows, though not so fast as the Chamber of Commerce would have you think. It had not grown away from memory. From the train I saw a new residence addition reaching nearly to the country club, but among the golfers on the fourteenth fairway there was one who used the unmistakable choppy swing of Dave Henshaw—Henshaw & Bennett, Real Estate! There were factories almost solid to Tenth Street Bridge, but the station was the same. A little smaller and smokier, maybe; or maybe the concrete platform was wider than the one Gus Hardy had rolled across in the embrace of Jerry, the station cop.

Gus Hardy, hobo! I had to laugh, remembering. And I looked for the sign that had betrayed him to Jerry's eagle eye—the proud electric sign the Live Wire Club put up in 1912, proclaiming to the passing world that Milo Offers More. A sign was there, but it was different. Maybe you've noticed, passing through? It just says Milo now.

I laughed again, not mirthfully, when I realized what else I was looking for. A fat prosperous young man, Rotarian and president of the Live Wire Club and ex-officio member of all greeting committees. Not that I thought my coming was important to Milo; but it did seem that he might have come to meet me just for old-times' sake. He was the man I used to be.

He wouldn't think much of the man I had become. Not old, not young; tired out at thirty-five; a sick man, sunburned, fever-yellowed and hard-faced with memories. Only one thing that youth would have approved. I had a hundred thousand dollars in the bank.

Ben Murchison had earned it and Ben Murchison was dead.

The marble elegance of the Park Hotel had shrunk; or maybe the dark tremendous bulk of Gabriel Zalas dwarfed it. Of course the lobby loungers stared. Not that he minded; he only stared placidly back, so that they fidgeted and looked away; even in American clothes and shoes, which he wore with proud discomfort, Gabriel was rather formidable to the unaccustomed eye. But he never knew it. Gabriel liked the United States because everybody was kind to him. In New Orleans, where I'd been too sick to look after him, I'd given him my card and turned him loose, and he'd gone out and promptly got himself arrested—bulged excitedly through a fire line and then got scared and resisted a policeman. But they didn't shoot him. They only put

(Continued on Page 67)

When you say—"DUCO"

THERE are certain well-known words which have a double meaning—and an immense significance.

Such a word is always created because it is needed, because no other word can express the same idea, or bring to mind the same group of facts; and none other can be substituted for it.

"DUCO" is one of these words.

When you say "DUCO," you also voice the word "du Pont"—for DUCO, the master finish, is the distinctive product of the du Pont laboratories, the superb result of ten years of intensive experiment—the culmination of one hundred years of du Pont chemical knowledge and achievement.

When you buy a motor car, or furniture, or any other article that is "finished with DUCO," and is marked with the signature of DUCO, you will see, close to that word, the name, *du Pont*.

And you will know that there has been transferred to you the full and final assurance of the knowledge, integrity, good faith, and service, which that name represents.

DUCO · · THE ENDURING FINISH

FOR WOOD · · METAL · · FIBRE · · STONE · · GLASS · · FABRIC ·

How you can get DUCO

The most desirable motor cars of the year are finished with DUCO. There is also an authorized DUCO Refinisher near you who will add this new finish-beauty and endurance to your old car—greatly increasing its re-sale value.

• • •

DUCO Period Furniture (over ninety manufacturers are making it) is sold by leading dealers in all sections of the country.

• • •

Thousands of articles besides automobiles and furniture are "finished with DUCO". . . pianos, radio cabinets, washing machines, tools, toys, etc.

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E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Finished with DUPONT DUCO

DUPONT DUCO
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There is only ONE Duco
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Selz Shoes

The Custom • BLACK CALF

THE kind of a model usually chosen by the man who delights in his highly polished black shoes; a custom oxford of selected calfskin • genteel and with a nice refinement. The bit of perforating keeps it from being too conservative for young men. Same model in a rich tan • you'll want a pair of each.

VALUE IS MORE EXPECTED in shoes than in anything else you wear. In Selz shoes it's there in abundance • it's the selected leathers • it's the earnest standards of workmanship • it's *Selz value* that keeps millions of men wearing these shoes season after season.

FOR FIFTY YEARS and more, the Selz organization has bettered methods of shoemaking, quickened production by labor-saving machinery and selected the cream of the world's leathers in advantageous markets • all to give you better shoes for less money.

THE EXACTING STANDARDS of 30,000 merchants in cities and communities throughout America (and the millions of men they serve) have made Selz shoes the standard of value.

Atlantic City • WING TIP

IT is the typical British brogue. The full wing tip gives it the swagger, while the last is strictly conservative. The "breeze" of Spring is about this one • there's a mellow tone in its tan color impossible to reproduce here; there is an air of smartness about it which you will appreciate only when you see it on your own foot. Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels for comfort.

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION
Chicago Pittsburgh

A STYLE AND A PRICE FOR EVERY MAN $6 to $10

STYLE IS THAT QUALITY which guides you from season to season in the selection of the things you choose for your own ▾ and wear. Style is *the thing;* we all admit it inwardly. It plays an important part in Selz shoes ▾ just as important as good leather, for it's the mental comfort you'll find in them.

SELZ DESIGNERS SEEK OUT that elusive quality ▾ *style* ▾ and at great expenditure of time and money, model it into lasts favored by those well-dressed men who make it their business to set the pace.

THERE IS A WIDE VARIETY in Selz styles for Spring ▾ variety enough for any man. Each model is carefully thought out for the occasion for which it is fashioned.

The Campus ▾ LIGHT TAN

HERE is the famous $6 shoe ▾ what a value it is, too. Young men like its style ▾ and its price fits young incomes. The color is light tan. It's built on the new balloon model with perforations and extra stitching. Lots of comfort in this shoe with its roomy toe and Scotch extension edges. The wear is there, too. Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels.

The Dixie ▾ NUDE CALF

HERE is the new one ▾ it is what the young men want ▾ light in color like their Spring clothing. The leather is called "nude calf," being a light, tannish gray. Young men's models are a Selz specialty; they are designed by young men. Each season we feature one ▾ this is the well-known Polo model with an extreme flange heel and new polished, half-round rolled edge. There is a similar model in black or tan.

Know these shoes by this mark on the sole

This gold button identifies the Bonded Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home or office

Men everywhere say—

"It's the best-wearing silk sock in America ~ ~ bar none"

REAL SILK

SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR MILLS TO THE CONSUMER AT A SAVING

Super-Service
MEN'S SOCKS
WITH FRICTION-TESTED TOES AND HEELS AND SUPER-SERVICE TOPS

OUR 10,000 BONDED REPRESENTATIVES CALL DAILY AT HOMES AND OFFICES

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS • *World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery* • INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.

350 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. CONSULT PHONE DIRECTORY FOR YOUR LOCAL OFFICE

(Continued from Page 62)

him in jail. That cost me twenty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents, but his account of the kind policeman was worth the money.

Why not? I had plenty of money and nothing to spend it for; nothing I wanted, no one dependent on me but this tremendous child.

The clerk of the Park Hotel was very dubious until I explained that the big fellow was not a negro but an Indian. That made it all right with the clerk. I suppose he thought I ran a medicine show or something. I didn't refer to Gabriel as my valet; he wasn't, you know; and I doubt if the Park Hotel had ever provided for such a thing as a stirrup servant.

"One of the 16's if possible," I requested, "with an extra bedroom for my – my friend."

"Yes, sir; just like you had before, sir?" The clerk, bluffing, was baffled by the shaky scrawl that was supposed to be my signature. "Front! Show Mr. — Mr. Plah to Suite 416. Put Mr. — the other gentleman"—Gabriel would have enjoyed that—"in 417. You haven't been with us for quite some time, have you, Mr.—uh—Pomfluh?"

"Quite," I admitted listlessly. Eight years ago, when I'd had bachelor quarters in Suite 516, this suave young man had been a bicycle messenger for Henry Niehaus, Florist. I hadn't the heart to remind him of all the dimes I'd tipped him for carrying flowers to Martha McAllister.

Gabriel surrendered my baggage importantly. He liked bell boys because they grinned at him. He liked to ride in elevators; he thought it was very kind of the operators to let him.

It was a warm June day. A warm tarry smell came through the open windows; workmen were doing something to the pavement in the street below. But the place that rose in my memory was far from any city street. . . . The great blue arch of the Pacific rising, incredibly high. Far down, their thunder lost in distance, the thin white line of breakers. Hills bulking huge around me, and a flat black plain rimmed in a towering palisade of stone—a black arena starred with little silver pools. Asphalt, flowing forever out of the inexhaustible earth and wasting forever into the heedless sea!

Inexhaustible treasure, wasting. . . . Let it go.

While the bell boy was fiddling importantly with the windows, Gabriel helped me out of my coat—my right arm still wasn't much good—and unbuckled my shoulder holster. The bell boy turned; and it came to me that it was a bit unusual for guests to arrive at the Park Hotel with revolvers strapped under their arms. No need for it, you know. This was Milo, Indiana, where a man could be, do nothing, and be safe. Home, a place where nothing ever happened.

Why couldn't I realize it? This room, this furniture; the street where traffic moved so moderately, the currents of safe and moderate lives; the park, the post office, the crowding roofs of Milo—everything was the same that I remembered. But who was that grim bony figure in the full-length mirror of the bathroom door?

Perfectly safe I lay there in the Park Hotel, remembering. Not sick exactly; only tired. The doctor said the infection was out of my shoulder now, and he'd have the malaria out of me in no time. Malaria was nothing much to him. He'd never met the mosquitoes of the Zorro Valley. He'd never felt the sun between La Caoba and Chunango.

Run down, he said I was. That's how I felt; the way a clock must feel when its mainspring has gone slack forever.

The doctor permitted himself a romantic grin at the nature of the wounds, a facetious guess concerning a woman in the case. He felt privileged because he'd been my father's doctor too. He gave me stuff to make me sleep, but he had no stuff to keep me from remembering.

Into a room like this, one night in June, I'd brought a homeless vagabond. Gus Hardy, hobo! Well, not exactly a hobo; only a stray from tropical railroad camps down on his luck and beating his way back. Call it luck. He had been properly impressed with the comfort of my bachelor quarters in the Park Hotel. Made me feel like a caliph; you know, like the good Harun himself, befriending some unfortunate Sindbad to while away an idle evening. And for a whim I dressed him like a gentleman and fed him in the dining room of the Park Hotel; and like a proper Sindbad, he repaid me with strange yarns.

But I forgot I was supposed to be the caliph. In his borrowed clothes, his lean brown face curiously white across the forehead, this hobo looked more like a big-game hunter or a gentleman explorer; I, Howard Pressley, looked like what I was, a dealer in small-town real estate, a soft young man, complacent and a little fat. He spoke strange words with fluid curling crispness. Across rose-lighted linen, his deep voice quiet and his eyes intensely blue, he spoke of camps where white men sat at night and talked of home. Black beaches and the roll of giant surf; mountain and jungle and wide plateaus in the sky; the tropics, a vast soulless beauty and a trap for men. Hard, reckless white men out there fighting the unconquerable, dreaming at night of home. Hated the tropics, so he said; but he was going back. That's what they say down there: "They all come back!"

In those days when I felt a thing I tried to show it to Martha McAllister. She seldom saw it; but I tried. I took him to her—this blue-eyed, brown-faced painter of visions; but a change came over him. With somber eyes he took in the comfort of the McAllister living room. With irony he stripped every shred of glamour from the things that he had seen; with irony, when I tried to put him on the track, he grinned—looking at Martha. Made me feel ridiculous, you know. She thought it must be terrible to live like that. . . . June had come through the open windows, the great feel of earth and the good smell of growing things; but Martha never knew. The only glamour she could see was on Gus Hardy, vagabond.

It was June now, but not the same. Never the same again. A good town, Milo; but it is not Bagdad. No man is born a caliph, to thrust his hands untouched into the wheels of another's destiny.

Gus Hardy came to see me and we laughed, remembering. He's not so lean as he used to be, and his sunburn is lighter and runs clear up to his hair. That's from playing golf bareheaded. It seemed odd to think that I myself used to take such chances with the sun.

"Many's the time," he said, "I've thought of it: Me, a hard-shell not worth the powder to blow me from here to yonder, riding the blind baggage into Milo and not even knowing there was such a place—till that fancy sign blazed out and showed me up." He grinned. "I was one guy that voted to tone it down! Noticed, did you? It don't take near so many lights to spell plain Milo!"

"I should think," I said, "you'd have been the last to want to change it. Hasn't Milo Offered More for you?"

"Oh," he said, "sure. I'm sittin' on the world. Good job, good home, good friends—you know how Milo is; I'm on the inside because Martha was born here. Horseshoes all over me; I know it. Only —— Oh, I don't know! Sometimes I get to thinking."

He didn't mean thinking. He meant remembering. He wanted to talk about the tropics; but the pictures in his memory were dim, overlaid with fat and comfortable years. Prosperous, Gus was; a good Rotarian now, head of the engineering department of Milo Bridge and Steel. Milo had improved his grammar and sharpened the leisurely resonance of his voice; but talking to me, he fell into the old laconic phrases.

"Going back, are you, Buck?"

"Never!" I said. "Never, *jamás*, not any more forever!"

Gus Hardy grinned. "That's what they all say."

"You haven't."

"That's different. I'm married now."

But he sighed, lighting a cigarette, and sat looking out the window. I tried to get him to talk about Milo, to give me something to get hold of; he answered absently that there was nothing new. I asked him about Martha and the baby, but he only snorted and reminded me that Augustus McAllister Hardy was nearly seven years old.

"How about you, old-timer?" he asked me. "You got a señorita staked out somewhere?"

"No," I said, and let it go at that.

Oh, it was true enough. There was no woman whom I loved. Only a few stray pictures that came to me in tired hours. The feel of morning at La Caoba, the air fresh and keen, the new sun breaking the fountain spray into cool brilliance against the blue-gray shadow of old walls; and Rita moving there, beautifully alive. The way her dark eyes lifted sometimes, stirring you like sudden chords in a minor key. The warm curve of her cheek. Her soft sober mouth. Her hands, slim vital hands that could so rest a man if she would let them. . . . "No more," I said. "Please God, not any more forever!"

What is the use of coming home if you live always in a place you leave behind? Gus Hardy went on to speak of old Ben Murchison; Gus had been with him in Honduras once before my time. I didn't want to talk about Ben Murchison. I only lay there lighting cigarettes and throwing them out the window.

"By the way," said Gus, "I see one of the old-timers is still on deck. Soldiers of fortune, I mean. Did you happen to run across a man named Hecht while you were in Vizcaya, a sawed-off runt about the size and general disposition of a half pint of dynamite—Johnny Hecht? Maybe he was passing as a doctor."

"Not in Vizcaya. Met him at Amapala, in Honduras. Why?"

"I see by the papers," said Gus, unconsciously betraying what obscure sections of the New York news he followed, "he took a shot at the president the other day, during the parade celebrating the president's birthday. Must have been pretty well ——"

"The president of Vizcaya?"

"Yeah."

I didn't wonder what Johnny Hecht was doing in Vizcaya. None of my business, you know.

I said listlessly, "That so?"

It's odd, now, looking back. Once I had felt it—the swirl of living forces, courage and hate and love and fear, weaving a pattern wide as all the world and long as time; and yet I thought a man could step aside and quit.

XV

"YEAH," said Gus Hardy. "Missed him, but practically ruined the police force of Vizcaya making his get-away. Johnny Hecht must be a hot customer to hold."

Zestfully he said it—this safe and prosperous citizen of Milo, Indiana. It had happened during a parade on the president's birthday, he said; and it must have been pretty well organized—carriages parked in a side street, the horses stampeding and blocking the cavalry while Johnny Hecht, a gun in each hand, shot his way through bystanders and police and got away.

I said sourly, "Ever see Johnny Hecht?"

"No. Why?"

"He's a killer, and looks it."

"Well," said Gus, "you got to hand it to him. Outlawed in a dozen countries, yet he goes where he durn well pleases, with no passport but the ones he wears on his hips. He's got nerve."

"So has a tarantula."

"Well," said Gus, grinning, "if I was fixing to start a revolution, I wouldn't mind having a few tarantulas on my pay roll."

But I hadn't come home to talk about revolution, murder, violence. I tried to get Gus to talk about Milo, to give me something to get hold of, and he answered me with statistics. So many new factories coming in, bringing so much new labor, requiring so many new houses and making so much more business for the merchants—and attracting more merchants to handle the business.

A live town, Milo; bigger and better every year!

That is—certainly it was bigger. Sixteen hours a day the tides of traffic washed around the Park Hotel; street cars whining and rumbling, automobiles panting, pedestrians hurrying, hurrying. The roofs of Milo crowded on you day and night.

Anybody could see that it was bigger. How was it better?

Why, it had more miles of paved streets and sewers and gas mains. It had bigger public utilities of every kind to take care of the increased population. It was better organized; besides the Chamber of Commerce and its junior branch, the Live Wire Club, there were now five civic clubs—Rotary, Kiwanis, Optimist, Lions and Exchange—all working together; at this moment putting on a concerted drive to advertise Milo, boost Milo, get more population!

I said listlessly, "What for?"

Gus snorted indulgently.

"Why, you poor nut, more population means more business!"

"And attracts more merchants?"

"You bet!"

"You keep coming out the same hole you went in," I said. "Put it this way: You think Milo's a good size to live in? Better than Chicago?"

"You bet I do!"

"Better than any big city?"

"Every time!"

"Then why eternally sweat to make it bigger?"

"Come right down to it," retorted Gus, "what's the use of doing anything at all?"

"I'll bite," I said wearily. "What is the use?"

But I had to grin to show I wasn't serious. In Milo, Indiana, you can wonder whether Mars is inhabited, or why Chicago has so many murders; but you mustn't question Milo's destiny or the worth of work and dreams—not seriously. They'll think the tropics have made you a little queer.

"You must have made your pile since you been gone," grinned Gus, "talking that way! Maybe it ain't any use, but my wife wears clothes and my young son has a husky appetite."

No, I wasn't serious; only listless. Other friends came to see me; I was grateful, but I soon learned what would happen. They'd come in the door shouting, "Hello, there, loafer! How's every little thing? What d'ye mean, playing sick? That's a good alibi! Glad to—uh—hello, Howard. Glad to see you."

Tapering off. I wasn't the man they expected to see.

They, too, answered my questions with statistics. So-and-So married, So-and-So dead, So-and-So gone away. They spoke of the problems of increasing population; chiefly political, centering in the district west of the railroad—the factory district. It grew four times as fast as the older Milo, the village about which the city had grown up. It furnished few members to the civic clubs, but it had a strong majority in the city hall. It numbered few owners of real estate but plenty of voters who knew what they wanted—a city administration that would let them find their own diversions when their work was done. They advertised Milo, too—in their own way: Gambling houses, police-court cases, a few crimes of violence. Already this was 1920, the first year of prohibition—Federal officers had discovered a strong liquor ring centering there.

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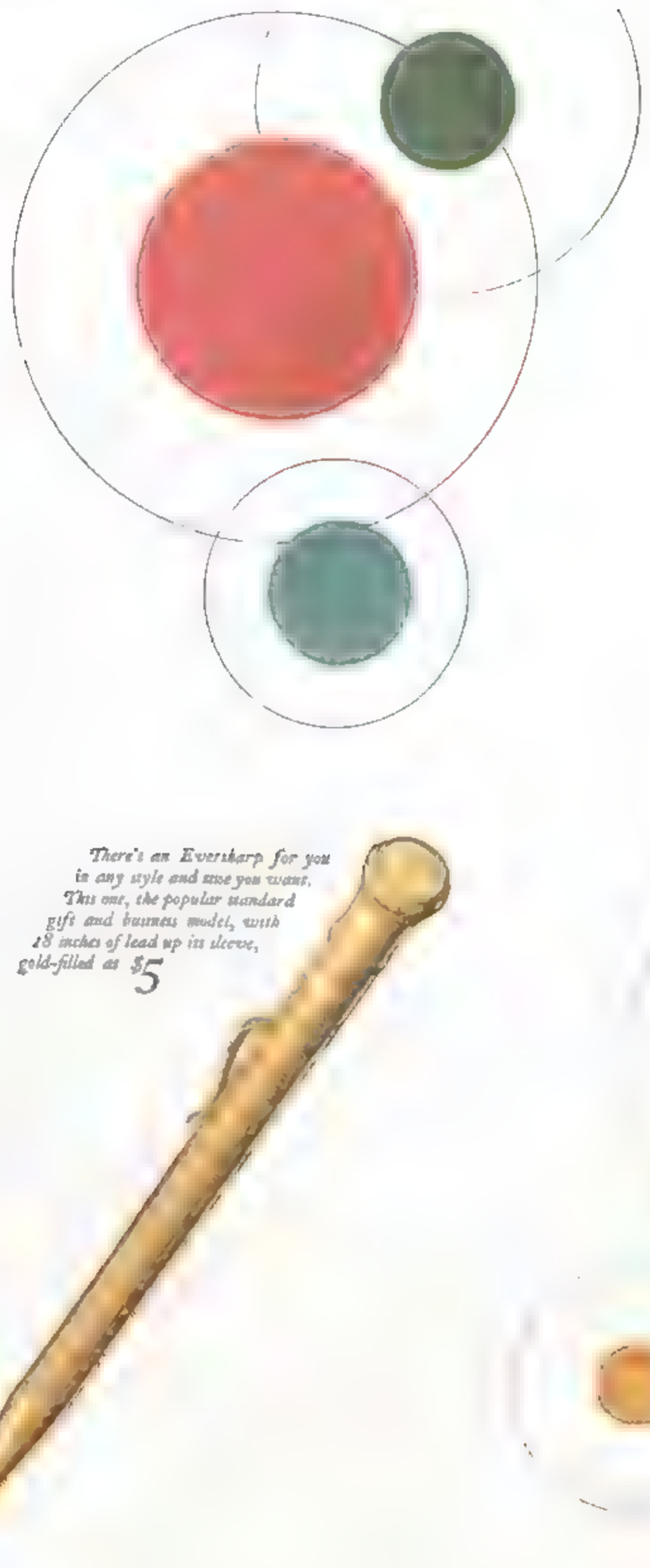


There's an Eversharp for you in any style and size you want. This one, the popular standard gift and business model, with 18 inches of lead up its sleeve, gold-filled at $5

Write rings around the other fellow—be the handy man with the pencil.

Get your thoughts down for other men to see—and to act upon.

Be the ready one who in the pinch says, "Do it thus and so."

Put it on Paper!

✓ ✓ ✓

Success waits on the man who keeps in line with his thinking that first friend of an active brain,

EVERSHARP

the name is on the pencil

© 1926, The Wahl Company, Chicago
Canadian Factory, Toronto

(Continued from Page 67)

Where was the drowsy, peaceful town that I remembered?

My friends expected me to talk about the tropics; but the plain truth disappointed them. They colored everything you said with what they had imagined. Speak of the mahogany forests of Guatemala and they saw a sinister gloom of tortured roots and stinking water and bottomless black mud, though mahogany is not a swamp growth but the cleanest and most beautiful of trees. Mention the Maya Indians and they thought of savages like the head-hunters of the Upper Amazon—a difference of two thousand miles and nobody knows how many thousand years.

Always they asked about Ben Murchison; but not the Ben Murchison I knew—a shabby, thirsty, talkative old man with whimsical blue eyes and freckled hands. No; these safe and moderate men—they wanted to hear about a soldier of fortune, a reckless, bold, swashbuckling adventurer.

Romance was what they were after. You could see them wondering what was the matter with my arm. What could I say? A duel with rapiers! You can imagine what a scene they would have pictured; nothing like the dull and bitter truth.

You could see them wondering about Gabriel. Could I tell them the big fellow simply had to have a master? In Milo, servants don't have masters, only employers; yet it couldn't be said that I employed Gabriel. He was about as useful in the Park Hotel as a bass drum. No, I only felt responsible for him, grateful to him. He tickled me; it was worth the money to watch him discovering Milo, Indiana.

He embarrassed the management of the Park Hotel by squatting in the sun at the main entrance, marveling at the number and richness of the automobiles that went by. He vexed the maids by tearing his bed to pieces; he couldn't believe that he, Gabriel Zalas, was supposed to sleep between those beautiful white sheets; he took them off and folded them carefully, wrapped himself in his own blanket and slept with his feet sticking grandly through the rails. It seems he'd been doing it for days before the maids found courage to protest. But they got used to him and scolded him—laughed at him, too, as women do at huge and clumsy males.

He was delighted. He'd blunder around, getting in their way, touching things and asking "Haow you sayee?" He'd show them a plate off my breakfast tray, announcing with honest pride, "Plet!" He'd show a spoon and say "Naff!" He'd brandish a knife and rumble ferociously "Spoon!"

But this was a blunt table knife; he knew better than to show his own sheath knife in any city. And of course the maids didn't notice the instinctive gesture he made with his left arm, the quick swing of wrapping an imaginary blanket around it for a shield. They'd never seen anybody fight with knives. They laughed.

They knew by now that Gabriel was harmless. He never knew that they had been afraid of him.

"Nobody," he marveled, "is afraid of anybody here! None of the windows have iron bars. The gardens are all outside the houses. The children play outside with no nurse to watch them—not only the black little ones but white ones, too, the children of fine families! Truly I have seen them, señor!"

Gabriel liked children; I learned it finally from an indignant mother. It seems he used to wander around until he saw children playing, and he'd stand and grin from a respectful distance—patient, he was, with a patience that passes a white man's understanding—till they got used to his swarthy bulk and made friends with him. But the mothers, uneasy, scolded him. He was abashed. He had no idea what the scolding was about, but he could tell they were displeased. So he went off to another neighborhood and found more children, marvelously playing where anybody could approach.

Now and then somebody did ask me in so many words why on earth I kept him. I had to say, "Oh, he's worked for me for several years, and he had a notion he wanted to come to the States."

Could I tell them what it had meant to me, that night of unreasoning panic, to have one human soul I could get hold of?

His own explanation would have jarred them more. He'd have given it to them, too, if they'd known enough Spanish or he enough English. I remember how he had put it, long ago, by way of apology for having tried to hold me for Palomar to cut my throat. To him it was simple.

"That Don Anselmo," he said, "liked blood. Only crazy men like blood. I do not like to serve a crazy man. I am glad Your Excellency killed him."

That was all there was to it. All his life he had served Anselmo Palomar; he had not loved him. But he had loved Ben Murchison. He had snatched a rifle and smashed right and left among the murderers who had shot Ben Murchison in the back. He had set a cross above the place where Ben Murchison was said to lie. . . . Not that it mattered. Nothing was there. Only green things that grew and crept on unused trails and empty clearings, on wrecked machinery and ruined shacks where no man lived. Rot and the jungle and the rain. . . . It left no scar in Gabriel's memory. Quite simply he would have talked about Don Benjamin if I had let him.

XVI

WHAT was the use of courage? Ben Murchison had been brave. Johnny Hecht was fearless—that cold-eyed, deadly little man; yet somewhere along the trail of violence his dozenth bullet hole was waiting. Peter Brennan had moral stamina—Peter D. H. Brennan, who could be a gentleman even in Chunango; and what did it get him? The chance to live in places like Chunango till he was unfit for anything else. Alice Dowling was brave—little Alice of Tolobaya, who had never heard of Wonderland; and what would become of her? She'd grow up in Tolobaya, or some place like it, and go to pieces as her father had already gone to pieces. Grow slack and slatternly, marry a native—lower class; who else would notice the daughter of a drunken miner?—bear children and disintegrate. The jungle got you sometimes even before you died.

In Milo, Indiana, there was no need for courage. If you had money you were safe. The police would protect you from violence. The Park Hotel would feed you, shelter you from sun and rain. Oh, very moderate sun and rain; the heat is seldom dangerous and storms are a matter of minutes, not of weeks. And in July, when the thermometer begins to hover in the nineties, everybody who can get away from business goes for comfort to the lakes.

No need to stiffen your backbone and endure it. It will pass.

There was no need to do anything. I had money—enough to live on, if I wanted to, for years. I wanted nothing; but I got restless doing it. The Park Hotel grew unendurable. A man may envy a vegetable, but he can't be one.

Gus Hardy's house was one of the first I visited—I don't know why; there were many people who were friends of longer standing, some of them more or less related to me; in a town like Milo, the real Milo, you can trace relationship by blood or marriage to almost anybody. Maybe it was because Gus had no romantic ideas about the tropics. He'd lived there once. He knew.

In fact he spoke of this himself.

"Buck," he said thoughtfully, "what is it that a man wants, anyway? Take me. One way of looking at it, I'm sittin' on the world. Once I'd have given a leg to be fixed like I am right here. And yet —— Oh, I don't know! Sometimes I get to thinking."

"Hankering," I said sardonically, "for the wild free life of your younger days, when you could blow your month's wages on liquor and poker with a gang of homesick hard-shells and shake the scorpions out of your blankets before you went to bed?"

"No-o," said Gus, "not exactly. It ain't the tropics. I know too much about it; God's country has got it beat forty ways from the jack. This is a darn good town. Only—sometimes it does get ——"

"—— tame?"

"Yeah," said Gus Hardy. "A man gets soft. Oh, I work hard enough; and I get plenty of exercise, golf in the summer and the Y in the winter ——"

I had to laugh. Gus Hardy, one of those engineers who had tried to find a route through the trackless hills from Quezaltenango to Tehuantepec—ten thousand feet up and no way to get down—doing his sweating now in the Y. M. C. A.!

Gus lived now in the old McAllister house on Madison Avenue; Mrs. J. F. McAllister was dead. Andy McAllister, a lanky nineteen-year-old, came out of the house and greeted me with dignity, calling me Mr. Pressley, and went down the street; he had a date. Yet the honeysuckle smelled exactly the same as it used to when he had greeted me far otherwise—a grinning, freckled imp with no proper respect for sister's beau.

Why are smells linked so close with memory? That drifting fragrance hurt somehow. Made you feel lost—it's hard to put a name to. As if time didn't pass but only was—sitting there, seeing things now and things that used to be.

Gus Hardy's guest—I, who had brought him here a vagabond!

Out along Madison Avenue the elms were green, and people were sitting on the porches, the lighted windows very homelike through the trees. Somebody sang out, neighbor fashion, to Gus Hardy; not to me. Automobiles rolled leisurely in the long Indiana twilight. Odd how it gets you when the sun goes down and night doesn't seem to come. It's like a gap, an interval in the vast slow march of time; you feel suspended, waiting. The smells of earth come closer. Sounds are subdued. The sky takes on queer savage colors and a savage loneliness creeps even into city streets. Maybe that's why people are so friendly in the dusk. Like something scared and little, hiding in houses.

I spoke of this to Gus Hardy, and he sighed.

"Yeah," he said. "Took me a long time to get used to it. Even in Texas it don't drag out this way; and farther south ——"

There is a place where Nature is not moderate. The hills are big and the sun is dangerous, and the dark comes bang on the heels of day. Houses can't shut away the feel of earth. It is too much alive, too great and deep and strong.

"By the way," said Gus, "I told you so! I see by the papers where revolution has broke out in Vizcaya. A man named Mora has declared himself. Know anything about him?"

"No," I said listlessly. "Seems to me the Minister of Hacienda was named Mora; but he wouldn't be the one. Doddering old fossil—he didn't know whether the state owned any mahogany or not."

"Fossils make good figureheads," said Gus wisely. "No enemies?"

"Not enough force to make enemies."

"He'd be just the one. I see they haven't caught Johnny Hecht yet," said Gus with relish. "The little son of a gun has been tearing up their railroads, the paper says."

"He can't tear up much," I said. "Only forty miles of it in the whole country—from Ciudad Vizcaya to San Carlos."

But I wasn't interested. You know how memories are—just pictures, static and unchanging. The reality of that place had stopped; what Gus was talking about was only an obscure item in the New York news. Gus went on to wonder what big business was behind this revolution—pulling the strings, you know, and paying the bills. Men like Johnny Hecht don't work for nothing.

"Oil?"

Leather face or baby face

Spreading the gospel of the Mennen Shave naturally makes me notice faces a whole lot.

I've been handed the keys of the city by men with faces as tender-skinned as a baby's and others with faces that looked like a Sunday roast-of-beef on Wednesday.

And they all swear by Mennen Shaving Cream.

Take Mennen Shaving Cream first. Never mind the adjectives. Here's a lather that can reduce *anybody's* whiskers—I don't care how horny and wiry they are—to absolute and complete limpness. It's a process—Dermutation—that Mennen discovered and no competitor has ever got the hang of.

If you're one of those 3-brush-dabs and 7-second-razor artists, it gives you a *shave*—a close shave—better than you've ever had before. A shave that stays all day.

And if you've got a tender, shave-every-other-day skin, your razor goes through literally without any pull or scrapy feeling. A clean, smooth de-bearding *every* day.

Next, there isn't any sort of a face that isn't better off for a little squeeze of Mennen Skin Balm rubbed over the shaved area. It comes in tubes and gives a wholly delightful, cooling sensation—tingling, refreshing. It tones up the tissue—soothes any possible irritation. It's greaseless—absorbed in half a minute—and as sensible as putting on a clean collar to go and see your best girl.

Same way with Mennen Talcum-for-Men. Made so it won't show on your face. Dries the skin thoroughly. Antiseptic. Leaves a gorgeous silk-like film that protects against wind, rain, sun or a scraggly collar.

In other words, the Mennen Complete Shave is great stuff for he-men who have discovered that there's a lot of virtue in being comfortable—to say nothing of being really well-groomed.

Step into your corner drug store today and get the makings. It's a good habit to get habituated to.

Jim Henry

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Congress

No. 2

Statistics have proven that only one-half of one percent of the speeches made in Congress are listened to. A great many Congressmen speak IN, but not TO, Congress. But every speech is published in the record. They send the records back home to show "What they told 'em up there in Washington." Now the people back home think Congress heard their "Lem" tell 'em this.

Now, here is my scheme to stop speech making. A Bill reading as follows: "Congressional Record must not only contain speech, but number of members, and names who listened to speech, *and why*." For instance: "Congressman Post Hole arose to a point of information and spoke at length on, 'Is Locarno a town, or is it a Treaty?' Length of speech, without waiting for applause, four hours, thirty-six minutes; attendance, Gout (Rep. N. Y.): 'Unable to get out.' Sixtyforty (Dem. N. J.): 'Case of reciprocity, he listened to mine.' Lowbrow, (Rep. Mass.): 'I was asleep, even the good speakers haven't woke me up'."

Now I claim that will stop *some* speech making. The minute it gets back home that "Lemmie" is talking to himself up there, "Lemmie" will stop talking.

You know why they won't listen to anybody up there?

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

They have gone out to smoke, that's why, and you know why they've gone out to smoke? Why, "Bull" Durham, of course. IT'S BETTER THAN ANY SPEECH EVER MADE.

Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here a few weeks from now. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

"There is oil in Vizcaya," I said. "The Consolidated operates wells behind Chunango. On private leases, though, mostly. Revolution wouldn't affect those."

"Short of confiscation," Gus agreed.

Confiscation. It reminded me of Ramon Zuñiga; the greatest robber, thief, murderer in all Vizcaya, Rufo had called him. Zuñiga had taken Dowling's mine. He'd take Don Fernando's lake of asphalt if he knew it was worth taking; Don Fernando was politically helpless, subject to exile at any moment. Wouldn't need a revolution for that. Zuñiga controlled most of the legal machinery already.

But even Zuñiga would hardly tackle a victim the size of the Consolidated. Zuñiga wouldn't need to hire foreigners like Johnny Hecht; he had plenty of assassins of his own, Rufo had said.

I didn't know anything about it, and I didn't care.

Inside, the McAllister house was not familiar. It had been refinished and refurnished; even the old stuffed davenport was gone, the one where Martha used to sit with me—the one where Gus had sat the night I brought him here, a lean brown fellow with the mark of far countries on him, moodily plucking strange minor chords from Martha's guitar. I looked at A. C. Hardy and I had to laugh.

I asked Gus if he remembered that song, and he said "What song?"

I hummed a few notes of it and he remembered. While he was thumping the piano and trying to sing it, Martha came into the room. Martha's still pretty, if you like that placid, fair young-matronly type. Eight years had made no very deep change in her; her enthusiasms bubbled as easily as ever and evaporated just as soon. She'd made Gus Hardy—comfortable; you could see that.

She introduced me to a freckled young Hardy who swarmed all over me and buried me with questions, calling me Uncle Buck, while Gus beamed complacently over his shoulder and said "H'm, h'm," for the words he had forgotten.

Oddly, now that I didn't care, I seemed to know just how to take Martha—be facetious and let her do the talking. No use trying to share a mood with her; she never kept one long enough. Intensity isn't good form in Milo anyway.

"You're so brown, Howard! And thin. I don't think the tropics have agreed with you. Why are men so crazy about it? Gus keeps talking about going there some winter, but I can't see spending all that money just to be hot and dirty. I think he'd leave me a widow if they had good golf courses down there. Did Gus tell you he almost won the club championship last year? You'll never know the clubhouse now. We've built a new wing, a spiffy ballroom and a darling sun parlor. We've got the sweetest steward this year. He's so obliging, and he gets up the most thrilling menus. Did you make a perfectly grand fortune?"

Gus, explaining that he hadn't sung a Spanish song for years, thumped the piano and struggled manfully—grinning; you know, the words are rather florid if you think them in English.

That's all it was to him. Only so many half-remembered words in a foreign tongue, a half-remembered melody, its intervals a little strange to Anglo-Saxon ears. You know? We want our tunes to fall squarely on the major harmonies, to end on major chords, complete and satisfying. We want no sense of lack, no nameless need left over when a song is done. When we tackle a job we finish it.

We're practical. We're successful—this new dynamic breed who call ourselves American. But there are older races who have failed, and in the long twilight of their glory they feel the earth again. In their deep hearts they are resigned and sad, yet passionately they know that there is something—something not thought of much in Milo, Indiana. The aching loneliness of stars. The night wind whispering from great mountains to eternal sea. The nameless call of minor harmonies, unfinished and unsatisfied. The quiet glory of a girl's voice singing, not to be heard but to let out something aching in her heart—passionately, with an intensity that would be shameful here.

A hacienda far off in the hills. Rita del Valle, a woman . . .

"Sit down, Buck!" said Gus Hardy. "Give me the willies, mooning around that way. Too hot. What say we take a little spin?"

And as we drove he pointed out with pride a big new factory, new jerry-built houses clustering thick around it. A live town, Milo! A good many other people found the night too warm to stay indoors; the pikes were alive with cars. Dusty too. Gus, squinting against the glare of headlights, turned for refuge into a narrow road along the river.

It climbed a long slope, and for a minute I hoped for the peace of open ground and sky; but there were the sliding lights of another highway just ahead.

There was a road that wandered off into the river bottom. Gus flashed the spotlight down it and saw nothing but crooked ruts that disappeared in darkness and tangled brush and trees.

"Wonder where that goes?"

"Let's go and see," I suggested.

"Oh, let's!" said Martha, thrilled. "I just love to go where I don't know where I'm going. It looks grand and ooey!"

"Yeah," said Gus, "too ooey. Looks pretty rough to me; likely it doesn't go anywhere, anyway. How'd you like to get stuck down there?"

"Maybe we'd better not," said Martha.

So we drove safely on broad smooth pikes against a procession of lights, moving with special moderation because of a watchful motorcycle cop. Gus, blinded by one powerful pair of lamps, said profanely that he'd like to give that driver a poke in the jaw. But he wouldn't have done it. Even if the driver had stood before him he wouldn't have done it. A poke in the jaw is violence; it simply isn't done. Sardonically I said so. He sighed, admitting it.

The young Augustus, stimulated by this talk of battle, climbed on my knees and commanded me to fight him. I fought him and he squealed with glee. . . . A good town, Milo; but the houses crowd you, scattering into farms only to gather into villages and towns again. There is no room outdoors. No place to feel alone; you can't go into solitude without coming out on the other side. People, people, people crowding together and yet struggling for privacy and peace!

Of course Gus was right about that wandering road. It wouldn't have been smooth driving. There was nothing to go down it for—nothing but darkness and damp grass and trees, a quiet river and the smell of earth. Not worth the chance of getting stuck. . . . This was the same Gus Hardy who had toiled on hobnailed feet over unknown mountain passes, ten thousand feet up and no way to get down. . . . Martha chatted placidly. The young Augustus, asleep, burrowed his warm little face against my shoulder. Made you feel queer, that limp trustful little body.

What is it that a man wants, anyway?

Oddly I thought of Alice Dowling, little Alice of Tolobaya, eleven years old and already the woman of her father's house. Had she ever gone to sleep in anybody's arms? Likely not since her mother died. A better man than her father, Alice was. Nobody took care of her. She didn't even know she needed anybody to take care of her. She went ahead and did the best she knew.

Sleeping tonight in Tolobaya. Her father snoring, drunk—if he hadn't got himself killed yet, bucking Ramon Zuñiga. . . . The roofs of Tolobaya standing chill and sharp under the mountain stars. The ten-mile chasm of the Zorro Valley, full of the night mist, warm and wet like steam. The high clean air of seaward hills again; the peace of La Caoba, and a woman . . . sleeping.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Body by Fisher

Challenging for Leadership on an *Entirely New Basis*

IN the field of low-cost sixes, leadership has heretofore been sought largely on the basis of price. Now the Pontiac Six boldly challenges for leadership on an *entirely new basis—quality.*

One ride in this new General Motors Six will reveal that its engineers have utilized resources never before available to the designers of any new car . . . For here, at a price so low as to border on the sensational, are elements of beauty, comfort, stamina, size and roadability, beyond the most ardent hopes of an expectant public . .

Oakland Six, companion to the Pontiac Six, $975 to $1295. All prices at factory.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICH.

$825

COACH OR COUPE

PONTIAC SIX

CHIEF · OF · THE · SIXES

Write and Find Out-

"Your daddy won't listen to me. But he will do anything for you. If you will send for the book that tells what the big doctors have found out he will read it. Let's write for it now."

ASK a dozen persons to tell you what they know about insulin and you will get some surprising answers. One person may acknowledge frankly that he knows nothing about it. Another may say, "Oh, that is the new cure for diabetes." Still another may reply, "Insulin? Oh, yes, I've heard about it but never did get the facts. Do you know where I can get the real story?"

The truth is this: Insulin is not a cure for diabetes, but it is doing a magnificent work in helping to prolong and gladden the lives of thousands. To children, especially, insulin has been a wonderful blessing. Before its discovery the development of diabetes in a child meant almost certain and early death.

When Insulin should be used

Men and women usually have a milder form of diabetes than children. In many adult cases it is possible, through diet alone, to keep the disease under control. Today the foremost physicians advise that insulin be used immediately in severe cases, or before surgical operations upon a diabetic, or where the amount of physical work done by the diabetic makes a more liberal diet necessary for comfort.

Until nine years ago, insulin was not even a *word* in our language. So new is this great discovery that it is not safe to make sweeping promises of what it will do, although it has been known to do the seemingly impossible. It has brought men, women and children back from the very brink of death. Because insulin is so powerful it should be used cautiously and only under the direction of the best physician obtainable.

One Million Diabetics

It is estimated that there are one million persons in the United States who have diabetes. No time should be lost in providing insulin treatments for those who need them. Happily, the cost is not prohibitive.

In normal health the body makes its own insulin. It is a secretion of the pancreas, the digestive gland located just below the stomach. Insulin enables the body to use the sugars and starches (carbohydrates) that we eat. When, through disease of the pancreas, the body is no longer able to create its own insulin, diabetes follows. The body cannot then utilize sugars and starches. The first thing to do is to curtail the amount of carbohydrates in the diet and, when necessary, use insulin derived from outside sources.

Diabetes may be caused by an infection of the pancreas as the result of disease in some part of the body; it may be that overeating or some other cause has brought about the disease. The great mass of evidence points to the indulgences of modern life—too much food and too little physical exertion—as being the main factors in producing diabetes.

Diabetes is an insidious disease. Usually in its early stages it gives practically no warning; but even then, its presence can be detected by the chemical tests of a thorough health examination.

Diet plus Insulin

Occasionally a patient, under insulin treatment, feels so much better that he is tempted to abandon his diet and eat everything he wants. But when he does he is likely to suffer a relapse and die. Then insulin is blamed. Insulin does not take the place of diet, but in constantly increasing numbers of cases, carefully supervised diet, plus insulin, is enabling diabetics to live useful lives in comparative comfort.

During the past 25 years diabetes has become such a menace that physicians and scientists have worked unceasingly to fight its advance.

Diabetes is a disease which attacks all ages. It is important to note that in diabetes, as in many other diseases, the age of 30 is, broadly speaking, the dividing line. Overweight, over 30, predisposes to diabetes, and young underweights seem to be more susceptible to this disease.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly send you a booklet, "Diabetes" which tells the intensely interesting life-saving story of insulin.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

A JUMP IN THE BAY

(Continued from Page 15)

"I thought I did. But you couldn't get on that place without a diving suit. You must be joking!"

"Think so? All right. Plenty of others smarter than you can be at your age have thought the same thing. I don't mind. I'm seventy-eight now, and failing, but before I die I'm going to get my price for those tidelands and be thanked for the bargain!"

"You must know what you are talking about," Mark said more humbly. "To tell the truth I didn't suppose that ground of yours was worth more than a few dollars a square mile. Do you mind telling me what could be done with it that would make it a good buy at your price?"

"Don't mind a particle. Since shippin' has been in the doldrums I don't have much company, and I like to chin. What're my lands good for? Water-front property!"

"They're certainly on the water front. But aren't they pretty damp to be pumped dry?"

"Don't pump 'em. Raise 'em up above the high-tide line."

"How?"

"Dredge and fill."

Mark digested that.

"But it would cost a fortune, wouldn't it?"

"Depends on your idea of a fortune, young fellow. How much is water-front property worth now? Take Blanchard's piece, say."

"I'm told he wants thirty thousand dollars an acre."

"Jest so. I'm asking a thousand. It would cost nine, ten cents to dredge and fill—cubic yard. Call it twenty-five hundred an acre. That's thirty-five hundred. Thirty-five hundred an acre for fine, clean land without a hummock or a soft place in it, and with fifty feet of sand and rock under it, right bang on the bay shore, with forty-foot channels all three sides that would berth the biggest ships afloat." The old man's eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed. He was retelling a tale that was old to him—that he had lived in dreams for years. He chuckled at Mark's face. "Thought I was cracked, didn't ye, son? Yes. Well, you ain't the first to think so. But you're mighty nigh the last, because the time I've been lookin' forrad to since 1872 is pretty nigh come!"

Mark was willing to concede that. But his immediate job was to forestall Blanchard until something could be done to force that gentleman out of the manger of the Lassiter Block.

"Would you give me an option on your land?" he asked.

"I'd give you sixty days."

"For how much?"

"Five thousand dollars, and no come-back or days of grace or beatin' to wind'ard when the time's up."

"That's a good deal of money for me," Mark said. He could not help smiling at his earlier thoughts that he was going to do something handsome for the poor old marine junkman.

"It's my price," Croft said briskly. "Don't look at it if it hurts your eyes. Blanchard is sitting on the verge of taking it, but the trouble with Blanchard, he hates to put ready money on the table."

Mark spoke impulsively.

"I'm acting as an agent, of course you've guessed, Mr. Croft. Will you give me a few hours' time—for a box of cigars?"

"Don't smoke seegars. You're a sociable boy and I'd like to accommodate you. Get here any time before tomorrow noon with the cash and the option's yours. Philomen Croft's word's as good as a bank note, so you don't need to lose any sleep over that. Hop along now, and good luck to ye."

Mark thanked the bluff old man heartily and went to Daniel Chichester's office. He wanted to tell the capitalist what he had done to hobble Seth Blanchard, but recalling his specific instructions as to paddling his own canoe in the transaction, he contented himself with asking Miss Filene for the necessary credentials to introduce him to the treasurer Chichester had mentioned. The spinster lady gave him a letter; when Godfrey Rasmussen was located, he emerged regretfully from a ledger, peered at the caller, glanced at the letter and shoved a blank order through the wicket window. Mark expected to be cross-examined, but Rasmussen merely grunted and counted down five thousand dollars in currency. It was an impressive lesson in the power of the name of Daniel Chichester, and also it gave Mark Galt a new self-confidence.

At ten o'clock the next day he left Philomen Croft's yard with a properly drawn, signed and acknowledged option, for sixty days, for the purchase of "one hundred acres of tidelands, known as the P. Croft tidelands, Block 3, Area K, hereinafter more particularly described." For the time being virtual owner of the property, Mark hied him once more to the offices of Seth Blanchard.

"I thought I told you not to come back here," the agent snarled unpleasantly.

"Did you?" Mark retorted guilelessly. "Well, it's probably my mistake. But while I'm here I'd like a price on the Lassiter Block."

Blanchard stared at him.

"You've certainly got nerve!" he exclaimed. "Didn't you understand ——"

"Yes. But circumstances alter cases. Suppose that Lassiter Block was a mile inland, Mr. Blanchard, what would it be worth?"

"Wouldn't be worth clearing. But as soon as I get my channel built it's worth thirty thousand an acre, and I've already got a customer for it at that price."

"Exactly. But, you see, I'm not going to let you dig your channel."

"You're—you're not going to let me! Great codfish, you young scoundrel, what've you got to say about channels?"

"I hold an option on the Croft tidelands."

Blanchard's jaw dropped. With all his scheming and his satisfaction at discommoding Daniel Chichester he had never thought of encountering this obstacle. He ruminated savagely, then his jaw set.

"So that's Chichester's game, is it?" he inquired. "All right, I can wait till your option runs out. What are you going to do about that?"

Mark didn't know, but he had no intention of letting the agent discover the fact. He grinned with the utmost cheerfulness.

"I'm going to offer you thirty-two thousand an acre for the Lassiter piece today, and I'll give you five thousand dollars for a seven-day option. If you don't accept that proposition I'll wait sixty days and then I'll offer you ten thousand an acre—and you'll grab the money and thank me besides."

"You're threatening some sort of meanness now."

"I'm telling you the facts. You have your chance now to forget your squabbles with Mr. Chichester, whatever they amount to, and take a nice profit on the Lassiter property. If you're stubborn you'll lose the deal and the land won't be worth city-lot prices."

"Why not?"

"Because we'll cut you off from the bay if we have to buy the Croft lands and put a barbed-wire fence along your shore line."

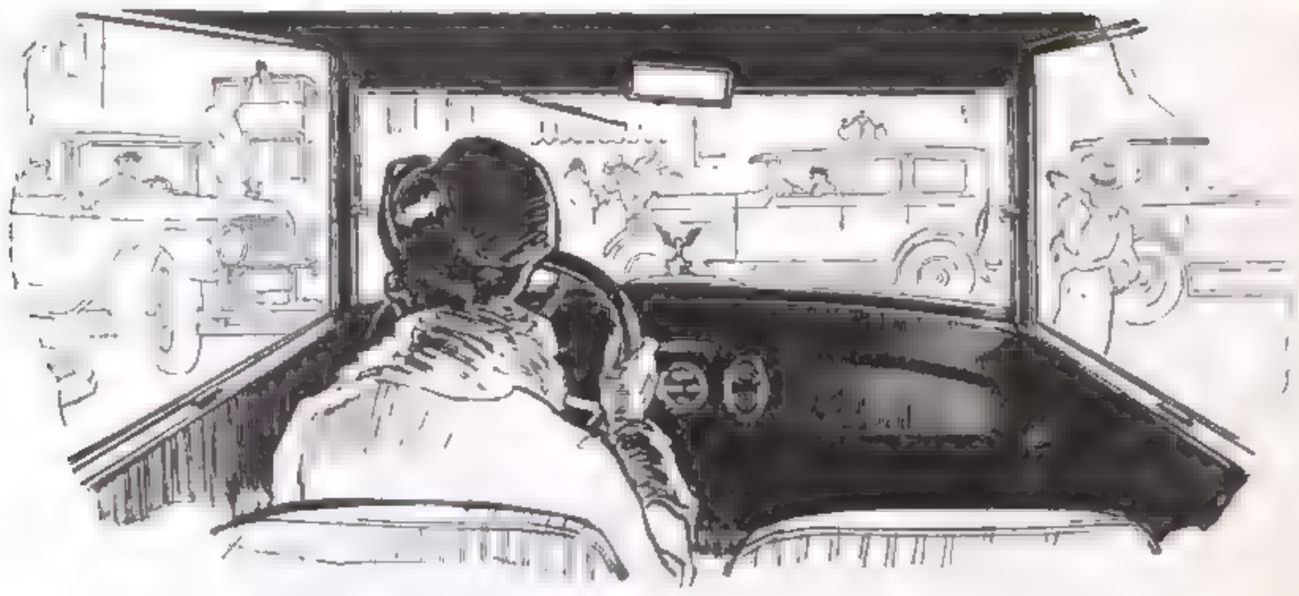
Blanchard's face purpled and his hands clawed for a weapon.

"You get out of this office before I do a murder!" he shouted venomously. "I wouldn't believe a word Chichester said, or you either! You're a blackmailer! You're trying extortion! Get out—and stay out!"

Mark grinned at him.

"When you change your mind, Mr. Blanchard, and see reason," he remarked, "you can reach me at Mr. Chichester's office. Good-by, for the present."

(Continued on Page 74)



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YOU'VE got to get inside this car—grasp its capable wheel and take it through a maze of traffic to appreciate how entirely new and how infinitely better this New-Day Jewett really is.

One of the first superiorities you'll discover when you sit at the wheel of The New-Day Jewett will be its much wider vision. Jewett has eliminated the deadly "blind spot." You can see *everywhere*. Before you—beside you and behind you is an expanse of crystal clear glass. Try it! It's just impossible for a pedestrian or driver to approach unseen from a side street.

This wider, freer vision is one of the reasons why The New-Day Jewett Sedan is the *safest* car in the world to drive. Another is the fact that the slightest pressure on its Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel Brakes brings the car to cushioned rest almost instantly. Still another is its staunchly braced frame and steel body.

And when you slip easily into an extremely small parking space—when you have occasion to turn completely around in a narrow street—when you must quickly back up and go around a "stalled" car—when an unexpected hole in traffic suddenly opens and you glide through it instantly—then you'll appreciate something of that exclusive "New-Day" *ease of handling* this remarkable new car offers.

Ask your nearest Paige-Jewett dealer for a demonstration. It will cost you nothing and yet it will prove, beyond every shadow of doubt, that there is an entirely new type of motor car performance available today—and that *only* The New-Day Jewett Six has it!

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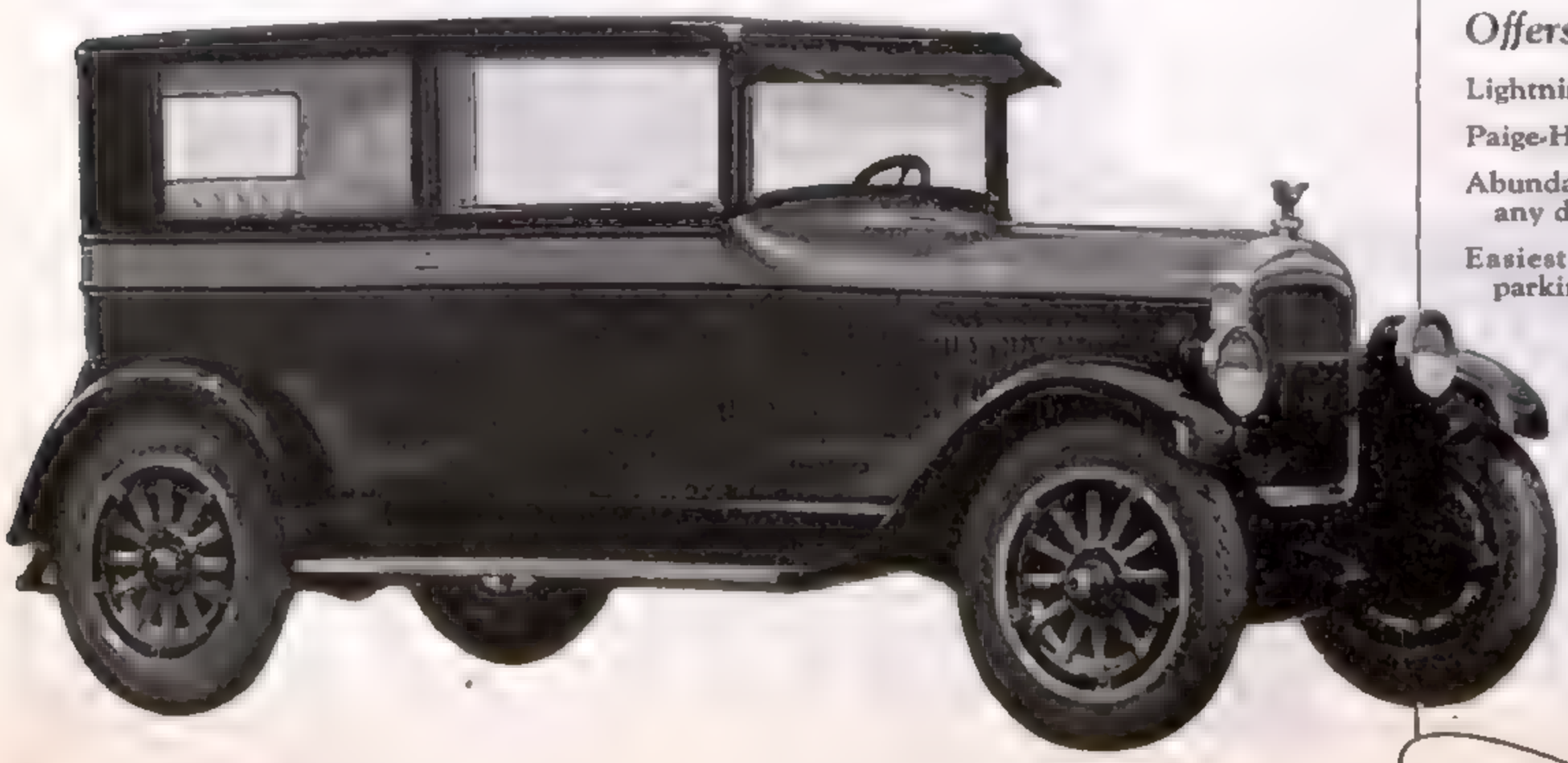

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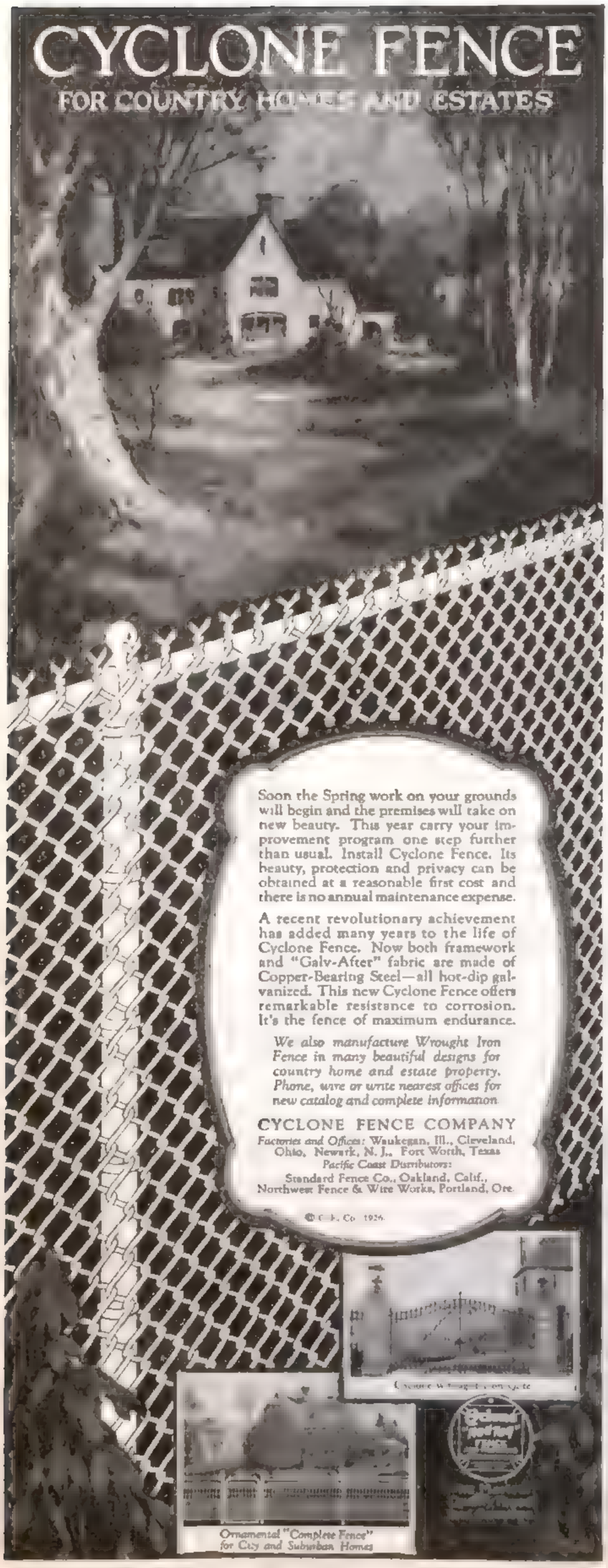
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FOR COUNTRY HOMES AND ESTATES
Soon the Spring work on your grounds will begin and the premises will take on new beauty. This year carry your improvement program one step further than usual. Install Cyclone Fence. Its beauty, protection and privacy can be obtained at a reasonable first cost and there is no annual maintenance expense.
A recent revolutionary achievement has added many years to the life of Cyclone Fence. Now both framework and "Galv-After" fabric are made of Copper-Bearing Steel—all hot-dip galvanized. This new Cyclone Fence offers remarkable resistance to corrosion. It's the fence of maximum endurance.
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CYCLONE COPPER-BEARING STEEL ENDURES

(Continued from Page 72)

He walked out coolly, without looking back, but his jauntiness seeped from him rapidly. His ultimatum to the agent had, as a matter of fact, been pure bluff. Sixty days was not a long time, and it wouldn't take Blanchard long to discover that that was the period for which Mark's option had been given. There was, of course, Croft's crazy scheme for filling the tidelands. But, even if it were a rational plan and even if Daniel Chichester or his clients could be convinced of the fact, it would take probably a year to make the fill necessary and another half year to let it settle and dry out so that construction would be possible. Mark dismissed the thought of trying to sell Chichester the idea. He began to regret the payment of five thousand dollars he had made Croft. It looked like money thrown away.

There was, of course, the possibility that Blanchard would reconsider, but a week passed without a sign from that gentleman, and in desperation Mark went to Chichester's office determined to violate orders and offer his report instead of the finished task. Miss Filene looked up at him quickly.

"Mr. Chichester!" she exclaimed. "Why, he left on the Tenyo Maru for Japan last Thursday."

"Good night!" Mark gasped, sitting down suddenly. "How long will he be gone?"

"Two months, at least, I think."

Mark laughed.

"That's just fine!" he said ironically. "It gives me a free hand on the job he gave me."

"The Lassiter water-front-site deal?"

"For Western Metal Products Corporation. Yes."

Miss Filene nodded thoughtfully.

"Mr. Garthwaite, the vice president of the company, will be here from Pittsburgh early next week, Mr. Galt," she said, wondering if this information partook of the nature of the coddling Chichester had so positively prohibited. "Will that do you any good?"

"Nothing could do me any harm," Mark grinned cheerfully. "Thanks for the tip. I'll watch for him."

"He will go to the Palace. I'm sending his mail there already."

"I'll be one of his first callers," Mark said.

Laughing at himself for his vague dream, but seeing no alternative but failure, he crossed the bay to look at the Lassiter Block and the Croft tidelands. The former was a compact and well-located industrial site on the edge of the bay, with two railroad tracks bounding it, a wide road behind and only a few old buildings on it, that could be cleared for a few hundred dollars. The tidelands were half ooze and mud and half the muddied waters of the bay. Mark chuckled at the idea of paying a hundred thousand dollars for them. It was too absurd to be taken seriously.

But his eye fell on the long railroad mole that ran out a mile into the bay near by; faced with stone, strung with heavy tracks over which a continuous line of cars thundered, and tipped at the extremity with a broad area improved with train sheds, depot, offices and piers, it was as much a part of the land as the middle of the city was. He thought of Philomen Croft's confidence in the project of filling the tidelands, and began to be kindled with the old man's enthusiasm.

Was it a crazy scheme?

Walking back to get the car which would take him to the ferries, he stopped at an iron works. The furnaces roared and shot their sparks high in air, through the open doors molten bars and slugs and billets could be seen steaming and smoking in their wet-sand molds. Beyond, a line of steel cars was receiving from a steam shovel an ugly, misshapen load of refuse and waste, and Mark asked a workman who was passing what it was.

"Furnace slag," the man said. "About two pounds of that to one pound of metal. Costs a sight to get rid of it too."

"Where is it sent?"

"Sometimes it's used for fills inland here a piece. Right now it's going to barges to be carried out to sea and dumped. Dead loss."

"Thanks," Mark said. He began to think hard. His doubts began to fade. His enthusiasm waxed. He went to the office of a big dredging company and confirmed with a few questions what Croft had said about the cost of filling the tidelands. His plan broadened. He spent half a day figuring and estimating and giving his vague notion definite form.

On Tuesday of the following week he located John Garthwaite, vice president of the Western Metal Products Corporation, a stout, slow, pompous, haughty individual, introduced himself as a Chichester man and after three days' delay induced Garthwaite to go with him to look at the tidelands and hear his proposition. Garthwaite took three seconds to make up his mind.

"All imaginary!" he growled with finality. "I'm not interested."

"But look at the fill the railroad company made over there. Imagine the channels dredged out and the waste—the bay bottom—dumped into ——"

"Imagination isn't what I make recommendations to my directors on, young man!" Garthwaite snapped. "Take me back to my hotel!"

That was that, then—and of the sixty days Mark had, fifteen were gone forever.

"By golly!" he said to himself. "If Mr. Garthwaite can only believe what he sees I might frame the tidelands for him. I wonder what it would cost to put a mud dike around them. I'll see that young Garretson at the dredging offices again, and maybe we'll give Mr. Garthwaite's Pittsburgh imagination a slight boost from behind."

The mud dike in question would cost thirty-five hundred dollars, seriously reducing Mark's drawing account and, perhaps, being in the nature of throwing good money after bad.

"How long would it take?" Mark asked.

Young Garretson, the dredger-company manager, figured on a pad for a moment.

"Allowing for delays and bad luck, about three weeks."

"Hop to it then!" Mark said, plunging recklessly. "I might as well be in up to my neck as to have my boots full. When can you start work?"

III

A LEAN-FACED newspaper reporter hunted Mark Galt down the day after the dirty-nosed old bucket dredge moved onto the Croft tidelands, and out of the little Mark gave him, wary of publicity, made a good deal. On seeing himself and his mysterious venture spread on the printed page in cold type, Mark was dismayed, but later found occasion to think better of the incident.

The first result it brought was a telephone message from the slim and friendly girl in Blanchard's office. The agent had asked her to inquire just what Chichester intended doing on the tidelands. Mark told her that, as far as she was concerned, he would tell her anything he could, but that as far as her employer went, he would tell absolutely nothing. That Blanchard was wriggling uncomfortably was apparent; a day or so later Mark called him up to give him a chance to capitulate. But Blanchard laughed at him.

"I thought for a while maybe we could trade," the agent said harshly, "but I just found out Dan Chichester is in the Orient and won't be back till your option is up. I know Chichester, and I know you're running a bluff on a shoe string. I'll sit tight."

This development, instead of discouraging Mark, fired him anew with enthusiasm for his filling project. He was coming to the place where he didn't want the Lassiter Block. Forty acres there seemed daily less desirable to him than a hundred acres stretching out into the bay, effectually blockading Blanchard's ground and offering many advantages in addition. If he could

(Continued on Page 76)

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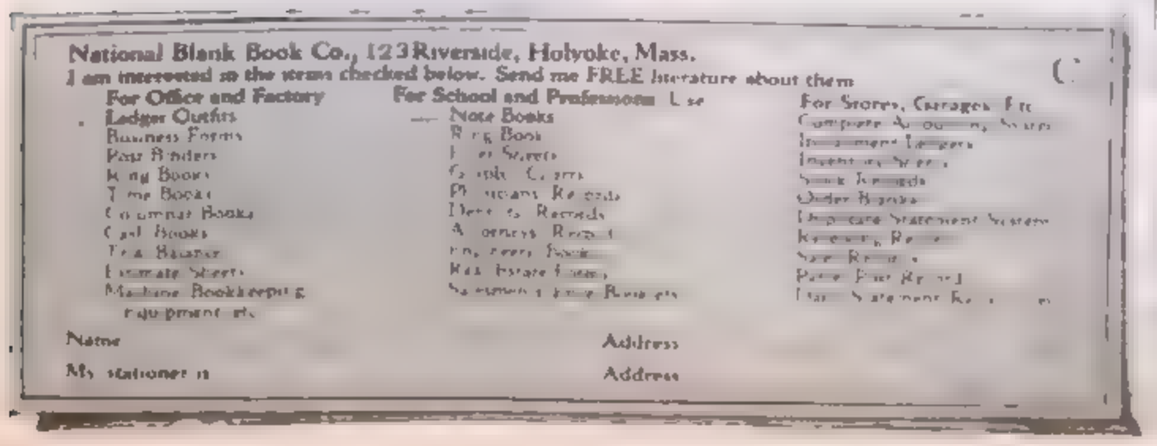
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(Continued from Page 74)

only communicate his feeling and give Garthwaite the contagion, and do this before his option from Croft expired, he would have done a big job well. Time was his only essential. And Garthwaite, Eastern-trained, slow and ponderous, threatened to wreck the scheme on this very rock.

However, there was a dim light on the horizon that showed up as a second result of the newspaper article. The Pacific Brassworks Company wrote Mark a letter asking him if he would have acreage on the proposed fill for sale. He called and found that the officials of the company were interested, though not until the fill was finished. This was a very negative sort of prospect for him, but it confirmed him in his own confidence in the plan that had, at first, seemed so visionary and extravagant to everyone but old Philomen Croft.

Mark went straight to Garthwaite from the office of the brass founders. Garthwaite only kept him waiting an hour, thus breaking all previous records and greatly heartening the amateur promoter, and he was a little less pompous, also, which seemed a good sign.

"I went over to look at those tidelands of yours again yesterday, young man," the Pittsburgh magnate said sonorously. "I will admit now that there seems to be a possibility there for us. But we have sites offered us in Los Angeles and Seattle that we could move in on within six months, ready to light our furnaces. I'm afraid your project would keep us waiting a year or better."

Mark was becoming accustomed to reckless and unconsidered plunges toward deep water by this time; he snapped a reply instantly.

"If you'll take the Croft lands, Mr. Garthwaite," he said, "you can start building on them as soon as you're ready."

Garthwaite frowned.

"That's absurd!" he exclaimed.

"I know it," Mark responded cheerfully; "but out here on the Pacific Coast we don't think anything of doing absurd things. I will fill fifty acres, which will be enough for your first unit, and you can make money filling the remaining fifty from your foundry."

"Make money? What do you mean?"

Mark hastened to pursue this sidetrack, wary of the other.

"With the slag from your furnaces—the waste."

"Um-m-m! That's an idea. Yes, that might be done." Garthwaite rubbed his chin. "Well, Galt, if you'll bring me a report on your project and a sketch of how you think the thing can be handled, I'll take it back to Pittsburgh with me and put it up to our directors."

"When are you leaving?"

"I go to Los Angeles tonight and will return the following night. On Wednesday I have reservations for the train leaving at eleven o'clock in the morning."

"I'll be at your train Wednesday," Mark said cheerfully. "And I'll sell you the tidelands as soon as your directors see the plans."

He went away with his heart returning to its former habitat—his boots. He had talked fast and wildly; he had no more idea of how he could make good than if he had promised Garthwaite an eligible terminal site on one of the canals of the moon. His courage oozed, but his determination came to his rescue.

"There must be some way, when I'm this close to going over," he said stubbornly. "What do I do next?"

What he did next was to wander abstractedly down the street, and found himself presently staring at an old building that was being furnished with a new foundation. An excavation next door had caved in, and workmen, toiling under shores and props, were laboriously building up piers of brick and mortar and pouring concrete for new footings to restore the old edifice to its former stability. Mark, caught as all loiterers are, by the sight of other men busily engaged, leaned against a temporary guard fence, thinking of his own predicament.

He became conscious that an idea was whispering for admittance, and he opened his mind a little. The idea came in, feeble and timid, and sat down to rest its hands and feet. Mark gave it an inquiring look. Twenty seconds later he was in a telephone booth.

"Hello! Is that you, Mr. Garretson?"

"Yes. Galt, isn't it? Where's the fire?"

"It isn't a fire, but it's just as exciting! Could you make a fill while a construction outfit was sinking piles and building above your work?"

"That's nothing to boil over about. Certainly we could. We just finished a contract like that at Martinez."

"It wouldn't cost any more?"

"Maybe a half of one per cent. Maybe no more."

"Will you start making out a bid on the Croft tidelands fill today and have it ready for me tomorrow night?"

"You mean a bid to fill the whole hundred acres?"

"To fill fifty acres."

"Yes. I'll have it finished tomorrow by six or seven o'clock. Is that all?"

"Yes."

"When you come in tomorrow I want to see you, Galt. Have you sold the tidelands?"

"I'm trying to kid myself into believing I have."

"That lets us out then."

"What do you mean?"

"Our company is interested in that project of yours; yesterday the directors asked me to see if we could buy or lease a part of your fill."

"I'll keep you in mind. If I land my clients, you won't have a chance, I'm afraid. If I don't, I'll probably give you the tidelands as a present, just before asking you for a job as an office boy. Oh, another thing!"

"Shoot!"

"Who is the biggest gambler among the contractors in San Francisco?"

"The big contractor—Perry Hunter. The P. J. Hunter Company. Monadnock Building."

"Thanks. I'm off to offer your gambling friend a hundred-to-one shot. Good-by!"

Perry Hunter was a smiling, jovial, carefree man; very young looking, when Mark considered the number of gigantic building operations before which or on which he had seen the blue-and-white signs of the P. J. Hunter Company; he was easy to reach, easy to look at and easy to interest. Mark introduced himself and spread out the blue prints of the Western Metal Products Corporation's project that he had gone by Chichester's office to get.

"I may look like a book agent," Mark said, taking his key from Hunter's hearty greeting; "but I'm only peddling you a two-million-dollar building contract. Would you care to look at the layout?"

Hunter smiled cheerfully.

"If it doesn't cost me anything, yes."

"I think the papers said some time back that a new iron foundry might come to San Francisco. This is it. Western Metal Products Corporation."

"Pittsburgh. I've heard something about it. Go on."

"I haven't any authority to ask for bids, but I'm trying to sell them a piece of land, and I can do it better if I have the whole project down in black and white."

"As for instance?"

Avoiding any mention of his own precarious position, Mark outlined his enterprise. A dredging company was making a bid on the fill; Hunter was to prepare a rough estimate on the cost of building the plant the Western Metal outfit had blueprinted, provided he could drive piles and begin construction before the fill was completed. He might or might not be awarded the contract.

"Would it cost much more to build before the fill was finished?" Mark asked parenthetically.

(Continued on Page 78)

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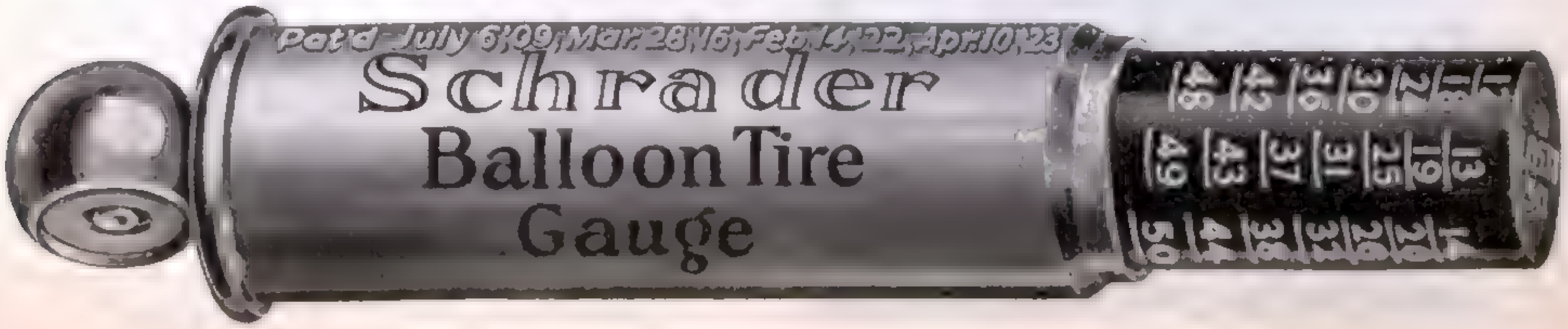
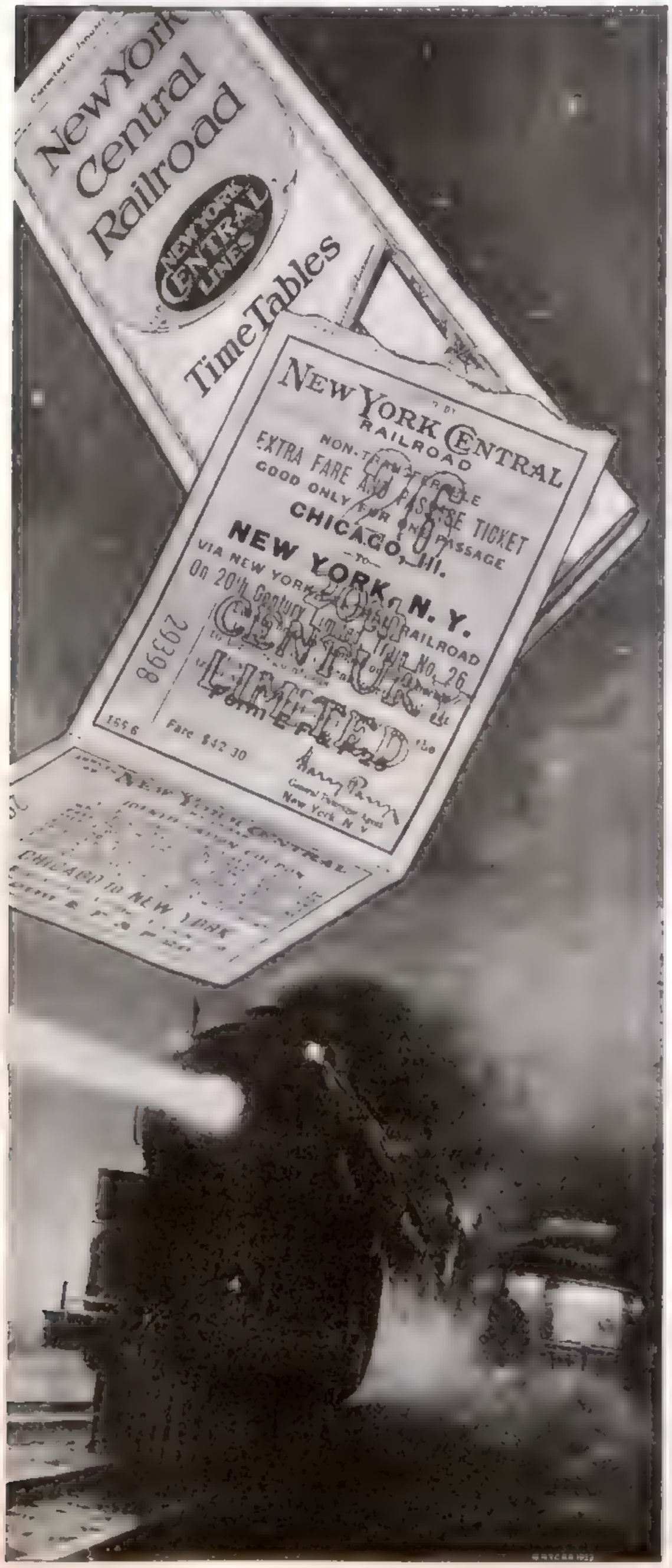


The water level route —you can sleep



(Continued from Page 76)

"It would cost considerably less," Hunter said quickly. "We could raft our piles in and use a pile driver set on a barge. We could save one handling of lumber and materials, too—cement and gravel and all the dimension stuff would come right to the job from up the river. You'd gain perhaps 8 or 10 per cent on the job."

"That wouldn't make anybody cross," Mark said with a grin. "Please don't forget to mention that in your estimate, if you make one."

"Oh, we'll make one all right. When do you want it?"

"That's the trouble. I have to have it by Wednesday morning."

Hunter whistled, rang a bell. A clerk appeared.

"Ask Rority to come in."

Rority entered.

"Pretty busy, Jerry?"

"So-so, Mr. Hunter. We're winding up the Butte County job."

"Could you turn Frayne and Meredith loose on a plant bid?"

"Yes. Rush order?"

"A million and a half estimate by Wednesday morning."

"We'll do it."

"All right. Thanks, Jerry." Rority went out and Hunter turned to Mark. "When Rority says he'll do it, it will be done."

Mark rose, rolling up the blue prints and passing them to the contractor.

"I'm certainly obliged to you, Mr. Hunter," he said.

Hunter laughed.

"I suppose that's another way of asking what you get out of it," he ventured

"Me? I'm not expecting anything out of it."

Hunter stared at him, then laughed.

"Well, that's a new twist on me," he said. "But when the time comes, don't worry about our taking care of you. I'll see you Wednesday about 9:30, will I?"

"You will, unless a hit-and-run driver gets me in the meantime."

Mark went to the nearest lunch stand, drank three cups of strong coffee and, just to prove that he had the digestion of an ostrich, ate two slabs of pie. Then he found the office of a public stenographer and asked for a private room and a fast operator. He had had no experience in dictation, but he was flaming with enthusiasm for his tidelands-fill scheme and he shot it out so rapidly that the wan, homely girl, making scratches in frantic haste, repeatedly begged him to slow down. He wore her out and another stenographer relieved her. He worked awkwardly, half the time reconstructing and rearranging his ideas, and part of the time pacing up and down the room trying to discover possible points untouched. The dictation was a garbled mess, but he read it as fast as it came in to him and by midnight he had a report to Western Metal Products Corporation that generally covered the field, and some two hundred sheets of wasted copy lay scattered around the room. He paid his bill, went to bed and slept five hours, and early in the morning was up again rereading what he had done. Most of the day was occupied in boiling it down again. At eight o'clock that night he added the bid of the Golden Gate Dredging and Contracting Company for the filling of fifty acres of tidelands, and at ten o'clock the next day appended the blanket estimate of the P. J. Hunter Company for the construction of the proposed foundry and plant.

Garthwaite appeared to be surprised to see Mark at the Oakland mole Wednesday morning.

"I'm afraid you've lost our business, Galt," the Pittsburgh man said heavily. "Los Angeles offers us a site on which we can begin building the day we sign up."

"That's all right," Mark said with a carelessness he did not entirely feel. "How long would it take their contractors to put up your plant?"

"I have an estimate of seven months."

"We'll sign a bond to be laying carpets on the manager's floor and installing a time clock for your gangs, five months from the day you tell us to start."

Garthwaite shrugged.

"Well, you have a lot of enthusiasm, young man. I'll give you as prompt an answer as I can get."

"It will have to be within twenty days, Mr. Garthwaite."

"Twenty days!"

"That's the very outside. I've another customer on the line, and I'm getting older all the time. I can't wait indefinitely to get to the top."

He said this with a disarming grin Garthwaite smiled faintly.

"I'll do my best, young man. . . . Here, porter! . . . Good-by, Galt. If you ever need a position let me know. I have a friend here who often puts on live young fellows. You'll hear from me on your proposition. If you can make good on it, our directors will probably approve it. Yes, I'll send you a letter to take to that man I was speaking of. Daniel Chichester. Perhaps you've heard of him. Good-by!"

When the train was well out of the shed, Mark had the first good laugh he had permitted himself in weeks. A letter commending him to the attention of Daniel Chichester.

"On the seventeenth of next month," he said, sobering, "I'll be where I won't need any letters to Chichester, or else I'll be out in the cold, cold world where an overcoat and a pass to a soup kitchen will do me a lot more good. The seventeenth. And this is the twenty-second. I wonder how fast they can move in Pittsburgh."

IV

WITH twenty-five days to go on his Croft option, with the specter of Seth Blanchard, avaricious and merciless, hovering always over him, greedily waiting for him to fail in his daring project, with Daniel Chichester in Japan, Mark Galt's one hope lay in early and favorable action from Garthwaite's associates in Pittsburgh. But nothing happened. At the end of two weeks, Mark, who was growing irritable and beginning to suffer, for the first time in his life, from sleeplessness, telegraphed Garthwaite at length, urging his necessity for a prompt reply. Two days later Garthwaite wired that the directors had not yet taken the matter up, but that they would inside a week. There was no hint of how that carefully prepared proposition of his, with the accompanying bids, had appealed to the vice president himself, but Garthwaite, Mark realized, was not the sort of man to deal in hints. Everything might turn out satisfactorily or it might not.

Meantime the mud dike around the Croft lands had been completed and paid for. Garretson, the young manager, gave Mark his last receipt on the day the Garthwaite telegram came.

"Any news about your sale yet, Galt?" he inquired. They had grown to be friendly, and the young dredging-company manager was genuinely interested.

"If they are as slow in Pittsburgh as they seem," Mark said with a wry smile, "the Democrats there still think Davis is running for President! No, I haven't any news."

"But you expect to sell?"

"Worse than that—I have to."

"I'm still in the market for ten or twenty acres, remember."

Mark considered a minute.

"I'm not going to lose out on my option, Garretson," he said, straightening his shoulders. "Somebody will take the Croft piece off my hands, I'm sure." He brightened. "I'll make you a proposition."

"Fire away!"

"I will give you a contract for half the tidelands, if you will fill the whole area."

"Don't bluff me, Galt! I've got a fleet of dredgers that must go to work pretty soon somewhere; I'm liable to take you up."

"I'm not bluffing or joking. I'm in dead earnest."

"I believe you are. But suppose that you sold after we had had the title searched,

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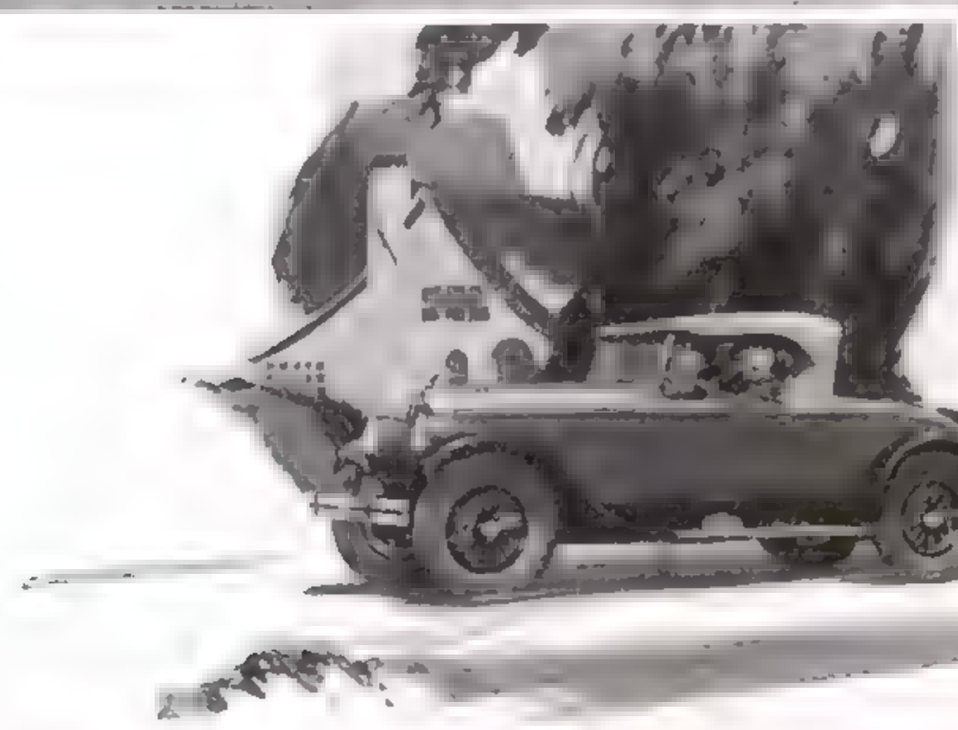
Men and Women Who Know Prefer Chrysler "70"



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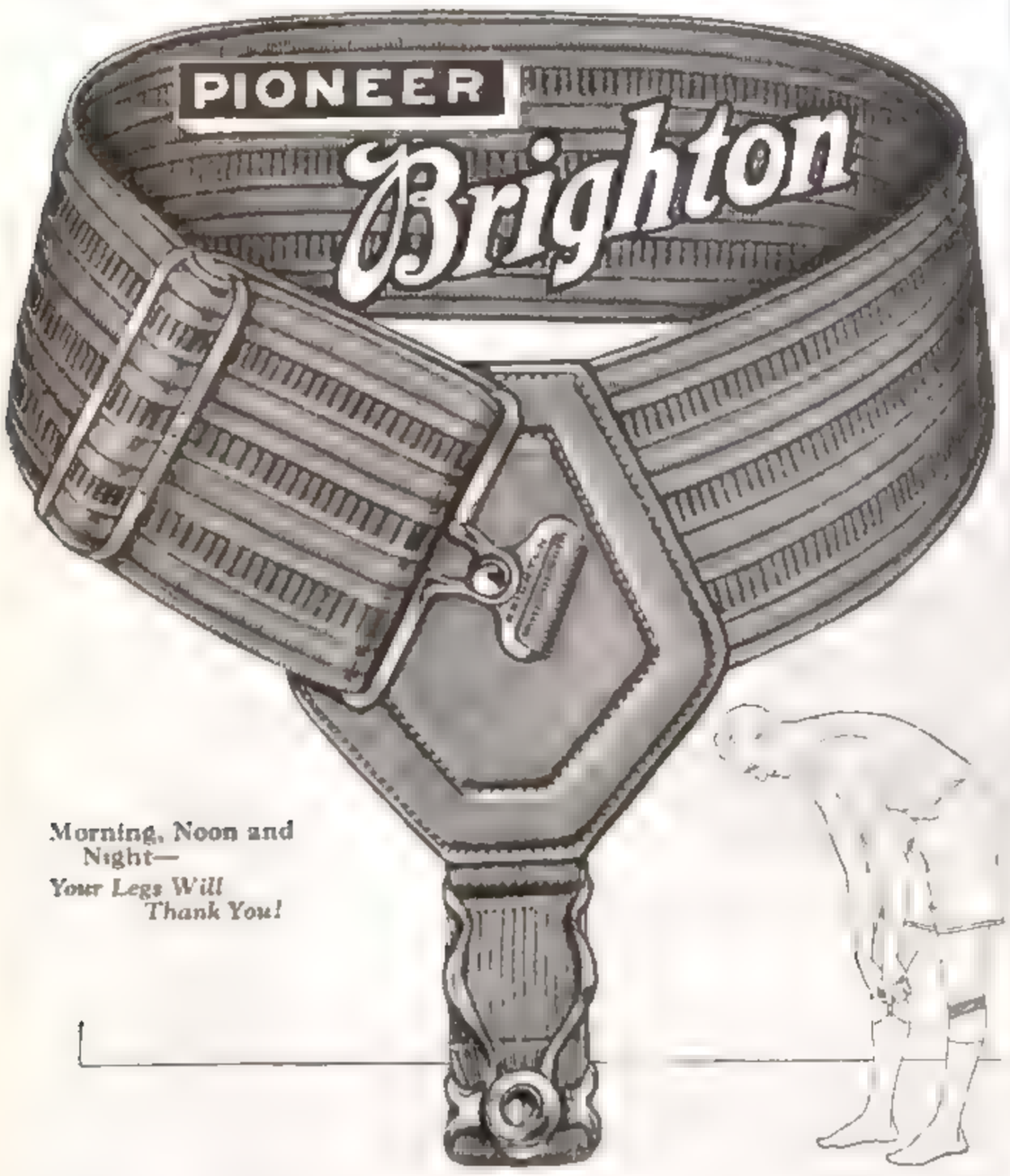

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(Continued from Page 78)

made our preliminary borings and soundings and surveys, and got the work started?"

"Out of the sale price I would take care of you for every cent you had spent, and also I'd do my best to get you the dredging contract and the fill."

"I'll take you!"

"Sold!"

Thus, briskly, the transaction was completed. Mark actually had a customer for half the tidelands now; perhaps the Pacific Brassworks Company could be urged to take the other half and to put up the money for the payment to Croft, in case Garthwaithe fell down. Garretson, on the other hand, had work for his dredges and their crews, generous and even extravagant payment for making the fill if Mark failed to sell for cash, and all his expenses paid if Mark landed Garthwaite. Both sides were satisfied and the necessary papers were drawn within twenty-four hours. Garretson, singed once before on water-front property, put a title-guaranty company on the search at once, and in four days had a clean bill of health for the Croft holdings, with a title that ran clear back to the state of California.

The option Mark held was running out rapidly. The Pacific Brass people reported that they would be unable to put up a hundred thousand dollars on such short notice, but offered to make a payment of half that sum on the fifteenth, the day Mark had tentatively fixed when he must have their answer. Mark went to Croft. The old man chuckled on seeing him.

"Stirred up the animals, didn't ye, son?" he asked gloatingly. "Knew you would! Seen in the papers the piece about what you were going to do. Had forty-eleven thieves and highbinders settling down around here since to find out if I had any more tidelands, or if they could get in on yours anyhow. Blanchard's getting to be a regular caller!"

Mark made a grimace.

"What did he want?" he asked.

"Blanchard? Wanted an option to begin when yours expires and I fixed him a price that made his liver turn over."

"Mr. Croft, I'm not licked yet, but I'm delayed. Would you accept half your money on the seventeenth ——"

"Son," the old man said sternly, "I told you when you set out that I couldn't grant you any favors or days of grace or breathing spells when your option was up. You have my price and you have your option. Business is business, and I'm too old to be fooling with edged tools."

"There's only one thing I can do then, and that is to ask your price for a thirty-day extension of my option."

Croft shook his head and bent over a rusty gasoline engine he was tinkering. With a heavy hammer he began tapping lustily at the hub of a flywheel.

"Sorry, Galt," he said, "but you're a leetle mite late. . . . Come out of there, will ye? Drat this cotter pin! . . . Yes, you're too late, son. I sold that second option on the tidelands, to begin when yours runs out on the seventeenth, about three days ago. . . . Drat the dratted thing—guess it must've growed in!"

Mark had three days left—and not a whisper from Pittsburgh. A wire to Garthwaite was unanswered. What little Irish Mark had inherited from a great-great-grandfather on his mother's side boiled in his veins; he was so near the tape that he simply made up his mind he would burst an artery before he'd be beaten. Canvassing his situation, he saw no hope except Garthwaite. Plenty of people would be interested in bits and fragments of the tidelands, once filled and with deep-water channels approaching completed wharves along their fringe. But to assemble them, get their money in advance and finance the project at this late date was of course impossible.

Garretson, appealed to on that third morning before the end, was sympathetic and as out of patience as Mark was at the lethargy in Pittsburgh.

"But I'm in no position to swing a hundred-thousand-dollar deal, and I don't see that any less will help you, Galt," he said.

Mark grinned. "Well, I can make Seth Blanchard a present of our mud dike and you can chip in that title guaranty that you got from the Bayside Abstract Company."

"I'll throw that in," Garretson replied. "And all I can hope is that it brings Blanchard all the bad luck—why, what's wrong, Galt? Heart or liver?"

"Brain!" Mark shouted, leaping up from his chair and kicking that battered but useful article of furniture the length of the office. "A sudden rush of brain to the head! Gimme the telephone! Garry, we're saved, or I'm a missionary to the New Hebrides. . . . Western Union! . . . Yes. . . . No, I don't care! . . . Hello! Take a telegram—straight, rush!"

Garretson, staring, saw Mark fumbling in his pocket and threw a pencil across to him. Mark clutched it, grinning, and pulled a pad toward him. He began dictating over the telephone:

"JOHN P. GARTHWAITE, Western Metal Products Corporation, Finchley Street, Pittsburgh:

"Have buyer Croft tidelands here and must receive immediate answer yes or no my proposition to you. Confirm my statement by telephone Bayside Abstract and Title Guaranty Company, Oakland, California, and give me positive reply with one-hundred-thousand cash payment telegraphed before Thursday noon, Pacific time. "MARK GALT."

"All right, read it back. . . . Thank you. Rush it and charge to this telephone." He hung up the receiver and collapsed on a bench. "There, Garretson! Now let's see whether you can wake a Pittsburgh business man without an alarm clock!"

Thursday was the sixteenth, and Mark Galt, like a figure combining alternating hope and despair, in a worn hand-me-down suit and his hair standing straight up, haunted Daniel Chichester's office, two blocks of San Francisco's business district and a branch telegraph office from eight o'clock that fateful day until after one. Sick and discouraged then, he slumped down in a chair in Miss Filene's office without an idea in his head and with his spirits down to their lowest possible ebb. When there was something to be done he could forget depression, but now, with his last card played, he was physically sick and mentally stopped.

Miss Filene came in from her sparse, vegetarian lunch.

"Oh, there you are!" she said. "Did you get a telephone call from Mr. Garretson of the dredging company?"

"No," Mark replied dully. "I wonder what he wants. The address to send flowers to, I suppose."

He turned to the telephone, got Garretson. Miss Filene saw his face lengthen, then brighten.

"You didn't give Garthwaite an address, you ass!" Garretson was saying. "He sent his telegram to the office on this side and they traced you here. Shall I read it?"

The wire read:

"MARK GALT, Oakland, California.

"Confirmed your telegram. Sorry our delay. Your proposition accepted. Our Mr. Garthwaite left here this morning for San Francisco arrive Sunday night to conclude negotiations and make required payment. Please have dredger company and your construction firm ready to enter on agreements as per your report to us.

"WESTERN METAL PRODUCTS,
"By Abrams, President Board Directors."

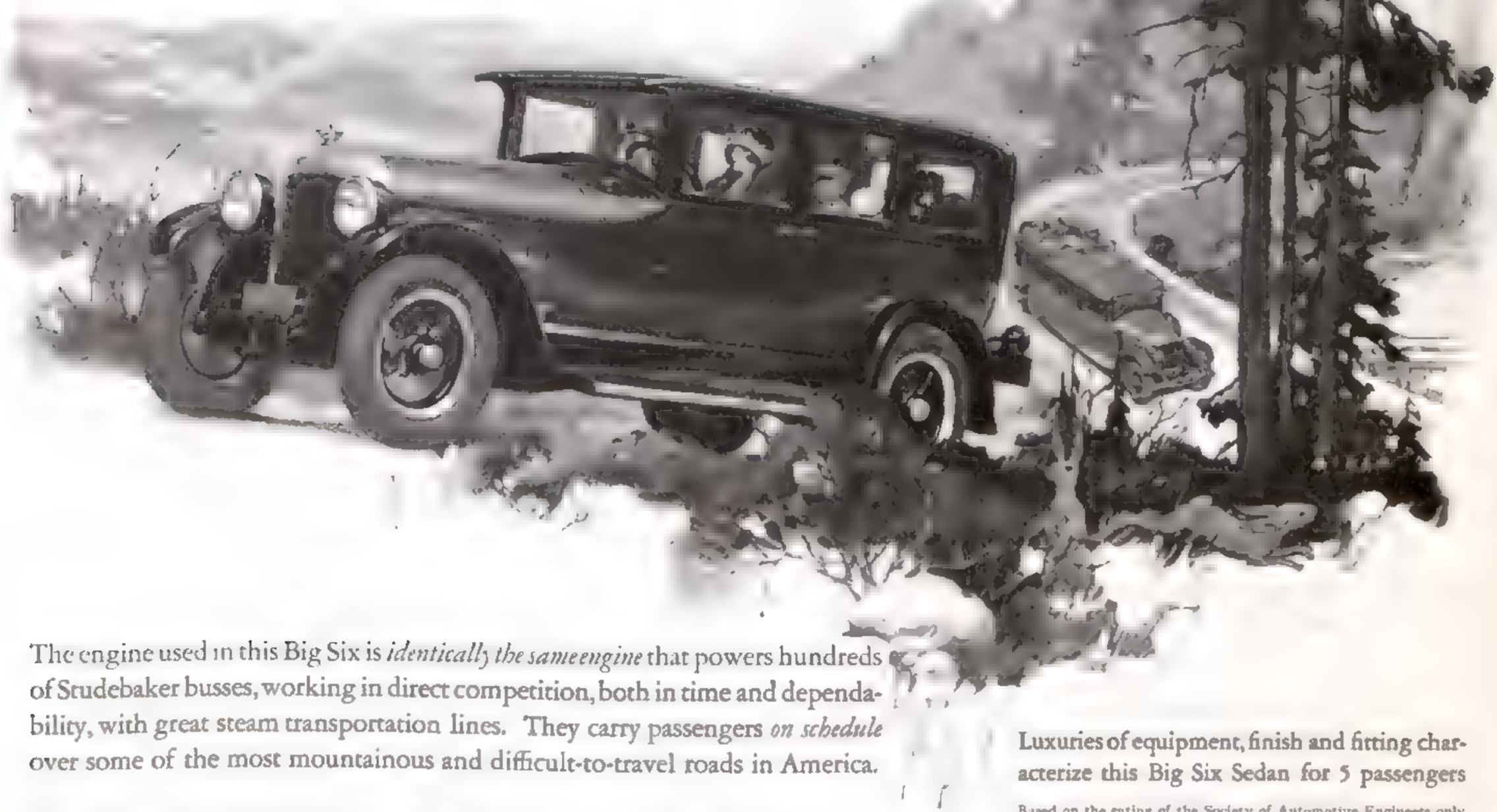
Mark hung up the telephone weakly. Arrive Sunday! Garthwaite arriving Sunday—and he might just as well arrive a year from the following Christmas, for all

(Continued on Page 82)

POWER

at a ONE-PROFIT Price

has made the Studebaker Big Six (Unit-Built) the fastest-selling high-powered car in the world



The engine used in this Big Six is *identically the same engine* that powers hundreds of Studebaker busses, working in direct competition, both in time and dependability, with great steam transportation lines. They carry passengers *on schedule* over some of the most mountainous and difficult-to-travel roads in America.

THAT speaks for itself. It means power such as few privately operated cars possess. It means mechanical construction to withstand most grueling treatment . . . a motor to run on schedule, regardless of roads, conditions and obstacles.

It means low upkeep and few repairs—trustworthy service, day after day, year after year, for hundreds of thousands of miles.

To surpass it in rated horsepower costs $2855 to $8155 more

According to the official ratings of the N. A. C. C. and the Society of Automotive Engineers, only seven American cars have equal or greater rated horsepower than the Studebaker Big Six.

These seven cars are among the most costly cars on the road today, selling from $2855 to $8155 higher than the Studebaker Big Six Sedan—two to four times its price.

The essential difference is that Studebaker, with its huge manufacturing facilities, with more than $100,000,000 in net assets concentrated on the large-scale production of finer cars at lower prices, has attained in the fine-car field what Ford attained in the low-price field . . . One-Profit value and Unit-Built construction.

Studebaker facilities alone make present prices possible

Few motor car "manufacturers" have foundries, forges, etc., to make their own engines—yet one-fifth of the cost of an automobile is in the engine. Even fewer build their own bodies—yet one-third of the cost of a car is in the body.

Only two plants in the world today (Studebaker alone in the quality field) have the impressive facilities for making *all* engines, *all* bodies, *all* gear sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, brakes, axles, gray-iron castings and drop forgings.

One-Profit value

These enormous facilities enable Studebaker to effect many vital savings in manufacture—which are passed on to the ultimate buyer of a Studebaker car, either in the form of higher quality, lower price—or both. No other car in the world, of equal or greater rated horsepower, enjoys the advantages of volume production reflected in the price of the Big Six.

Unit-Built construction

These facilities result, too, in Unit-Built construction—in cars designed, engineered and built as units. The hundreds of parts used in a Studebaker car *are* Studebaker. They function together as a co-ordinated, smooth-working unit, resulting in years longer life, greater riding comfort and higher resale value for you. Scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation thus are built into Studebaker cars.

Always kept up-to-date

Because all phases of manufacture are directly under Studebaker control, Studebaker cars are constantly kept up-to-date. Improvements are continually made, giving Studebaker owners the immediate advantage of our engineering achievements. Resale values are thus stabilized.

Because of these three major advantages—One-Profit Value, Unit-Built Construction, "No-Yearly-Models"—the Studebaker Big Six has become the world's fastest-selling high-powered car. For a complete illustrated story of One-Profit manufacture and for a beautiful colored catalog of Big Six Studebakers drop a postal or a letter to The Studebaker Corporation of America, South Bend, Ind. Ask for Combination 203.

Luxuries of equipment, finish and fitting characterize this Big Six Sedan for 5 passengers

Based on the rating of the Society of Automotive Engineers only 7 American cars surpass this Big Six Sedan in power. But they sell for two to four times its price, as shown by the following table.

Studebaker Big Six

N. A. C. C. and S. A. E. rating, 36.04.

Price of 5-passenger Sedan, f. o. b. factory, $1895

Car A—1% more power, $2855 higher price
Car B—1% more power, $3005 higher price
Car C—7% more power, $5005 higher price
Car D—25% more power, $6205 higher price
Car E—35% more power, $4825 higher price
Car F—35% more power, $8105 higher price
Car G—35% more power, $8155 higher price

Power can be compared with figures—beauty is a thing all may judge. But there's an **inside** story—the vital story of things you cannot see. In hundreds of hidden places throughout this Big Six Sedan you find standards of quality equaled by only a few of the very highest priced cars. No automobile in the world, regardless of price, has a better built body than this Studebaker Sedan.

To appreciate the Studebaker Big Six you must drive it—feel the great surge of excess power—experience the luxurious comfort of its deep, wide seats (finest mohair over curled hair)—test its remarkable handling ease.

Splendidly Equipped

Spark control is automatic. Lights are operated from the steering wheel. There is a gasoline gauge on the dash, air cleaner, gas and oil filters, automatic windshield cleaner, cowl ventilator, stop light, dome light and corner reading lights, one key serves for the spare tire carrier and door locks as well as for the coincidental lock to ignition and steering gear.

Your Studebaker dealer is anxious to give you a demonstration in this sturdy, One-Profit Sedan. He will finance its purchase under Studebaker's Budget Payment Plan at the lowest time-payment rates known to the industry.

Studebaker Big Six Sedan

For Five Passengers $1895 *f. o. b. factory*

ROYAL feels light as a feather in your hand—even a little child can guide it and do thoro cleaning.

Such marvelous ease of operation is due to Royal design—large smooth running wheels, light weight, wonderful "balance," comfortable handle grip, convenient switch right at your finger tips.

To use the Royal you simply guide it—its results are so wonderfully thoro and rapid that it banishes forever your cleaning worries.

Merely to see Royal is to *know* that it is easy to use. Every line and curve, together with its shimmering beauty, betokens the inbuilt quality which has made Royal a standard for comparison.

Until you have tried a Royal in your own home you cannot realize how many hours of time and how many miles of steps this Super Cleaner really will save you.

There is a dealer near you, who will gladly lend you a Royal to try. If you don't know his name, write us.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

Manufactured in Canada for Canadians by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto

Also Manufacturers of Royal Vibrator, Royal Dryer, Royal Hair Cutter

ROYAL
ELECTRIC CLEANER
Gets ALL *the dirt by Air Alone*

(Continued from Page 80)

the good he would be able to do. Pittsburgh! Mark uttered an exclamation of rage and disgust. He apologized to Miss Filene, hastily sketched the situation, went out.

Would a bank advance a hundred thousand dollars on that telegram? It was doubtful, but worth trying With two hours before the banks closed Mark hurried to the San Francisco main office of the telegraph company, had the Oakland offices forward his wire that had come from Pittsburgh, and took it to a bank where he knew Chichester did business. The officials were courteous but unmoved. A telegram was not a negotiable paper! Mark tried another institution, where he knew a cashier slightly. Impossible. Mark was advised to see Croft.

Croft was adamant. He even chuckled a little at Mark's perturbation, which seemed out of character for the old man, who at first had been so kindly. Godfrey Rasmussen, the Chichester cashier, turning from his ledgers with obvious regret, snorted and wanted to know whether Mark thought he was running a lottery.

Mark took the useless telegram from his pocket and read it again.

"Please have dredger company and your construction firm ready to enter on agreements as per your report to us."

Perry Hunter, the contractor, had estimated that the Western Metal job would run to a million and a half dollars. He had asked what share or cut Mark would want if the job was landed. Mark dived across a street and caught a car. At the Monadnock Building he found Hunter was out, but would be in at 5:30. He waited, trembling, nervous, wrought up. Five passed, and 5:30, and six. A passing clerk stopped, came back.

"Are you the man who wanted to see Mr. Hunter?"

"Yes. Has he come in?"

"He telephoned that he wouldn't be back this evening. I'm sorry someone didn't tell you."

"It doesn't matter," Mark said cheerfully. He had reached the place where literally nothing did matter. He was down to raw grit now—going on his nerve. At ten o'clock that night he located Hunter on the telephone at a peninsular country club, and made an engagement with him for ten o'clock on Friday, the seventeenth—the last day of the life of his option.

On the dot he was in the contractor's office. He spread the telegram on the desk.

"I'm going to land that tidelands-contract job for you, Mr. Hunter," he said, keeping his tricky voice steady and hiding the shaking of his fingers by leaning on them on the rumpled piece of yellow paper. "I've come in to ask you for that cut you were going to give me on the profits."

"All right, Galt," Hunter said, though with a slight lift of his eyebrows. "It's coming to you, and you shall have it. How much do you want? Five per cent?"

"I want to borrow a hundred thousand dollars on the strength of this wire, until Monday afternoon."

Hunter, frankly puzzled, read the wire.

"You'd better tell me the story, Galt," he said kindly then. So Mark told him the story.

Seth Blanchard was at Philomen Croft's marine junk yard when Mark arrived there at 4:10 on that afternoon of the seventeenth. He had been there for half an hour, and had driven old Philomen Croft to the verge of hysteria by his pacings up and down, his peerings out the door, his trottings back to the desk, his opening and shutting of his old-fashioned watch and his repeated and nervous clearings of the throat. Croft chuckled openly when Mark entered.

"Well, here you are, youngster!" the old man said, rubbing his hands and giving Blanchard a gleeful and triumphant look. "Made it, I'll bet! Knew you would! Saw it in your eye the fust time you called. Met Mr. Blanchard, haven't you? Blanchard, you know young Galt? Well, well, quite a little party! Just step in this back room, gentlemen. We'll be all shipshape and snug as a case of Scotch in a bulkhead in here. This way!"

Blanchard grunted.

"I want to know whether I'm to have that second option or not!" he growled fiercely, eying Mark.

"Jest so," Croft interrupted. "Thought as much. Come in. You first, Galt. And Mr. Blanchard. Old friend here to see you."

If Blanchard started and stared on this unexpected announcement, so did Mark Galt, with a certified check for one hundred thousand dollars buttoned in his pocket and an enormous load off his chest.

For the old friend was Daniel Chichester, quiet, unemotional, ruddy and a little blistered where the sun of the Pacific Ocean, which he had quitted not four hours before, had touched him with its rays.

"Well, Blanchard!" the capitalist said. "You're not looking as well as you were when I saw you last. Too bad! . . . Hello, Galt! Have you got me that Lassiter Block?"

Mark grinned at him.

"If you're really here, and I'm not seeing things, Mr. Chichester," he remarked, "I can tell you that I've got something so much better than the Lassiter Block that you can buy that for a few dollars from Mr. Blanchard and use it for a back yard if you want to."

"Croft has been telling me," Chichester said. "Croft and Miss Filene and Garretson and Perry Hunter. Oh, I haven't been spying on you, son! I just wanted to back you up today in case your fingers slipped at the last minute."

"Back me up?" Mark gasped. "If you had been here when Blanchard bought that second option from Mr. Croft, and gave me the jimjams and threw the wrench into my machinery —— Do you mean you didn't buy that second option, Mr. Blanchard?"

Daniel Chichester broke out laughing.

"Blanchard? He did not! Why, no, son, you didn't think I'd really leave you as flat as that, did you? Miss Filene kept me posted and I had her buy the second option. But if I'd let you know that, you'd have laid down and let me carry the load of the deal. Isn't that so? Yes, you can see how it would have been.

"Now, Seth, let's get to business, while Mark Galt is paying Phil Croft off. Just what will you take, cash, for the Lassiter Block? I'm prepared to go as high as five thousand an acre—just for old friendship's sake! Name your price, man—don't stand there and make faces!"

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Special Six Coupé

$1165

f. o. b. factory

A Superb New Nash Model

Admirably Designed for Business or Shopping

This new Special Six Coupé was purposely created by Nash to meet the exact requirements of commercial employment—

—and to attract the woman who desires a smart motor car with shopping convenience in the way of larger package space.

Beneath the gently sloping rear deck is a package chamber, under lock and key, with 16 cubic feet of space.

This new Nash Special Six Coupé is beautifully low to the road and of extreme distinction in design—a body conception of thoroughly exquisite grace and beauty specially developed by the Nash-Seaman craftsmen.

Its exterior charm is delightfully enhanced by the Gray-Green Duco finish of lustrous texture, black running gear and fenders, and brightly nickeled radiator shell.

The interior is rendered attractive with Gray-Green Duotone genuine leather upholstery. And the fittings and appointments are of select calibre and completeness.

Everything about the Coupé strikingly evidences its rich quality so that the price immediately impresses you as being remarkably low.

Particularly is the brisk and spirited character of its supremely smooth, quiet performance of notable interest.

And included *at no extra cost* among the car's outstanding mechanical features are four-wheel brakes, full balloon tires, five disc wheels, air cleaner, gas filter and an oil purifier.

(3092)

The Nash-Ajax Price Range on Sixteen Different Models Extends from $865 to $2090 f. o. b. Factory

Pioneer Boxes and Crates are made in many shapes and sizes. They are in use in almost every industry. Perhaps we can help you cut your shipping costs.

Pioneers *carry* weights MEN CANNOT LIFT

It takes a chain fall hoist to lift a Timken carrier assembly into the light Pioneer Wood Box that carries it safely. Surely your shipping problem is not more difficult than this.

The Timken-Detroit Axle Company used to make its own boxes—good strong heavy boxes out of one-inch lumber. When General Box Engineers were invited in they developed a special Pioneer Box out of one-quarter inch lumber with reinforced ends.

This lighter box had a lower initial cost, cut transportation expense, proved to be a better container for the 700-pound contents, and was re-usable by the receivers as it suffered no damage in opening.

"General Box Service" will tell you what General Box Engineers are doing, without charge, for manufacturers in practically every industry. "Incoming Shipments" treats of your containers from your customer's point of view. Write for these booklets.

GENERAL BOX COMPANY
508 North Dearborn St. - Chicago, Illinois

Factories—Bogalusa, La., Brooklyn, N. Y., Cincinnati, Ohio, Detroit, Mich., East St. Louis, Ill., Ilima, Mo., Kansas City, Mo., Louisville, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., New Orleans, La., Sheboygan, Wis., Winchendon, Mass.

GENERAL BOX SERVICE

ONE COMPLETE SERVICE FROM TIMBERLANDS TO FINISHED PRODUCTS

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 44)

Rapidly I gained in reputation as a musical director. I was invited to lead the boys at other service and community clubs. An ever-increasing portion of my time, in fact, was devoted to singing and cultivating friends. In these respects I was achieving notable success. But I was not writing many policies. Strange to say, the largest deal I had made so far was with a comparative stranger whom I had met casually.

The many personal friends upon whom I called during business hours would put me off with some such remarks as: "Oh, sure, Jack. I want to do business with you sometime. Awfully busy today, though. It isn't as though we were strangers. I see you nearly every day. Drop around next week."

But all the time my clothing was becoming more threadbare and my spirits were descending lower—though, of course, I dared not waver. I had a reputation to maintain. My formula called for a cheerful countenance, a ready smile, a friendly slap on the back, a hearty handclasp—oh, yes, and service.

I have almost come to hate that word, "service," used so loosely upon the Main Streets of America. It is so easy for a needy young fellow to give so much of his time and energy to so-called public service that he neglects the important business of getting ahead. Perhaps he could do more for his community by boosting, through his business achievements, its bank clearings and postal receipts!

But still I gave service and did favors and exercised tact—with outward cheerfulness and inward qualms. What was wrong with my formula? By now I knew almost every business and professional man of importance in that city. I belonged to two service clubs in addition to my lodge affiliations. Everyone called me Jack, and I was hail fellow well met all about town. On the other hand, I was always just a jump ahead of the collector and a week behind in my personal expenses. I did a little business here and there, but not nearly enough to justify my manner of living—not to mention the possibility of saving.

And so it went until a rather hard jolt opened my eyes. One day I called by appointment upon a prominent professional man who had practically promised me certain business at that time. Imagine my chagrin when I learned another agent, almost a stranger, had written his policy the day before! My friend was apologetic; even a bit ill at ease.

"Awfully sorry, Jack. But he signed me up almost before I realized it. To tell the truth, I forgot about my promise to you. But I'll give you the next business, sure."

For once I forgot to be tactful; forgot to smile; forgot to be a good fellow. This was the culmination of many similar experiences, and I was hopping mad.

"Why the devil did you do it?" I demanded. "I've obeyed your slightest whim in helping you put over community projects. I've worked long hours without pay. I've given more to this town than I ever received from it. But when you, and many more prominent men like you, require a service which you know I can render, you give the business to an outsider. What is more, I could have proved to you in ten minutes that my policy is the better buy. Yet you act as though I simply did not exist."

I was still possessed of dark thoughts when admitted to the office of my next prospect, a recent arrival in town who was establishing a new business. My face must have reflected my mental state. But I wasted no time on preliminaries. I delivered a straight-from-the-shoulder selling talk with scarcely a smile; thrust aside all objections; held the pen invitingly over the dotted line and within a very short time had written a very sizable policy. This after working in vain for two weeks with friends who knew me too well.

Nerved by this success, I resolved next day to take another step I had contemplated for some time. I would charge for my services as leader of community singing. My first approach on this matter, however, proved very disconcerting. "Sorry to lose your services, Jack, but, of course, we couldn't pay for that."

Then and there I formed the resolution which proved the turning point in my career. I would leave my adopted city and once more make a new start. It was under these circumstances that I reached my present home, for shortly thereafter I departed, with the sincere farewells of some of the biggest men in town ringing in my ears and a new gold watch, presented by a group of my fellow club members, ticking in the pocket of my worn suit.

I trust my experiences have not made me cynical. I realize the fault was my own. A salesman, I have concluded, should not know the majority of his prospects too well. Beyond certain limits, dictated by circumstances, he should not mix sentiment and social life with business. And, most important of all, he should undertake nothing that will reduce his efficiency for the most important work in hand. He should endeavor to establish a relationship with other business men that will command respect. Nothing succeeds like success, I've found, and if one must go to extremes, a reputation for making good on the job goes much farther toward ultimate success than willingness to serve the community.

I have changed my views also on joining. At my former home I belonged to so many organizations that the dues and assessments required a large share of my meager income, not to mention demands upon my time and energy. Now I am rather chary about joining any organization, club or movement, at least until I know all about it.

Finally, what about results? They have exceeded my fondest expectations. For I have tried out my new plan only ten months—and this in a new and strange community. Yet during this time my expenses have averaged one-third less and my income just 100 per cent more than during the corresponding period last year.

I am again a popular song leader. But now only the first appearance is gratis, the rate thereafter being "five dollars per." Already I am averaging fifteen or twenty dollars a week on the side from this pleasant work. The boys seem to place a much higher valuation upon service they pay for in cold cash.

I am glad to lead these fine, public-spirited men at their singing; to count myself one of them and participate in the inspiration of their good work. Many of them have made their pile and can afford to be more or less sentimental. No doubt eventually I, too, shall be able to afford the luxury of giving service in large gobs. Meantime, though I try to align myself on the side of public welfare and do my share in proportion to my resources, I am rather inclined to demand full value received for value given. I do not feel this has caused me to lose sight of the finer things of life.

But I realize I cannot make the world over to suit my theories. I must take it as I find it and play the game accordingly. Servility, I have decided, has no place in the modern business world. It is a destructive rather than constructive force, secretly despised by strong, successful men.

Yes, I have acquired a certain self-respect I did not possess before. Some might misconstrue it as egotism. But a personal survey has disclosed, in addition to my admitted faults, a fair array of talent, a rather broad experience, a good education, excellent health and unquestioned willingness to work. Men with lesser equipment are succeeding. These attributes, I feel, entitle me to respect, a good living and a chance to rise in the world. And by all that's just, I'm going to get my share.

—ALBERT J. MASON.

The Glorious Art of Being Well

Clogged intestines, skin and stomach disorders corrected—youthful energy renewed—*by this fresh food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-7, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"TWO years ago I had a severe illness. After it was over it seemed to me I would never be myself again. I could do nothing without becoming completely fatigued. My doctor told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon began gaining strength Ever since then I have taken Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day. I consider it a veritable gold mine of energy."

HELENE RABINOFF, Stony Point, N. Y.

"I SUFFERED from chronic constipation To add to my discomfort I began to break out all over with painful skin eruptions. A physician advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I followed his advice. In six months my skin was clear. My elimination was greatly improved Today I am in fine physical condition."

ANTHONY SIMS, Chicago, Ill

"AN athlete and former physical director of the Cincinnati Gymnasium, during the war I served as director of an aniline dye plant. When I returned to my old active work, I was not fit; I suffered from an acid stomach. Then I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. I no longer suffered from acidity of the stomach . . . I enthusiastically recommend Yeast."

FRANK MILLS, Cincinnati, Ohio

RIGHT

"MY skin broke out in ugly blotches. Eating irregularly caused stomach trouble. Then I became constipated. I started to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month's time I was a new person. Every blemish had vanished from my skin. My eyes sparkled. My appetite was excellent."

ERMIL PATRICK, Boston, Mass.

RIGHT

"FOR years I was afflicted with unsightly skin eruptions. I was also troubled with constipation. I thought I would try Fleischmann's Yeast. In two weeks I could see my skin clearing up. I am never troubled with constipation any more."

MRS. JAMES E. KNIGHT, Toronto, Ont.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

The piping in of the pudding—an oldtime Christmas ceremony on Cunard and Anchor Liners

The Proof of the Pudding

During 1925 Cunard and Associated Lines carried 226301 passengers to and from Europe—again the largest number traveling by any line or group of lines on the Atlantic.

Cunard ships, rates and routes now offer such a variety of ways to and from Europe as to suit every purse and every taste.

Especial attention is called to the

NEW CUNARD CABIN SERVICE

Weekly from New York
to Plymouth, Havre and London

Transatlantic Round Trip Fare $290 up

This service is maintained by a superb fleet of fast, oil-burning Cabin Steamers, comprising the Carmania, Caronia, Cameronia, Lancastria, Antonia, Alaunia and Ascania, offering the maximum of comfort in accommodations, equipment and service.

CUNARD VACATION SPECIALS

(Third Cabin)

—with accommodations consisting of specially reserved, comfortable, roomy, well-ventilated staterooms for 2 or 3 persons; many baths; spacious dining halls—an abundance of excellent food; splendid table service; well-stocked libraries; comfortable lounges and plenty of deck space.

Sailings May 1st to September 25th

Transatlantic Round Trip Fare $170 up

Large Series of Attractive Tours of varying durations and rates.

$298.50 pays all transportation and hotel charges on a trip of about thirty days, including Paris, Brussels and London.

$463.50 pays for a tour of about 43 days covering Great Britain, Belgium, Switzerland and France. Wide choice of Itineraries.

MAY JULY AUGUST SEPTEMBER

—just before or after the season's rush—
is an ideal time for such a trip.

Other Cunard Services: The World's Fastest Ocean Passenger Service de Luxe, weekly from New York to Cherbourg and Southampton; the no less comfortable services to Queenstown - Liverpool and to Londonderry - Glasgow.

Travel by the CUNARD HIGHWAY It costs No More

Full information gladly furnished upon request

CUNARD and ANCHOR Lines

25 Broadway, New York or Branches and Agencies

WEED 'EM AND WEEP

(Continued from Page 33)

"Lucky they're just for himself," says I. "You sure he made the crack that it wasn't going to rain tomorrow?"

"Positive," declares Lizzie.

"Gosh!" I sighs in relief. "And I'd just about given up hope!"

"Hope of what?" inquires Kate.

"Of rain," I answers. "It's a cinch now."

Around dawn it starts to thunder and blitzen, and in a few minutes it's raining oversize mastiff dogs and extra-large Persian house cats. After breakfast I walks right into it, with my eyes glued to the ground to watch the grass come busting through.

"Some moisture, eh?" I gloats to Taylor, who's out on his porch.

"Yes," says he, without any enthusiasm; "but if it keeps coming down hard like this for another hour we won't have any more garden than a jack rabbit. All the seeds'll be washed out."

"What a gay life this is!" I groans. "You're all wet if it doesn't rain and all washed up if it does."

"Call Jim," suggests the missus, sarcastic. "Maybe you can get him to predict that it'll keep coming down hard all day."

There's no let-up until noon, and when the cloud-burst does simmer down to a steady drizzle, the lawn's all cut up into ruts, sand from the roadways has been washed onto the flower beds and the whole place has the general appearance of a slum in Ararat after the flood.

"I'm through," says I to Kate, disgusted. "Three weeks of hard work all gone up the spout with nothing to show for it except a mess of drowned seeds."

"You got a coat of tan," consoles the frau.

"Fine!" I jeers. "The mountain labored and produced a freckle. There are a lot easier ways of getting sunburned than acting as a nursemaid to a wheelbarrow or chauffeur to a shovel."

"There's a notch on your belt in use," says the wife, "that you never expected to get back to again."

"I've lost a few pounds," I admits, "but it'd have been a whole lot cheaper and less painful to have had 'em cut away."

"Well, anyways," remarks Kate, "it wasn't your fault."

"That," I beams, "is reward enough. To have you come right out and confess that anything could happen, from a race riot in Afghanistan to the curdling of the Brie cheese crop in Sweden, and not be my fault makes up for all I've suffered and ——"

"It wasn't your fault," cuts in the missus, "that it rained, but a regular gardener would have had the garden and the lawn so far along there wouldn't have been any damage."

For the next few days I treats the place with the contempt it deserves, but one morning I pipes something that makes me sit up and take notice. All over the lawn is a thin green scum like you see on stagnant ponds.

"What's the matter?" I asks Taylor. "The ground gone moldy?"

"That," says he, "is grass. I guess the rain didn't do as much harm as I thought. All you got to do now is to use the roller and the weeder, and you'll have a regular lawn yet. How's the stuff coming along in back of the house?"

"I wouldn't even give it the benefit of a look," I tells him, but just the same I follows him.

The flower beds and vegetable garden are covered with little green shoots, but all the labels I'd put at the head of the rows had been knocked down and washed away.

"What you got in that row?" inquires Taylor, pointing at one off to a side.

"Watermelons," I returns at a venture.

"Looks to me like baby's-breath," says he.

"I guess you're right," I tells him, "though I don't remember planting any. I can tip you, though, on what's coming up in all those other spots."

"What?" he wants to know.

"Surprises," I replies. "It wouldn't jar me any if I got pumpkins where I imagine the lilies of the valley are supposed to be, and I didn't set either one of 'em out, to my best knowledge and relief."

"Well," says Taylor, "the rain probably washed seeds from one place to another."

"Thanks, old man," I returns with feeling, "for the alibi."

The next couple of weeks are the toughest I ever put in, running relay races with weeds and trying to keep the brutes from choking innocent grasslings to death. Kileen had sold me a lot of dinguses that were supposed to pull 'em out by the toe nails and make 'em like it, but there wasn't one tool that was worth a hiss in Hades.

The way to get a weed and get it good is to slap yourself down on your dimpled knees and dig it out with your fingers. By the time you've got one pulled, three more have grown up behind your back and four or five have worked their way through the digits of the hand you're not using; but such is the life, my dear, of the gay gardeneer.

Hank Ritter rolls around one day when I'm working frantic to keep myself from being surrounded by some mangy creepers that have invited themselves to my lawn party.

"What are you doing?" he asks.

"At the moment," I tells him, "I'm accompanying an Eskimo barytone on the bass tuba, but ——"

"Is that a weed I see over there?" cuts in Hank with a grin.

"Where?" I comes back. "Weed? That's Oscar, my pet blade of grass. He's some scrappy baby. I've seen him stand off three dandelions single-handed and ——"

"What you training him on?" inquires Ritter.

"Bone meal," I tells him. "Know what a lawn is, Hank?"

"What, my child?"

"A game of put and take," I answers. "You put in wampum and take out weeds. Believe me, I've got some crackajacks too. The other day I saw one just starting to grow by the side of the house. The next morning I was awakened on the third floor by a tickling sensation. The weed had climbed up and through the bedroom window."

"You wouldn't exaggerate, would you?" asks Ritter.

"You can't," I snaps, "with weeds."

"Well," says Hank, "the Magruders'll be here for dinner and ——"

"Gosh!" I cuts in. "Haven't I enough weeds?"

"And," goes on Ritter, "Jim'll tell you how to get rid of 'em. What's this?" he inquires, picking what resembles a spud off the lawn.

"Something Taylor's dog dragged over," I replies. "Looks like a sweet potato, doesn't it?"

"Guess it is," agrees Hank. "Want to plant it?"

"Not me," says I, and picking up the tuber I heaves it into a hole on the other side of the driveway where I'd been dumping weeds. "If it wants to grow by itself I won't get out any injunctions."

Ritter goes into the house and I drifts back to the garden to see if any of the flowers or vegetables have got out of their beds. I notices a thick bunch of leaves where I'd planted string beans, or maybe forget-me-nots, and pulls it up on suspicion. It's a radish, red and round, a little beauty!

I don't say a word to the folks when I comes in for dinner, but I have a short talk with Nora, the skillet wrestler back in the kitchen.

"Kate," says I, when we sits down to the table, "you can let the vegetable man go next week. We'll have enough of our own."

(Continued on Page 88)

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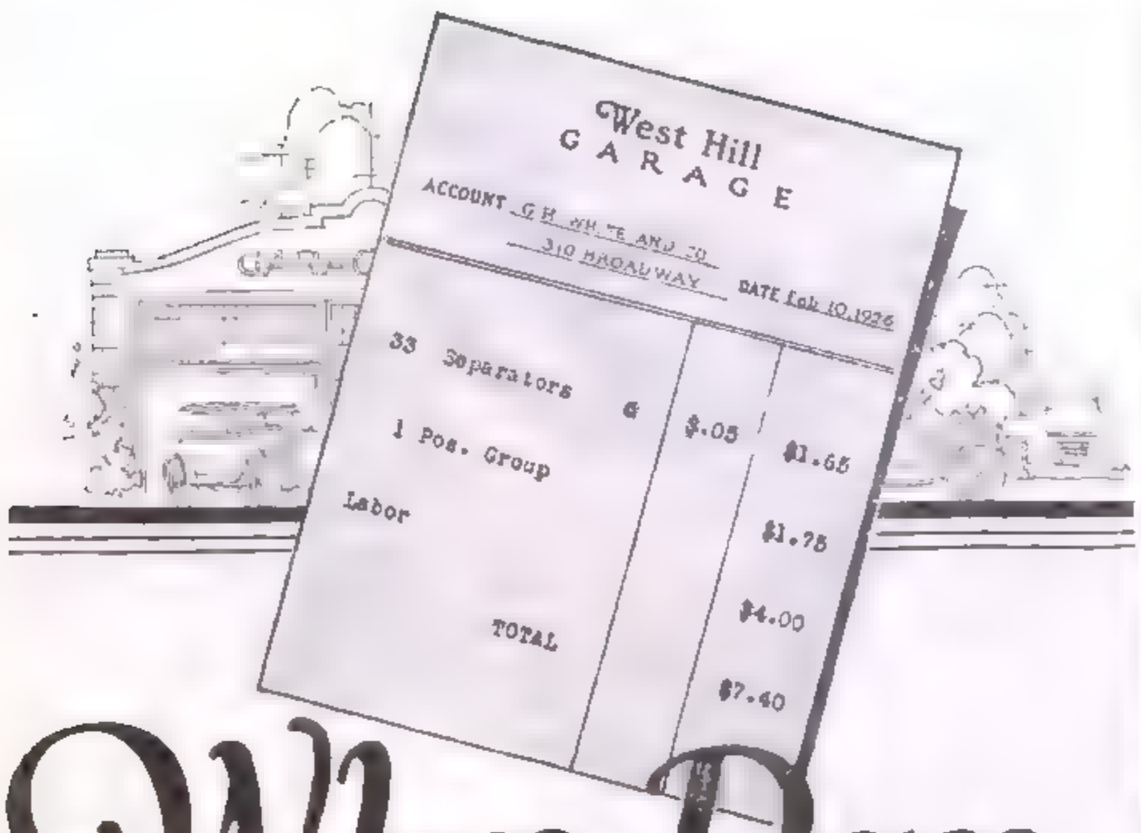

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NATIONAL LEADS THE WORLD IN BATTERY VALUE

(Continued from Page 86)

"Hush!" comes back the frau. "What do you want us to do—choke on our soup?"

I gives Nora the high sign. In a few seconds she comes back from the kitchen toting a platter. The whole bottom of it's covered with lettuce leaves and in the center is the radish, standing out like a red necktie on a green shirt.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I announces, rising, "the first fruits of the garden."

"Is it really a radish?" asks Lizzie.

"What do you think it is?" I yelps. "A decoy I been using? Look it over. You don't get radishes like that from grocers. Observe the shape and the firmness."

"Hear, hear!" applauds Ritter.

"Huh!" sneers Jim. "They feed better radishes than that to a hog."

"Nope," says I, "you don't get it. Here, Lizzie," I continues, passing the platter, "you shall have the honor. Eat it and tell the ladies and gentlemen if it isn't better than the kind you get from stores."

The Magruder jane takes a bite. Suddenly her face twists in agony and she lets out a shriek.

"There's a worm in it."

"So there is," I admits, stooping over, "but look at him. You don't get worms like that in store radishes."

IV

I GET nothing but bad breaks with the lawn and garden. In the next few weeks I'm either washed out or dried up, with moles digging subways all over the place and insects getting what does manage to grow.

The grass is bunchy and the front of the house looks about as much like a real lawn as a tractor resembles a young girl who's just had a marshmallow nut sundae.

"The gardener dropped by today," remarks the wife one evening. "He says he'll go all over the grounds and fix them up for ——"

"For how much?" I cuts in, quick.

"For three thousand dollars," answers Kate.

"Cheap enough," says I. "Let him go to it."

"At the beginning of the season," the missus reminds me, "he offered to do it for two thousand."

"In other words," I growls, "I've done a thousand dollars' worth of damage."

"More than less," nods the wife. "Go on and get dressed. We're all going to the flower show tonight."

"Count me out," I barks. "Flowers have made enough of a show out of me."

Ritter and the Magruders drop by in a little while.

"You exhibiting tonight?" asks Lizzie.

"Beat it," I shouts, "or I'll exhibit some temper that'll win a black ribbon on your front door for you."

"And you," laughs Jim, "were going to surprise us by pulling down first prize at the Doughmore show!"

"Listen, Dink," says Hank, taking me aside. "Hastings is running the flower layout this year and he wants to make a showing. I promised to bring you along. We'll stick around a few minutes and then beat it to a place I know where it's all right if they know you."

"Very well," I finally agrees. "But I'm darned if I tag along with the Magruders."

"You folks go ahead," says Ritter to Jim and Lizzie and the missus. "Dink and I'll come along a little later. We got some business to talk over."

"All right," returns Kate, "but don't talk up the whole bottle."

We wait a half hour; then Hank and I start for the show.

"What a fine flop of a gardener I turned out to be," I remarks, as we're walking down the driveway. "I haven't even a flower to put in my buttonhole."

"There's one there," comes back Ritter, pointing to a clump of weeds in the lot next door. "It's a beauty too."

I steps across the road and plucks the flower. It's almost as big as a cabbage and has more colors in it than a rainbow.

"What is it?" asks Hank.

"Some damn weed," I grumbles. "I wonder if it grew from that sweet potato I dumped into the hole here?"

"Search me," shrugs Ritter. "I don't know what a sweet-potato blossom looks like. I dare you to wear it," he finishes with a grin.

I got too much Scotch in me to be bluffed out of anything, so I calls the dare.

"You look like a whole show all by yourself," says Hank, after I've fastened the flower.

Hastings is at the door of the show building with another bird I don't know, when me and Ritter arrives. I notices the stranger looking at me close while I'm talking to Hastings, but he says nothing until Hank and the boss of the exhibit stroll away. Then he opens up.

"You raise that yourself?" he asks, pointing to the flower in my lapel.

"Oh, yes," I returns, careless.

"Why don't you enter it?" he inquires.

"Huh!" I gasps.

"I'm Trainor, one of the judges," he goes on. "Let me take it, won't you?"

"Glad to get rid of it," I tells him, and for a fact I am. A lot of folks have been staring at me, making me kind of uneasy. I passes the cabbage over to Trainor and he ducks over to where Hastings is. I sees them talking together and looking at me; then I forgets all about it. For about twenty minutes I strolls around.

"Come on," says I to Ritter, "let's duck."

"Just a few minutes," comes back Hank. "Something's doing."

At the end of the showroom is a platform and I notices Trainor standing there, holding up his hand for silence. After a bit he gets it and I find myself with the Magruders, Ritter and the wife bunched close to the speaker.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says the judge, "we are about to award the grand prize for the best exhibit at the show. You will be glad to know that the winner is a resident of Doughmore, a man so modest that it was with difficulty that we induced him to enter. Undoubtedly he has spent years developing the dahlia which I now hold before you."

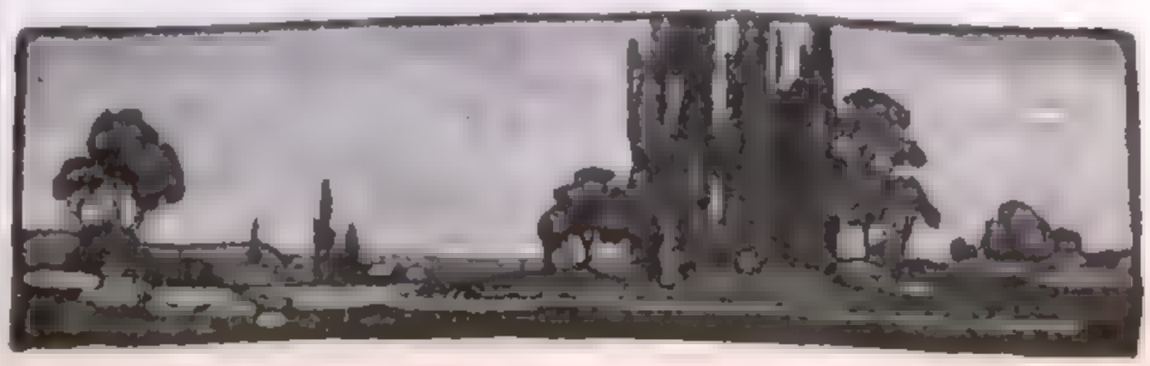
From a table near him he lifts a flower—the sweet-potato blossom he'd begged off of me! I stand still like a stupe, but I catch this through the haze:

"The cup goes to Dink O'Day for the most remarkable dahlia I've seen in twenty years of flower judging." There's lot of applause and then Trainor goes on: "You will be pleased to hear that I shall make application to the American Horticultural Society to have this improved species of dahlia listed as the Dink O'Day Dahlia. I thank you."

I turns toward the missus. She and Lizzie and Jim are looking at me with drooping jaws and staring eyes. Hank's almost doubled up with laughter.

"Sweet patootie!" he gasps.

"Apparently not," says I. "It must have been a dahlia bulb."



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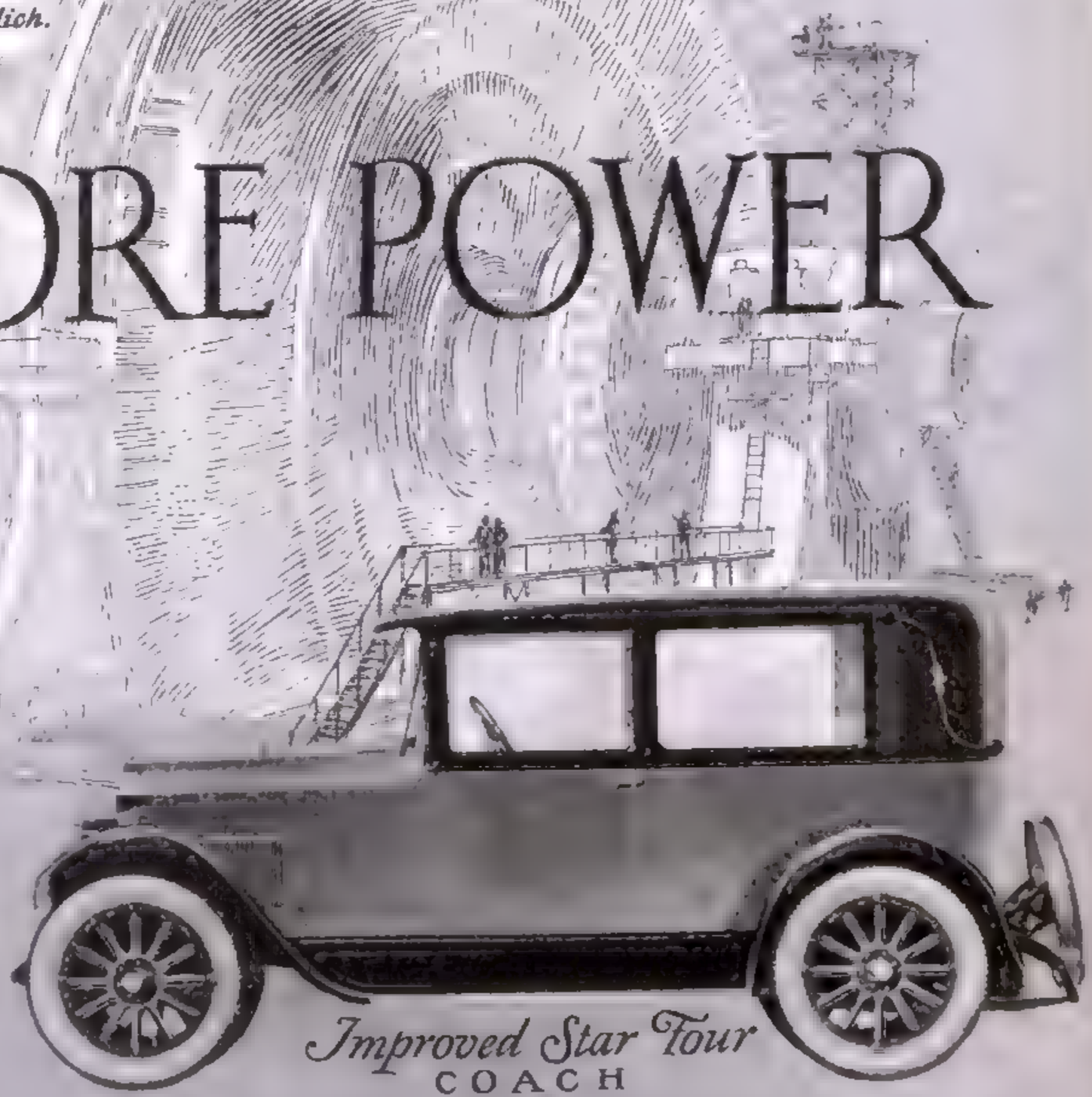

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THE CITY OF PERIL

(Continued from Page 11)

"Had enough walking for today," he grumbled. "Still, anything to oblige, confound you! What is this bloomin' new attraction that you can't keep away from?"

They were walking out from under the palms to where the road on top of the sea wall stretched between the flat-fronted houses of the town and the bay, ending four hundred yards away at the Praca, the little public square with its flaunting flame trees and its sparse oil lamps. Others walked there, too, in the deepening dusk, dim shapes of white, each signaled by the glowing tip of a cigarette.

Open *jalousies* showed lamplit interiors of rooms; women sat and fans moved in the windows; the city of Inhambane, little, ancient, glowing like a passion flower in the day and cowering like a leper through the night, was making the most of its hour. From the tower of the church sounded slow bells, each note mellow and long sustained.

"Well," insisted Stannard, "what is the attraction? A mechanical piano?"

"No," answered Berry. "Silva's gone one better than that. He's installed a barmaid—a white woman who tends bar."

Stannard came to an abrupt halt in the middle of the roadway.

"You poor fool," he said, "at your age! After all the time you've spent on this coast! What's the matter with you these days, Berry?"

"Not what you're thinking," was the answer. "I tell you, I want you to see her. You ought to, anyhow. She's a countrywoman of yours, and she tends bar for Silva. Come on, will you?"

Stannard yielded uneasily. "But what for?" he demanded. "Woman who's come down to that isn't anybody's countrywoman. And I'm not a missionary, you know."

"I want you to see her," was all that Berry would answer.

In the Praca, when they turned into it, the folk who languidly paraded, always solemnly, with the intent dignity of those who perform a significant rite, seemed no fewer than usual. The swarthy torpid faces of the Portuguese—none without its cigarette—floated past them under the feeble lamps. Each had the set look of gloomy preoccupation which is the soul armor of the Latin; no one showed in aspect or demeanor the fear that dwelt among them.

"Look at them!" said Berry suddenly. "This promenading here—d'you know what it is? It's the Dance of Death! There isn't one of them but knows what's come upon them. Any moment some fat old senhor may start screaming and topple over. That's how Cascaes died, right on the street! And those quiet houses with their own room locked and sealed! I tell you, Stannard, I wouldn't leave this place till I've seen it out for a million!"

"You're a fool," said Stannard; "and so are these people. Why don't they all clear out?"

Berry smiled. "Through the bush?" he asked. "There's not one of them that's been five miles inland in his life. No roads, no telegraph—and now no steamers; they're trapped, Stannard, and they know it. So they shudder and wait and promenade. . . . Ah, here's Silva's."

From an entry close at hand the light of many lamps flowed forth and cut a white lane across the square. From within came a murmur of voices, subdued, for that is the way of Inhambane, but with a certain intention of vivacity. Upon curtained windows there were silhouettes of grouped heads. This was Silva's, which was to little far-flung Inhambane what Maxim's, say, is to Paris—the same purpose, the same allure, the same fame, differing only in the scale.

They entered through a little vestibule, where a horrid yellow hunchback with a fez bowed and squirmed slavishly, to a large room beyond. A dozen small tables filled its floor of worn stone; about them were seated the owners of the shadow-show heads—a couple of Portuguese officers in uniform, a few sallow black-browed women with gold fringe upon their shawls and one with a great comb in her hair like a barbaric crown, and a scattering of nondescripts of the coast, shabby and furtively villainous. The bar, with its background of flyspecked mirrors, its rainbow of bottles, and so forth, cut off the end of the room.

The great Silva in person rolled forward to meet them, rubbing vast black-haired hands in front of his nearly globular person, his smile repeating itself in a dozen creases upon the great obscene surface that was his face. A rich man, Silva; he could sell you anything from a kidnaping to a murderer, from a black slave to a white one. This personal welcome he gave them was an honor.

"Gooda evenin', gentlemen." His voice sounded as though it were squeezed with an effort through layers of his fat. "Vera please' to see you. You like-a table for yo'self—yes? Here is nice little table. An' you like-a da drink?"

"Yes, that table will do," said Berry shortly. "And let's have—er—whisky, Stannard? Right; whisky, please."

The great Silva bowed and rolled away. The table at which they sat was near a side wall and from their seats they had a view of the whole room. A half-caste waiter brought their drinks and left them. Stannard helped himself.

"So that's the attraction, is it?" he said.

Two or three men, an officer among them, were not seated, but leaned against the bar. Facing them, on the other side of it, was a woman, with whom they exchanged what seemed to be a sluggish badinage.

"That's her," answered Berry. "Take a good look, now you're here."

"Don't think much of her, anyhow," murmured Stannard.

She was a smallish woman, sandy blond and pale, and in her thin face her eyes of weak blue seemed large. The arms that came and went in the wide sleeves of the gown she wore were thin, with bony elbows; the land, the climate or life itself had drained the sap of her body till instead of being merely meager she seemed actually brittle, as though a rough grasp upon her would not crush but simply snap her asunder like a dead twig. She smiled to each remark of the men before her—smiles as regular, as indistinguishable one from another as the motions of a precise mechanism. The officers made some *sotto voce* suggestion—she smiled; an unshaven desperado shoved forward his glass to be filled—she smiled; another tried to capture her hand—she smiled. Stannard, watching her, was moved from easy disgust to interest and curiosity. It came to him an idea and an analogy, outrageous and revealing. Just as a man who, with a tightening of his finger upon a trigger, stops a charging elephant need not be a strong man, nor he who fails to stop it with his bare hands be a weak one, so the soul behind that battery of smiles and feeble gestures need not be a vile one, nor, without them, would it necessarily be clean. And so unwontedly philosophizing, he saw at last that which Berry had brought him to see. The weak blue eyes had no part in the smiles; they were fixed and vacant, as though in a desperation; there was effort and strain in every small indecisive gesture; the little woman's smiles flicked in and out while her spirit strove in an agony of fear and resolution.

"Damnation!" Stannard, seeing it all with new eyes, breathed the word to himself.

But Berry heard it, and spoke aloud.

"Good!" he said. "I hoped you'd see, although you're not a missionary."

(Continued on Page 92)

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SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

(Continued from Page 90)

"No!" said Stannard. His pleasant ruddy face flushed strangely and his jolly mouth was not jolly now. "I'm not. But if one of those fellers lays hold of her I'm the angel of death. Where did that swine Silva find her?"

"Quiet!" warned Berry. "You can't do anything, old man. She came from Lourenço Marques of her own accord. Silva pays her well; until the steamers stopped calling she used to send a packet of money south every month."

"Where to?" asked Stannard. "And how do you know?"

"She told me," answered Berry. "She wanted to know if I couldn't tell her how to send the next lot. Strikes me you could carry it out for her."

"Oh, does it?" retorted Stannard. "Thoughtful of you, that!"

"Wasn't it?" agreed Berry without smiling. "Gives you a chance to play a part in the game while she's playing it to a finish—like me. Because I've a feeling that this plague's going to be historic."

"Eh?" Stannard turned to him, poising on the brim of weighty speech. But it was not uttered; for in that moment there came from without—from somewhere close by the door—a sound that struck the whole room to dumbness, that fetched the sitters at the tables to their feet and made the loungers at the bar spin round and stand tense. It was a cry at first—no more; but hardly were their ears aware of it before it shredded and thinned to a shrill screaming, a mere shivering loudness that was bestial because it had no likeness to any human voice. It rose and failed and rose again in frantic surges; and with it came another sound—the patter and shuffle of feet running away.

It happened to Stannard, trained to swift and cool observation in crowded moments of stress, to glance toward the woman behind the bar. As soon as her courtiers had turned, she had leaned back against the shelf behind her; she was not smiling or shrinking now—only resting. That awful outcry in the square had meant to her only a respite.

"Let's look!" said Berry, and led the way to the door.

Of those who had strolled in the Praca there were visible now only a few, who were still running from it, moving under the lamps with grotesque unaccustomed speed and the appearance of fantastic marionettes. Those—and one who had now ceased to scream and lay quiet where the light of a lamp rained on him through the boughs of a tree, striping, with bars of light and shadow, his face nuzzled into the warm dust, his stout body twisted in the final contortion of his death agony.

"Better not go near him," said Berry. "They'll drive convicts to carry him off. They had to use hot irons to them before they'd touch Cascaes."

Behind them, the door of Silva's café was thronged. The Portuguese officer who had stood at the bar came forth from the crowd and stood swaying a little beside them, staring. Then, without having spoken, he began to move off, shuffling sideways, with a face that glanced back and forth over his shoulder, as one might walk who feared a presence at his back. His movement gave the cue to others, and presently there were only two or three left.

"We'll go in again," said Berry. "It'll be quieter now."

The woman yet leaned against the shelf where they had last seen her. Stannard sat down while Berry walked over and spoke to her. She came to life at his approach and smiled—of course—but seeing who it was, she stopped it, as a writer might lay down his pen to talk to a friend. Stannard saw her nod and glance over to him as Berry spoke; then Berry came back to the table.

"I've ordered champagne," he explained. "You'd better not drink the stuff, though. But Silva encourages her to go and sit with champagne buyers, and she gets a commission on the price."

Stannard nodded. "And I'm to carry the total of her—er—commissions down country for her, eh? All this stage setting wasn't necessary to persuade me to do it. As for that, I'll take her out too, if she likes. She could travel in a *machela*"—a hammock slung on a pole, he meant—"most of the way. I've got plenty of boys."

Berry looked at him and smiled slowly.

"I guessed you'd offer to take her," he said. "But she wouldn't go; you can ask her. And I haven't set any stage for you. It's what I said; I just wanted you to see her. You've done some pretty desperate and dangerous things in your time and that's why I think you ought to know each other. You two—you're a pair!"

"And you," began Stannard explosively, "you're a ——"

He subsided, for the champagne had arrived and with it the woman who was the bait for the champagne customers. As a matter of course, he rose and placed a chair for her. He did not see her look of startled thanks.

"Lord," she said with a tired sigh, "but I'm glad to get a sit-down!" Her voice was a toneless tinkle, as flavorless as her smiles. "That was another dead man outside, wasn't it? We're gettin' 'em every night now."

Berry was pouring the wine, the tooth-corroding laboratory product that men will drink in such places. So Stannard took it on himself to answer.

"You may be getting a dozen every night soon," he said. "The whole town might go that way; it did once before, you know. It's a good place to be out of."

She made a grimace of utter agreement.

"It's that and more," she said. "I'd give one o' my arms to be out of it an' never see it again. Only"—she tossed her head wearily—"beggars can't be choosers, can they? An' there's no boats anyhow. We-ell"—she picked up one of the glasses which Berry had filled—"'ere's to a bloody war an' a sickly season!"

She laughed foolishly and drank, and somehow it seemed that the swashbuckling old army toast expressed a meaning of hers.

Berry touched his lips to his potion.

"My friend here is leaving tomorrow," he told her. "He's traveling on foot with his boys, and he'll take that letter for you if you like."

She flashed round to Stannard.

"Will you?" she cried. It was the first frank liveliness she had shown. "It's a letter to my 'usband. You see, he's been sick, an' he's 'ad bad luck, so he's sort of dependent on me. I'd take it as a great favor, an' I know I can trust a friend o' Mr. Berry's."

"Your husband!" A light began to dawn. Sick, with bad luck, and dependent on her; here, it would appear, was the clew to that resolute suffering, that voluntary enslavement to fear and degradation. "But—wouldn't it be better if you were to go to him? I could take you out to Rhodesia."

He paused; she had shaken her head decisively.

"Who'll pay me what I'm gettin' here?" she demanded. "This place is 'ell, all right, but they do pay you 'ere. I'd never get another chancet like this. No, mister; if you'll only just see my letter into a mail box. I'll be all right."

She had the letter inside the bosom of her dress, and now drew it forth, a fat envelope addressed in a large sprawl of writing. She tendered it to him.

"I'll register it for you when I get to a post office," said Stannard. He wasn't going to argue with people like her and Berry; if she wouldn't come she wouldn't, and there was no more to say. He took the letter and glanced at the address before stowing it in his pocket. Mr. James Banham was to be the recipient, and it was to reach him at the British Consulate in Lourenço Marques.

"Banham!" he read aloud, and frowned thoughtfully. "Banham! I seem to know that name."

(Continued on Page 94)

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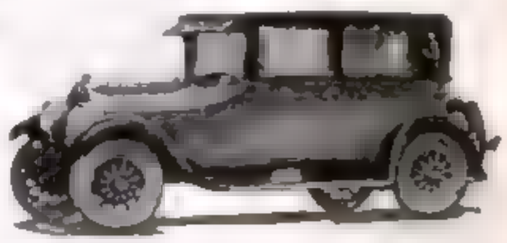

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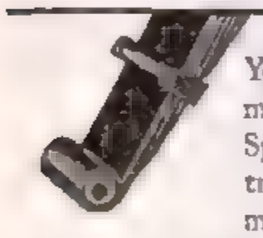

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Harvey RACINE

(Continued from Page 92)

He looked up in all innocence; the girl was facing him with all her poor little face hardened into defiance and aggression.

"Yes, it's him!" she broke out viciously. "You haven't got to take it if you don't want to. S'pose you're afraid to dirty your 'ands, 'elpin' a poor devil that can't get a chancet to 'elp 'imself. Gimme back that letter!"

Stannard was amazed. "But what have I said?" he protested. "It was only that the name seemed familiar. I'm awfully sorry if ——"

"Tell him," put in Berry. "He doesn't know. Or shall I?" He did not wait for a reply, but turned at once to Stannard. "The wreck of the Mariqueta," he said. "That's when you heard of him. Remember now?"

"Oh!" Stannard pursed his lips. The girl was watching him, leaning with both arms upon the table, her fists tight clenched. He did remember, and he had even seen the man. It was a horrid tale of a coastal steamer crashing on a reef in the broad day, of a panic on board, of a man who had fought his frantic way over the bodies of women and children to the one boat that had come to safety. There had been details too—memorable details—and the man, for a final horror, had been an Englishman. He had been pointed out to Stannard as a thing of unpleasant interest, like a strange deformity, upon the streets of Lorenço Marques, a lean sidelong creature, who shook as he moved as though with an ague, with great white eyeballs in a skeleton face and a long claw of a hand clutching his buttonless jacket about his chest. And Stannard, newly returned from a trip to England, where he had lectured successfully and been lionized, strong, secure and happy, had turned away from the timid, wretched regard of those eyes and asked, "Why do such things live?"

"Well?" demanded the girl sharply.

Stannard looked up. "I'll take your letter, of course. I do remember now; it makes no difference. I'm only sorry I—er I mean "

She nodded. "Doesn't matter, anyhow. Let's have another drink. On'y, you see," she went on, as though reasoning with him, "people don't know everything. There's more in Jim than what they think there is. When that shipwreck story got about, everybody was down on him, and it isn't as if 'e was the on'y man that was saved. He couldn't get no job, not anywhere; they'd 'a' let 'im starve. So naturally, I thinks, better to get married right away and see what the two of us can do. Wasn't I right?"

"Er—no doubt," deferred Stannard. "But—you married him after the shipwreck then?"

She smiled—not one of her duty smiles. "He was on his way to our marriage when it happened," she answered. "You see?"

Stannard nodded vigorously. "Of course I see," he said. "I see everything. . . . Berry, give me a glass of that champagne. It's probably more dangerous than the plague, but I'm going to risk it."

He raised the glass that was pushed across to him and looked over it to the woman.

"Best respects!" he toasted, and drank.

The body still lay in the Praca when they left, and the lamp near it was yet alight. The functionary whose business it was to extinguish it had not dared to approach, and they encountered no living soul during their homeward walk. Once, passing a house where dim lines of light shone through the slats of a shutter, they heard a dull confusion of voices that beat to and fro and another voice that wept aloud through it all.

"Jolly evening we've had," remarked Stannard at last. "You've a grand notion of entertaining a guest, haven't you? And that champagne too—I'll swear there was sulphuric acid in it!"

"Well," said Berry, "I think it's right you should go back with a taste in your mouth. You'll have something to remember besides lions and niggers."

"I prefer 'em," retorted Stannard. "I'm not a damned sentimentalist. Open air for me, and hard muscles, and you can have the bottled vitriol an' the canned romance. I suppose that woman was telling the truth, by the way?"

"She was," answered Berry. "Don't you know that she was?"

Stannard grunted. "Wonder if her rotten husband knows about the plague."

"He does," said Berry. "I wrote him by the last steamer that called. He ought to suffer a bit, if he can. The least he can do to repay her is to fret a bit. It's not much, but it's something."

"I want a whisky," replied Stannard. "Remember what she said—'He's sort of dependent on me,' after seeing her earn his living for him."

"She believes in him," said Berry. "After all, she ought to know, and we know nothing. I'm leaving it at that."

"Thank goodness!" breathed Stannard. "Now I can get that whisky."

They parted at daybreak next morning, for Stannard meant to profit by the hours before the sun grew to its might. Berry accompanied him to the head of the bay, whence Stannard's route led upward to the saddle of the little coastwise hills. From the knoll where they bade each other good-by, they saw the little antique town painted against the brightening flush of the east, its sea front mirrored in glass-clear waters, the whole of it beautiful with the ethereal loveliness of a dream in the light of the newborn day. They gazed at it together.

"Looks fine just now," said Stannard. "I suppose," he added, "it always looks like that to you—a fairy tale that tells itself?"

Berry smiled. "We're all looking for some place," he answered. "Maybe I've found mine."

"You're easily satisfied then," said Stannard. "There's not a thing you can do. You've no medicines, no powers and no chance. And still I've half a mind to stay with you."

Berry held out his hand. "You'd be a fool," he said. "You've business elsewhere, and a life of your own. Good luck to you!"

They shook hands. "Back in about eighteen months," said Stannard. "So long till then."

"So long!"

The thorn grew in patches thereabouts; one had to wind one's way through it. A dozen paces and each was alone, thinking of the other—and each with a tolerant and pitying smile.

Stannard's boys, gaunt bushwise negroes of his own training, numbered about a score, and with only half-loads distributed among them he meant to make good time through the difficult country to the frontier. He reached the swamp belt in two days after breaking camp, where vague old rivers, with no source and no mouth, wallowed in beds of slime under a screen of riotous jungle, and the way was by foot-wide paths that writhed over the mud like serpents and were to be traced only by sounding ahead with a pole. There was no game here except birds for the pot, and twenty big Kaffirs need a lot of little green parrots every day to keep them in condition; but, to balance things, there were reptiles and insects enough to furnish a battalion of nightmares. By day and night the mosquitoes, the tsetse, the hippo-fly and the rest made life a torment; coral snakes, gaudy as sugar sticks, became a real danger; every trifling scratch and cut festered and ached like a bullet wound. And it was here, of all places, in the slime and fetor of the mud, the virulent green of its rank growths, between a black quaking bog and scum-covered lagoon, that the journey to the frontier ended.

They were moving in single file, with the *capias* boy in the lead, sounding with a bamboo before him, the brass rings on the men's sticks clattering for a warning to snakes, and Stannard bringing up the rear, his shotgun on his arm. The line ahead of him halted, and after a minute he shouted to know what was stopping them. The line moved on, checked and moved again, so that at last he came to a little clearing of more or less solid earth, where his boys were crowded together, staring at what they had found.

"What's this?" Stannard shoved his burly niggers aside and stepped forward.

Two skinny Kaffirs squatted on the ground, hands and feet bound with cords, their small shabby loads—poor man's loads—lying beside them; and over them, where he had risen on the arrival of Stannard's party, stood a lean white man, ragged as a scarecrow, filthy as a jackal, with an uneven beard matted about his jaws and hair that hung lank under his ruin of a hat. He glared at Stannard and his men, and there was a show of teeth between his rigid lips.

None spoke for some moments; then a word began to run from mouth to mouth among the negroes. "Slaves!" they said, staring at the bound Kaffirs. Africa is the home of the slave trade; it never dies; perhaps it never will.

Then the white man spoke. "Hullo!" he said. "Heard you coming, but thought you was further off. Is there a way out o' this mud?"

Stannard pointed to the Kaffirs in their bonds. His plump pink face was hard as iron.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded curtly.

The other followed his pointing finger, gazed stupidly and looked back again.

"Them? They're my boys," he answered. "Four I had, but two bolted. So when I stop, I make sure these two don't bolt after 'em. They're scared, that's what they are—scared o' goin' towards Inhambane."

"Oh!" said Stannard. "I suppose you know there's plague there. If you're thinking of making for Inhambane, you'd better ——"

He broke off and his jaw dropped. For a moment he was actually voiceless; he could only stare.

"Eh?" said the other.

Stannard swallowed and became vocal. "I know you!" he cried. "I know you! You're Banham!"

The eyes of the man before him widened to show the whites, and he began to shake. He made a little movement of the head that was despair and resignation in a gesture.

"Yes," he said weakly. "I can't 'elp it—I can't 'elp it. I got to go, anyhow. Man up there wrote to me about the plague an'—well ——"

"What?" shouted Stannard. "There's the plague; people are dying in the streets, kicking and screaming; the doctor's dead. Why are you going? Aren't you afraid? Answer, man!"

Banham looked at him and then down at the ground. He sighed.

"I'm afraid, o' course," he said. "I've got the name for it. I can't 'elp bein' afraid any more than you can 'elp despisin' me for it. But—well, my wife's up there; she's been very good to me; so now ——"

Stannard strode forward.

"Shake hands," he said. "I'll see you clear of the swamps and take you on to Inhambane. Ought to be something I can do up there—in spite of old Berry. Three white men ought to be able to run a townful of Dagoes, oughtn't they, Banham?"

"Yes, sir," said Banham.

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UP ROSE EMILY

(Continued from Page 43)

lingered hauntingly, and a group of girls in their teens paused to stare frankly and appraisingly at her gown and at herself.

At the elevator door, where their partings were, she asked uncertainly, "Will you be gone tomorrow?"

He shook his head. "No, no," he said eagerly. "There are some things I can do tomorrow morning; and I want to see you again tomorrow afternoon. I may have to go tomorrow night."

"I'm glad you're not going before," she said softly.

"Are you?" he demanded; and she replied in a fashion the more emphatic because it was without emphasis, "Yes!"

She was by no means so sure of the answer to Mary Brant's question when that night she went to sleep at last. And next afternoon they drove together, and she became more and more uncertain. He was so fine. Yet when now and then he seemed about to say that which she wished to hear, she gave him no chance to speak, drawing the conversation this way and that. But back at the hotel, Douglas stopped the car and sat for a moment before helping her to alight.

"I want to see you in the morning, Emily May," he said, a curious quality in his voice.

"You're not—going tonight, then?"

"No."

"I'm glad."

"May I see you?"

She smiled uneasily. "I expect you will if you stay. We've been seeing each other, haven't we?"

And then she made the mistake of looking at him; a mistake because his eyes somehow robbed her of speech, and she could only sit still and try to maintain her uneasy little smile till he stepped out of the car and came to help her to the ground.

"Come down early," he urged. "I'll have the car here at nine. Something I want to tell you, Emily May."

"Important?" she asked.

He nodded. "To me. To—both of us, I think."

"Then I'll surely come," she agreed, finding assurance in the fact that she was on the ground, free to escape. And she did just that, flinging a glance to him from the door as he wheeled the car away. Her heart was in her throat, fluttering there, as she hurried through the lobby, but she saw the clerk looking at her, and so stopped to ask whether her trunks had come.

"Didn't come today," he confessed. "Maybe you'd better start a tracer after them."

He added, "There was a man here looking for you."

"A man?" she asked in vague alarm. "Who was he? Where is he?"

"We thought you were on the golf links," the clerk explained. "He's gone out to try to find you there. A young man named Hillis, from"—he consulted the register—"East Harbor, Maine."

Emily May, though she was quite sure she had done nothing in the least wrong, felt an astonishing sense of guilt, like a sprinkle of ice water across her shoulders, so that she shivered and wished to run.

But she managed to answer steadily enough, "I'll be in my room till dinner."

The clerk nodded, and Emily May crossed to the elevator. Her feet lagged; she had, in a moment of whimsical fancy, a rush of sympathy for the small boy who, his vacation ended, must return to school.

For Luther was such a persistent, such a stubbornly determined young man; and she did so much want to hear what Douglas had to say.

♥

EMILY MAY fled to her room as to a sanctuary, and she cried to Mary Brant, "Mary, Mary! Luther's here. Whatever shall I do?"

"And what's he here for?" Mary Brant demanded irascibly.

"He must have come to get me," said Emily May helplessly. "That's what he's done. He's come to take me home."

"How can he take you home if you're not ready to go?" the old woman reminded her.

"But he's so persistent, Mary!"

"I'd never have thought it before Armen died, but you're a persistent young person yourself, Emily May." Old Mary smiled. "He's never a chance in the world, till you're minded to go."

The telephone buzzed, and Emily May caught it up and heard Luther's voice.

"Emily May?" asked that stubborn young man.

"Yes, Luther," said Emily May demurely, reaching out to hold Mary Brant's hand.

"I want to talk to you," he said truculently.

"I'm—dressing just now," Emily May told him, with an apologetic sidelong glance at Mary Brant. "I'll be down to dinner pretty soon, Luther. They told me you were here." She tried to make her voice pleased and welcoming. "Weren't you nice to come all this way to play with me?"

"I'm going to wait right by the elevator," said Luther stoutly, and Emily May smiled into the telephone.

"That'll be fine," she agreed. "That will be fine, Luther. Good-by!"

Mary Brant was chuckling when Emily May turned toward her, and Emily May said miserably, "But what's so funny, Mary? I think it's terrible."

"The voice of you so meek and mild," said Mary Brant, "and him so brash and bold, a-setting in one of them velvet chairs. Eh, but it'll be the death of Luther, spending money the way he'll do it here."

"He'd never stay here," cried Emily May.

"He's here now!" Mary Brant reminded her. "And there's no two-dollar boarding house anywhere around that I can see. And if he wants to take you home he'll stay a while. I'll tell him."

Emily May nodded, beginning to enjoy herself.

"I wish my trunks were here," she exclaimed. "I'd like to just dazzle him when he sees me."

"He's dazzled by now," Mary Brant predicted. She was helping Emily May out of her dress, talking while she worked. But they were both paralyzed by the sound of a harsh, insistent knock upon the door; and Emily May whispered, "Who's that?"

"I did not think he'd like setting in them velvet chairs," said Mary Brant. "Get you into my room, my dear, while I give the young man a word."

Emily May scuttled to obey, but she left open the connecting door so as to hear; heard Luther's voice. "Where is she, Mary?" he demanded. "I couldn't wait down there. I've got to see her right away."

"Don't go pushing past me," Mary Brant told him sharply, "or I'll have them throwing you out of here. She'll be ready to see you in her own good time and never a minute before."

"Is she all right, Mary?" he begged. "She's crazy, isn't she? What's the matter with her, anyway?"

"She's not dressed for callers now is all that's the matter with her," Mary Brant assured him. "You be setting in the hall here, and I'll have you in by and by."

"Is this her room?" he insisted.

"Just you set you down there in that velvet chair," she bade him, and shut the door upon him with no further word, and when the lock clicked Emily May emerged from the other room, her eyes dancing.

"You would have him in a velvet chair, wouldn't you, Mary?" she cried.

"It'll take the starch out of the bold young man," said Mary. "Now, my dear, let me fix you so he'll be struck dumb in the lick of an eye."

When by and by—the time must have seemed to Luther interminable—they were ready Mary asked, "You want I should go and leave you alone with him?"

"No, no," Emily May cried. "No, don't do that, Mary. Stay here every minute. I never could face him alone."

Mary nodded. "Never be afraid of any man," she said reassuringly. "Here he comes then, my dear!" She opened the door; and Luther must have tired of the velvet chair, for he came swinging in with the door as though he might have been attached to it.

And Emily May said steadily, "Why, Luther, did you have your ear against the door?"

He shook his head, not so much in denial as to brush the question aside, shook his heavy head upon his broad shoulders and came and loomed bulkily above her.

"What are you up to, Emily May?" he demanded. "Trying to fool people this way, and throwing your money around?"

She looked at him doubtfully. "Fool people?" she repeated.

"Telling them you're a moving-picture actress," he exclaimed, his mouth bitter with scorn. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I didn't tell them I was," she protested.

"Everybody's talking about you," he cried. "I'm going to stop it, Emily May."

She said gravely, "Luther, you're so noisy! And you haven't any right to talk to me this way. I told you I'd let you know if I were coming home right away; and that's the only reason I wrote you. You hadn't any right to come here."

"And your trouble for your pains," Mary Brant echoed approvingly. "We don't need your advice, young man."

Luther whirled on her. "You ought to have more sense, if she don't, Mary," he protested. "You're old, and you ought to know better."

"Old, am I?" she cried. "You'll never be as young as me if you live to be a hundred. You was old before you ever was born."

Before he could speak Emily May caught his eye.

"I can do what I choose," she said soberly. "You know that, Luther."

He tried to find a measure of composure. "You said you were going to Boston and buy some clothes and have a little vacation," he reminded her accusingly. "So I let you go. I never thought you'd go signing wrong names and pretending to be someone else, and spending a mint of money you haven't got."

"I signed my own name," Emily May protested, "and I didn't pretend anything." She smiled with quick amusement. "And I couldn't very well have a mint of money after I'd spent it, could I, Luther? And you didn't let me go!" Her tone sharpened on the word.

"You signed as if you lived in New York, and Los Angeles, and places," Luther pointed out. "That's pretending. And I don't aim to let you go running up a lot of bills. This place here—I asked them—you could build a house on a month's board and lodging here."

"I haven't been here a month," she reminded him provokingly. But though her tone was light her eyes were dark and angry. He was too blind or too stubborn to see.

"You're not going to be," he told her. "You're coming home with me if you want to marry me."

She abruptly realized that his voice was loud; and that other voices, lower pitched, sometimes came through her open window from the ground below. At the thought she rose and crossed and looked out. Her room was on the second floor, and just below her window to the right lay the end of the veranda, its roof almost touching her window sill. The man Jasper was standing there, standing by the veranda rail and looking up with a frank interest toward her window. he caught her eye with a quick smile. And Emily May shuddered a little and pulled down the window, and turned back to Luther with something stern in her bearing.

"Don't talk so loud, Luther," she said. "And—I don't want to marry you. I don't even want to talk to you any more."

"You don't want folks to hear what I've got to say," he corrected her. "You're afraid what they'll think. I guess there'll be noise enough around here when they know who you are. Nobody at all, and not a cent to your name."

She hesitated, half minded to tell him the truth about old Armen Cutter; to confess to Luther that she had not only a cent to her name but many dollars besides.

But his manner was not designed to conciliate her; so, instead, she said sardonically, "Nobody? I'm the famous Miss Carter of Los Angeles, Luther. If I weren't you'd never be here in my room. It would never do for Emily May Cutter to let a man come to her bedroom, but an actress can do lots of things."

"It's all right if she's going to marry him," he protested uncomfortably.

"But you see, I'm not going to marry you."

Luther hesitated; his eyes had a helpless, baffled depth.

"Listen, Emily May," he pleaded. "I'm just trying to take care of you, keep you from making a fool of yourself."

"You're making a fool of yourself," Emily May assured him.

"I guess I am," he said moodily, "trying to do anything with you. You're so set. But—Emily May, why don't you come home? They'll find out you can't pay your bills, and they'll put you in jail or something, sure. I brought some money with me, and I guess I can fix it to make them let you go."

She was faintly touched. "Luther," she confessed, "I—don't have to worry about that. I can pay for anything I've bought."

"I know," he conceded. "Maybe you can. I heard you put a mortgage on the house. But you're going to have to live somewhere, Emily May, when you come home."

"I've more money than you know, Luther," she said; and she would, perhaps, have told him the truth then.

But he cried explosively, "You don't know anything about money, Emily May. You never had any, and now, just because you got hold of some, it runs through your fingers. And there's no good in having people talk about you the way they do. Folks'll hear about it in East Harbor, Emily May, and they'll talk about you there. You know the way they do."

"I shan't hear them!" she cried.

"Yes, you will," he said stoutly. "Emily May, you might as well come to it. You're going to marry me, and I don't figure to let you make a mess of things before that. You pack up, and in the morning we can start home."

She had been near melting, but she was flaming at him now.

"I won't!" she said hotly. "Luther, I don't believe I ever will. Never as long as I live."

"You got to!" he retorted.

"I've got to, have I?" she challenged. "Why have I got to? Who's going to make me, Luther?"

"I am," he said with a stubborn nod of his head, "if you're so foolish. All I got to do is go downstairs and tell them who you are, and you'll go to jail. I guess you'd rather go home than that."

"I wouldn't," she cried; and she clung to Mary Brant, finding herself curiously near to tears in her rage. "I'd rather go to jail!"

Mary Brant thought it time to take a hand; to give Emily May a chance to recover herself. She put her arm gently across the girl's shoulder, spoke angrily to Luther.

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 96)

"You've done enough talking, Luther Hillis," she said irately. "You're more of a fool than ever I thought, and I always thought you was an almighty fool. Get out of here now and get away with you."

He said uncertainly, "You know I'm talking sense, Mary. And you too, Emily May."

Emily May's face was buried on Mary's shoulder.

"Go away!" she told him, her voice muffled. "Go away!"

Luther started uncertainly toward the door. "You mind what I say, though, Emily May," he insisted, stopping and turning to face them again. "I'm going to make you go home if I have to tell them who you are."

Emily May was silent a moment, then she lifted her eyes and looked at him curiously, appraisingly.

"Would you really do a thing like that, Luther?" she asked.

He flushed uncomfortably. "Well, I got to make you have some sense, and I can't let you go on cheating them and running up bills."

"You'd never tell ——"

He thought she was afraid, was weakening. "I would," he assured her. "But I'll wait a spell. I won't tell them tonight. I'll come see you in the morning, Emily May, and if you're all ready to go, all right then."

"You needn't come," she said bitterly. "I won't let you in."

"I guess you'd better think it over."

"I don't want to think it over. I know what I think of you."

He moved again toward the door, reluctantly, on laggard feet.

"Well, I got to do my duty," he said, half to himself. "I got to look out for you and make you come home."

Mary Brant strode after him, and flung the door open and set her capable hand between his broad shoulders and gave him an abrupt and effective shove. Emily May saw him totter, stumbling, half across the hall outside; and his movement was so ludicrous that she was near laughing through the traces of her tears.

But just before she laughed she saw something that made her instantly sober and concerned again. For Luther in his stumbling progress had collided with a man who must have been passing in the hall at the moment, or who had perhaps been standing there. And Emily May recognized the man, recognized Jasper, who wished her, she knew well, no good.

Mary Brant saw Jasper too; and she stood an instant with the door open, watching them; heard Jasper say, with a quick smile, to Luther, "I say, old man, you come out fast, don't you? They don't want you in there."

Then Mary Brant slammed the door and locked it, and she turned back to Emily May with triumph in her bearing; the same triumph apparent in the demeanor of a small dog who by vociferous barking thinks he has driven off an enemy of the house. But her triumph faded when she saw Emily May standing uncertainly, her hand pressed against her lips, her eyes wide with a growing light of fear.

VI

MARY BRANT, with no preamble, took Emily May in her arms.

"Now there, my dear," she cried. "There's nothing to hurt you."

"I'm afraid," Emily May confessed.

"Afraid of him?" Mary's tone was full of scorn.

"Of the other; that Mr. Jasper. He'll get it out of Luther. I know he will."

"And what if he does? You've done no harm."

"I don't know."

"There," said Mary Brant. "Come down to dinner bold as life. Let him see you're not afraid of him."

"I can't," Emily May wailed. "I can't face Luther. I don't know what he'd do."

"You have to eat," Mary Brant said. "It's no good going without your victuals."

"Ask them to send up something," Emily May directed. "I don't want to go down. Anything you want. We can eat it here. I'm going to stay in the room."

"You've no call to take on so—over any man."

Emily May smiled appealingly. "After all, I am just kind of playing a game, Mary. I'm—East Harbor folks underneath. I'm not used to such goings on. It was fun for a while, but it isn't fun any more."

"You'll be laughing at it all in the morning," Mary promised. But she could not persuade Emily May to go downstairs; so in the end they dined in the room. While the waiter was arranging the table Emily May strolled to the window and stood there looking out. It was not yet wholly dark, and so it happened that she presently saw Jasper drive away in his car, no other than Luther in the seat beside him. This seemed to Emily May an ominous and ill-boding incident, but Mary Brant refused to take it seriously.

"Let him tell if he wants to," she insisted. "He'll only be the bigger fool in the end."

"But the whole hotel will be laughing at me," wailed Emily May.

"There's other hotels," Mary Brant reminded her. "And you've had the laugh on them so far anyway."

Emily May had, before she went to bed, the comfort of a word with Douglas. He telephoned to ask why she had not come down to dinner; whether she were ill. There was a warmth and a solicitude in his tones which she found infinitely comforting; her own voice softened and she smiled while she spoke to him.

"You'll come down early?" he reminded her at last; and she nodded into the instrument.

"Yes, Douglas," she replied. And a moment later, to his word, added a low "Good night!" Turned away from the telephone with dancing eyes. "Well, anyway, I've got Douglas," she cried happily to Mary Brant.

"You've put your mark on that young man," the old woman agreed. "And he's been long enough about it too. If he'd eyes in his head to see he must have seen days agone."

"Why, Mary!" Emily May cried; and Mary cackled with amusement.

"Sure and you never thought you were hiding it, did you, my dear? With your eyes singing that tune every time you looked at him."

Emily May pretended and tried to feel great distress at this, but she slept at last, comforted by the certainty that Douglas knew, and that in the morning he would tell her so. Woke, therefore, in swift delight at Mary's summons.

"He's at the telephone as early as this," the old woman grumbled. "They put him on my room and the bell right by my bed. It's a wonder he couldn't call you himself, and let a body sleep."

Emily May, slipping into negligee, kicking her feet into mules, laughed breathlessly.

"Don't be a grump, Mary Brant," she protested, and fled to the other room. Mary stayed where she was, turning back the bed, ordering the curtains at the window, setting the bath in order. She smiled as she worked, yet took care not to seem to hear what Emily May was saying in the other room. But she caught the girl's tone, and this disturbed her; so she was waiting apprehensively when Emily May presently returned, and her arms were ready when Emily May flung herself on the older woman's bosom.

"There, there," she murmured, patting Emily May's shoulder. "But what is it, my dear, and what's the matter anyhow?"

"He's going away," Emily May cried. "He just said he was going away, and couldn't wait to see me; and his voice was so cold and still."

"Going away, is it? Well, never fear but he'll be back again."

"He won't," Emily May insisted. "I know he won't. He's gone."

"But what's into him?" Mary demanded. "What's the matter with the man?"

Emily May considered this, drawing back, wiping her eyes, trying to steady her voice.

"I don't know," she confessed.

"Didn't he say? A fine way to do now."

"Mr. Jasper maybe told him that Luther was in my room," Emily May hazarded. "And he didn't know who Luther was, and probably he's thinking all sorts of things about me."

"Tosh!" said Mary Brant explosively. "If he's big enough fool to be jealous of Luther you're well rid of the man."

"But he might be angry," Emily May insisted. She added more quickly, "Or maybe Luther has told them, and Douglas doesn't want anything to do with such a little fraud as me. Or because I was rich," she added bitterly.

"Never think that," Mary Brant protested. "Not that young man. He wasn't the kind for that, Emily May."

If Mary had joined in attacking Douglas, Emily May might have shifted and defended him, but her unhappiness made her perverse, and Mary's defense increased her own bitterness till she had no word of good to say of him. What her thoughts may have been is another matter, but outwardly, at least, she cast Douglas forever from her mind.

"I shan't let it make me unhappy," she cried, her head high. "Hurry and dress, Mary. We'll go down to breakfast just the same."

Mary approved this. "Never let any man trouble you," she agreed, "and he'll be back by and by."

So they did go down to breakfast a little later on, and if Emily May was miserable and lonely and unhappy she hid it behind a proudly lifted head and a calm eye. But she watched those about her to see if there was any difference in their bearing. They seemed, she thought, as curious and as interested as they had been before, watching her every mouthful, the movement of her head, the glance of her eyes. She found this pleasant, stimulating; had recovered her composure when presently she and Mary left the dining room.

She paused for a moment at the desk to ask again about her trunks. The clerk, before replying, handed her a letter, unstamped, addressed to her room. She had a momentary thought that this might even now be a word from Douglas, and she tore it open with a swift movement, only to discover that it was instead a bill from the hotel covering the charges to her account.

While she studied it with fixed eyes, something cold touching her heart, the clerk said in a curious tone, "No, the trunks have not come. Nothing has been heard from them. Where did you say they were sent from, Miss Carter?"

Emily May abstractedly named the hotel in Boston, and the clerk made a note upon a pad beside him.

"We will inquire," he promised.

Emily May held out the bill toward him. "But I'm not leaving yet," she said.

He smiled blandly. "It is customary to present a semiweekly bill," he said in a suave tone.

She nodded, fighting for composure.

"Oh, yes"; and after a moment, said steadily, "Thank you," and turned, with Mary Brant, away toward the elevator and their rooms.

Once there, secure, the door tight locked, she gave way for a moment to her apprehension.

"Do you think Luther told them, Mary?" she cried.

"He wouldn't till he'd seen you again," Mary assured her.

"But I know they don't expect you to pay your bills so soon," Emily May argued. "They must have heard something."

"You can pay it," Mary reminded her. "And that's all they want of you."

"I've no money with me, or hardly any," Emily May reminded her. "And I'm not sure just how much there is in the bank. There's one stub I forgot, and only about ninety dollars, not counting that at all." She was thinking rapidly. "And I didn't write to Arthur Tuck till Saturday. He wouldn't get the letter till Monday; and he'd have to make arrangements, and get some somehow; and I told him not to hurry, anyway, so maybe he won't put any more in the bank for two or three days."

Mary Brant found a way to reassure her. "That's all right," she said. "They'll have to mail your check to Boston, anyway, and by that time the money'll be there; or if it's not, by the time the bank writes back to them here there'll be money in the bank for sure. Send a check down to them, and you'll see you'll hear no more from them, Emily May."

Emily May had no very clear knowledge of banking procedure, and this seemed to her a doubtful expedient, but she dared not leave the bill unpaid with Luther so ominously in the foreground. So in the end she did as Mary suggested, wrote a check and rang for a boy and sent check and bill downstairs. With reassuring promptitude the bill came back, receipted; and this seemed to Emily May to resolve all her difficulties, left her thoughts free to revert to Douglas again. She was no longer worried, but she was the more unhappy because she was free from concern. Mary Brant urged her to go downstairs, to go for a walk, to get into the open air; but Emily May would not do this.

"Luther'll be coming," she reminded Mary. "He'll be here before very long, and I can't afford not to see him. I've got to make him go home. I might as well tell him about Uncle Armen's money, Mary."

Mary sniffed. "Tell him nothing, if you'll take my word," she advised. "It's no business of his."

"He meant to—take care of me," Emily May reminded her gently. "He has a terrible sense of duty, you know."

"Let him take care of himself," Mary Brant insisted.

"Well, I've got to see him anyway," Emily May concluded. So she stayed all that morning in her room; and Luther was so long in coming that she began to wonder whether he had given up and gone back to East Harbor, or whether perhaps something had happened to him. She felt, with Douglas gone, so very much deserted and alone that she began to be very anxious to see Luther, and she grew more anxious with every hour his coming was delayed.

At luncheon time he had not appeared; and she and Mary went bravely down, ignoring the glances turned their way. In the dining room she saw Jasper, and he caught her eye and bowed, but Emily May turned away from him with a faint and sinking fear of the man behind her calm composure. He left the room before she and Mary were finished with their luncheon, but when they came into the lobby Emily May saw him standing by the cigar counter, and again he caught her eye. This time, however, he did not bow; he merely smiled. Emily May found this smile infinitely more terrifying; she became afraid of the unknown, and this is the most terrible of fears.

But a moment later her fear became concrete, and so more endurable; for the clerk left his desk to cross to her side and he spoke to her in a low voice.

"If you please," he said gravely, "the manager wishes to speak to you."

Emily May stood very still, her head a little bent, the color draining from her cheeks.

The clerk said quickly, "A minor matter, Miss Carter." His tone was reassuring. "Just a word, at your convenience."

He was, she realized, afraid she was about to faint; and she straightened her head, smiled grimly.

"You go upstairs, Mary," she told the old woman. "Where is he?" she asked the young man bravely.

The clerk bowed. "If it is convenient he will come to your room," he explained. "His office is somewhat conspicuous."

(Continued on Page 103)

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(Continued from Page 101)

"Certainly," Emily May agreed. The man receded, seemed to swim backward away from her; and the lobby expanded to enormous distances, and the floor rocked beneath her feet. Yet she walked steadily enough to the elevator; and she and Mary Brant rode upward the single floor in silence, and so came to the door of Emily May's room and fitted the key. As Emily May opened the door she saw Jasper come up by the stairs and draw toward them along the corridor, and she shuddered and stepped inside with a movement suggestive of flight.

"I'm afraid of him," she whispered to Mary Brant.

"Him!" Mary echoed scornfully.

"What's going to happen to me?" Emily May cried. "I'm frightened to death, Mary."

The old woman chanted her invincible battle cry, "Never be afraid of any man, my dear."

Emily May got some measure of comfort and strength from Mary before, a little later, the manager knocked upon the door.

This man Emily May found faintly reassuring. He was a mild little person with a shiny bald head and dark hair about his ears and on the back of his neck; rather a fat little man, with eyes so meshed in wrinkles that they seemed to twinkle all the time. Mary Brant opened the door for him, and he bowed, and then came in at Mary's invitation; and his manner was most kindly.

"My name is Harrod, Miss Carter," he said at once, while Mary, with a final reassuring glance at Emily May, disappeared into the other room.

"You're the manager?" Emily May asked. "The clerk said you wanted to see me."

"Yes, yes, exactly," he explained. "You see, Miss Carter, you have had trouble with your trunks, and we try to prevent such incidents happening, try to protect our guests. I want to explain that we have made every effort to find them."

"I'm—sure you have," Emily May agreed uncertainly.

"Yes," said Mr. Harrod, "yes, we even telephoned to your hotel in Boston this morning to make sure the trunks had been shipped." He made an apologetic gesture. "It appears," he continued, "that there has been some mistake there. They assured us you had not been registered there at any time during the past two weeks."

"But I left there Friday morning," Emily May protested, her feet here on solid ground.

"They tell us your name was not on the register," he said steadily.

Emily May hesitated, thinking desperately. But he was such a kindly little man, his manner so reassuring, that she was not very much afraid of him.

"Oh, I remember now," she said quickly, trying to be casual. "When I registered there, the clerk spoke to me as Miss Cotter. He must have made a mistake in the name. I'm afraid I don't write very clearly. But that's probably the reason."

Mr. Harrod nodded briskly. "Ah, yes," he agreed. "Yes, they did tell us that a Miss Cotter was registered there. But her home was in New York," he added in a doubtful tone.

Emily May smiled at him. "It really isn't," she confessed. "That was—just a joke." He seemed a harmless little man.

"You are Miss Cotter, then?"

Emily May shook her head. "No, no, my name is Cutter. Emily May Cutter."

He frowned as though in faint perplexity. "But we have thought of you as Miss Carter."

"I didn't think it worth while to correct people," Emily May explained, and smiled appealingly. "It—amused me."

"Your home is in Los Angeles, then?"

She hesitated, seeking some reply, but before she could explain, he went on swiftly, "You're really a somewhat mysterious person, Miss Cutter. You must appreciate that. Now the matter of your automobile is curious. Your home is in New York, or it is in Los Angeles, or it is somewhere else; but you arrive in an automobile bearing a Massachusetts number plate. And next day the automobile drives away." He paused for a moment, then opened his hands as though laying the case before her. "We have been victimized in the past by people who arrived in fine cars and then sent the cars away," he explained. "You must appreciate our point of view."

Emily May cried, "I bought the car in Boston, so I had it registered there. Mr. Riddle knows about that; he saw me buy the car. He'll tell you so."

Harrod nodded. "No doubt he would," he agreed, "but unfortunately he checked out this morning. And in any case we know nothing about Mr. Riddle except that he was a very good friend of yours, very much in your company. I'm afraid we couldn't blindly take his word in the matter." His tone was apologetic, yet disturbingly grim.

"You're not accusing me of lying to you, are you?" Emily May cried indignantly, desperately afraid that he would reply that he was doing just that.

Mr. Harrod, it appeared, was as tactful as it is possible for a man to be.

"Not at all," he assured her. "It is simply that you puzzle us. There are so many contradictions about you, Miss Cutter. I've already called your attention to two or three. There's another. We are assured that your home is neither in New York nor in Los Angeles, but in a town in Maine named East Harbor."

"I did live there!" Emily May told him explosively, and her cheeks burned with anger at this evidence of Luther's perfidy. "But I never will again. My uncle died and left me a great deal of money, and I've sold my house there and I'm going to live somewhere else. New York, perhaps, or perhaps Los Angeles. So I've a right to register from those places if I want to, haven't I?" She felt triumphant; this was the truth at last, and it seemed innocent and harmless enough to her.

"Ah, yes," he exclaimed, and fumbled in the pocket of his coat. "Since you speak of money, that reminds me. You gave us a check this morning for the amount of your bill. But as a precautionary measure I telephoned to the bank upon which it is drawn. They tell me you have insufficient funds in your account to cover this check, Miss Cutter."

"Oh!" said Emily May, and in spite of her courage she felt the color drain from her cheeks. This little man was more dangerous than he seemed. "Oh, but that's all right'"

"Ah?"

"You see," she explained quickly, "the money will be there by the time the check is."

"Ah? That is poor business, Miss Cutter."

"I know," she agreed, and she tried smiling at him again. But though the little man had been consistently kindly of manner throughout, he was neither less kind nor more so after the smile. "But, you see," she explained, "it's this way. I bought the car and paid for it, and that took all the money I had in the bank."

He seemed faintly puzzled. "You expect more?"

"Why, you see," Emily May went on. "I wrote Saturday to Mr. Tuck, the lawyer in East Harbor who has charge of my money, and told him to put more in the bank for me, but he hasn't had time to do it yet. But it will be there in a day or two."

Mr. Harrod considered this. "You see, Miss Cutter," he explained, "unfortunately, the impression has gone abroad here that you were a person of some—consequence."

She smiled swiftly. "Don't you think I am?"

He was not in the least confused. "I confess you seem of consequence to me at the moment," he agreed. "At least until this matter is adjusted. But others appear to have the impression that you are a moving-picture actress. I understand you have done nothing to give this impression; nevertheless, it exists. As a result, you are—conspicuous. I prefer to avoid any notoriety in the matter."

"Oh, but I'm not an actress," Emily May assured him. "Mr. Hillis will tell you who I am."

"Mr. Hillis?"

"He was here to see me last night."

"Ah, yes. Unfortunately he left the hotel last evening, giving up his room here." He rose. "Under the circumstances," he suggested, "I think I must ask you to let me make inquiry through more formal sources. You will appreciate the need for care on our part. I feel sure the matter will all be adjusted."

"I'm sorry I'm making you so much trouble," Emily May told him. "But it's all right, really."

He bowed. "Quite so," he agreed. "You are not planning to leave the hotel immediately?"

"Oh, no," Emily May replied. "No, I like it here very much."

"Then the matter can rest for a day or two," he assented. "So long as you do not wish to go away."

Emily May had been almost reassured; but something in his tone now warned her.

She cried quickly, "You mean I can't go away if I want to? I must stay here?"

"We would appreciate it," he replied.

Emily May was still grappling with this appalling fact that she was in some sort a prisoner, while she went with him to the door.

And when she had shut it behind him, she leaned against the panels helplessly, her knees trembling, flatly terrified. Douglas was gone; even Luther had not returned; and Mary Brant for all her stout heart was no strong ally. Emily May felt herself crushingly alone.

VII

HER position was to grow worse instead of better. When she told Mary Brant what Harrod had said, Mary was righteously indignant; she advised Emily May to pack her bags and leave the hotel and let them take what action they chose.

"They'd be sorry before they were through," she predicted.

But Emily May had a more level head, and a simpler measure seemed to her to be to telephone Arthur Tuck. She accordingly put through a call to East Harbor, waiting in increasing impatience, certain that as soon as she could talk to Arthur everything would be adjusted.

But Arthur and Dora, it appeared, had left on Saturday for a week in Northern Maine, beyond the reach of telephones; and this intelligence struck Emily May crushingly.

"We'll be in jail by that time," she told Mary Brant, trying to laugh through her tears. "I wonder how it feels to be in jail."

Mary Brant was unshaken, as brave as ever, but even her assurances began to have a hollow sound, and Emily May stayed in her room all that afternoon full of a curious instinct to cower and hide away from everyone.

A little before dinnertime she had an offer of aid, but it was not reassuring; rather increased her apprehensions. For Jasper knocked upon her door, and when Emily May herself ran to open, thinking to find Luther there, the man came in while she stood still with surprise. He came in smilingly; he bowed deferentially; and he suggested that Emily May dine with him that evening.

Emily May stood before him trembling, her hand across her throat. She shook her head.

"No, no," she said chokingly. "No, I'm not going downstairs."

"Pardon me," he urged. "I've heard something of your difficulty. I want to offer to help if you will let me."

"There's no difficulty," she breathlessly protested.

"The matter of your bills," he suggested.

"No, no."

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He hesitated, made a friendly gesture. "You see," he explained, "Mr. Hillis confided in me."

"He's coming this evening," she declared, seizing any weapon to be rid of him. "He will arrange matters."

Jasper shook his head. "He heard from some source," he said suavely, "of your—intimacy with Mr. Riddle. It seems that he resented this. He returned to East Harbor last night. I happened to drive him to the train."

"I believe you told him!" she cried.

"It's a fair field," he protested, "Riddle has left, young Mr. Hillis has gone home—with wings a little singed. But I am glad to offer my services, and my purse."

Emily May, white and still, looked around for Mary Brant; she felt the need of an ally. The man was so assured. They got rid of him at last, neither of them quite knowing how; and when he was gone Emily May at first felt like crying, and then like laughing, and then like destroying something. She would eat no dinner, though Mary Brant ordered food sent to the room, and herself ate heartily enough, while Emily May moved restlessly to and fro.

Then Mr. Harrod called on the telephone to say that he had sought to locate Arthur Tuck, without success, and he asked whether Emily May could suggest anyone else to whom he might appeal.

"I may tell you," he added, "that we are informed Mr. Armen Cutter was not at all a wealthy man. You say he left you a great deal of money."

"Nobody knows that," she confessed, "except the bank."

"Ah?" he commented. "Well, we will get in touch with them in the morning. Thank you very much!"

His politeness began to irk Emily May; she snapped the receiver back upon the hook without reply. And when a moment later the bell rang again she supposed this was still Harrod, and ignored it. But it rang so insistently that Mary Brant presently picked up the instrument and said, "Hello!" and then she looked across at Emily May and smiled and said triumphantly, "Here now!"

"Who is it?" Emily May asked. "Arthur Tuck?" Mary Brant shook her head. "Douglas?" Emily May's voice was leaping, she had the instrument already eagerly in her hand.

"Luther," Mary Brant told her; and poor Emily May's face fell and her swift delight evaporated, and she said in a dull tone into the transmitter, "Hello."

"That you, Emily May?"

"Yes."

"This is Luther."

"I know that."

"I want to see you, Emily May."

She shook her head. "There's no use."

"Emily May," he protested, "I want you to come home."

"I'm never coming home," said Emily May unhappily.

"You want I should tell them about you?" he demanded.

"Tell them!" Emily May echoed hotly. "You have told them!"

"What?"

"There's no use in pretending, Luther."

"I never did," he cried, bewildered. "I left here last night. A man told me where there was a boarding house, and he drove me over there, and he said he'd come get me today. I been waiting all day for him to come, and finally I walked over. It was eight miles."

"A man?" Emily May echoed, thinking swiftly. "Mr. Jasper?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"You told him then," Emily May said bitterly. Luther hesitated; there was confession in his silence; and Emily May cried, "And he's told them here, Luther! You've done all the harm you can."

"I told him to keep it to himself," Luther cried.

"He didn't," Emily May assured him, her anger overflowing. "And he said you'd gone home; and he's been trying to get me to borrow money from him, Luther, and making me miserable pestering me."

"I told him not to tell," Luther repeated, as though to himself; and he asked slowly, "He live here, does he, Emily May?"

Her attention quickened. "Yes."

"Say," said Luther, "I'm going to go find him."

There was, amazingly, battle in Luther's tones; and Emily May's eyes danced with delight. Slow men, she knew, are hard to rouse, but they can still be dangerous. And Luther had been known to fight upon occasion.

"He's been horrid to me, Luther," she cried encouragingly.

"I'll go see where he is," Luther told her in a lifeless tone strangely like a growl; and she heard the receiver click. Swung away to face Mary Brant, and stopped in her tracks, petrified and still. For Mary was wreathed in smiles, and beside her, just within the open window, stood Douglas. So Emily May was paralyzed, and Douglas swept toward her with a leap and caught her hands.

"Emily May! Emily May!" he cried. "Come away with me!"

She stared at him, eyes wide. "I thought you were gone."

"I tried to go." He hesitated, steadying himself, smiling down at her with an appeal in his eyes. "Listen, Emily May. We can get away. . . . But I want to tell you ——"

"I thought you'd gone away," she murmured, as though still doubting reality.

"I had trouble with the car," he explained swiftly. "And that kept me hung up till this afternoon, and I decided to come back and maybe just see you for a minute in your window here. And I came back, and so I heard what's happened. Everyone's talking about you, Emily May. It's got out somehow." He laughed with swift delight. "You're a scandal and a disgrace, my dear; and I'm so darned glad!"

She thought angrily that Jasper must have whispered the word around, but she forgot Jasper in this last word from Douglas.

"Glad!" she exclaimed.

"I've got to tell you, Emily May," he confessed; and then he hesitated and looked at Mary Brant; and Mary instantly fled into the other room and closed the door behind her with a slam.

"I'm not much good, Emily May," he went on then. "You see ——" He hesitated, and his cheeks flamed, and then he went boldly on. "Well," he said, "you know I saw you in Boston." He flushed even more hotly than before. "The way you looked at me, Emily May, I knew you liked me."

Emily May said gravely and honestly, "I did. But I was mad because you thought I was all ugly but my hair."

He snatched her two hands, which he still held, to his lips, and kissed them swiftly between words.

"Oh, I was a hound," he cried. "I saw you had a lot of money, or seemed to; and—I just went out to make a hit with you, Emily May. I'd seen you were lovely, then, too; and -well, that's why I chased you up here."

"Because I was rich," she murmured.

"Because you were lovely, too," he protested. "But I was ashamed of myself right away, Emily May; for I could see you liked me. I'd tried to make you, but you liked me before I tried."

Abruptly she smiled at him. "Don't you like me still," she asked, "now you know I haven't any money?"

"That's the wonderful part of it," he assured her. "I mean I'm glad you haven't." He checked himself, went on. "You know, last night," he reminded her, "I—meant to ask you to marry me. And I couldn't do it, because by that time I liked you too much. So I asked you to meet me this morning, and I thought I'd be able to do it today. But I stayed awake pretty near all night, Emily May. You see, I haven't got a cent. I sell automobiles, and I do all right at it, but I've spent right along. I can do better, though. I can earn more money if there's someone to help me spend it." He laughed at her swiftly. "I guess you like spending, too, don't you?" he said teasingly. "We'll probably always spend every cent we earn, Emily May. But—come and spend it with me, won't you?"

"But why did you go away?" Emily May insisted, though her eyes were dancing now.

"Because," he explained, and tried again, "because, well—well, because I cared for you, Emily May."

"But just because you were poor and you thought I was rich, that didn't matter, did it?"

"It hadn't mattered at first." He was miserable now. "That was the reason partly, or I thought it was. But after I'd set out to—to marry you for your money, and then I got to caring for you, why, I couldn't go ahead. Don't you see?"

She said softly, "It's pretty involved." But abruptly she pressed his hand against her cheek, and her cheek was warm.

"But, now!" he cried. "Say, Emily May, you can't imagine how tickled I was when I got back here and heard the talk."

"About me being a fraud and a cheat and all?"

"Yes, yes, the whole story."

"I shouldn't think you'd want to marry me now if you didn't before."

He tried to answer that, but he could manage no coherent words; only something stammeringly, "Ah, Emily May!"

"But I'll have to go to jail first," she reminded him.

He shook his head quickly. "No, you won't. I climbed up on the porch roof and into your window. It isn't high, and we'll watch for a chance and jump down that way. My car's down at the road, but we can cut across the grounds."

"They'd come after us, catch us," she argued.

"No, they won't," he promised.

"I ought to stay and—go through with it," she hazarded.

He hesitated. "I wish I could pay your bill, Emily May," he said. "And take you away from here right. But I'm darned near broke—had to pay thirty-seven dollars repairs on the car today, at the garage down in the Notch. Bunch of robbers there. And I stayed here a day extra, and I've got just about three dollars in my pockets."

"I've got almost fourteen," Emily May added, "but that isn't nearly enough."

"And it would be a rotten business here. I can't bear to think of your going through it all, Emily May. You come away tonight, and I'll mail them a check from Boston. I can get an advance there in the morning. We'll be there by that time; drive all night -there's a moon—and be married tomorrow. What do you say? Come away with me? "

"I couldn't leave Mary here."

"We'd wire them the money in the morning. She can stand it till then. They won't even know you're gone."

"I don't see how you can want to—to marry a fraud, Douglas."

"I've been as much of a fraud as you," he reminded her. And he was very serious about it, but her eyes began to dance, and she cried, "Hasn't it been fun!"

He nodded, chuckling. "We're not very serious people, you and I, Emily May. But we can have a lot of fun together."

Her eyes met his, and they were still twinkling, but more softly now.

"Let's," she agreed.

And so a little while after, Emily May called Mary Brant and told her the state of affairs; and Mary beamed with delight and hurried to put some of Emily May's things into her smallest bag. Douglas meanwhile kept ward near the window, watching for a chance to reach the ground.

The opportunity came somewhat mysteriously. From the other side of the hotel, around the corner, a sudden outcry rose; a clamor of voices, the screaming of a woman or two. And everyone in sight began to run that way. Emily May had crowded to the window with Douglas to see, and he was sufficiently alert to perceive the chance thus offered.

"Quick, Emily May," he cried. "Let's go!"

She nodded. "I'm ready, Douglas," she agreed.

It was a simple matter enough, though Emily May might have been better dressed for it. A long sidewise step to the veranda roof; then Douglas lowered her by her hands till her feet caught the veranda rail, and as she reached the ground he slid down beside her, and her bag hit the soft turf at their feet. In the window above, Mary Brant waved to them as they fled away across the sward and among the shrubs toward the road.

They ran breathlessly and silently; and not till they were in the car and safely on their way did Douglas say at last, "Wonder what happened back there? What the commotion was?"

Emily May giggled a little. "I think I know," she told him.

He looked down at her. "You do?"

"I think—I'm not sure—but I think that Luther had just found Mr. Jasper," she replied.

And they laughed together then, and Douglas asked, "Can Luther handle him?"

"Oh, Luther's frightfully strong and determined," said Emily May.

It was miles after that, when he thought her asleep beside him, that she said quizzically, "Douglas!"

"Yes, dear."

"There's something else I know," said Emily May softly.

"What is it?"

"Something you don't know," teasingly, in a singsong.

"Going to tell me?" he asked.

"Something about me," she assured him.

"Tell me," he urged.

But she shook her head very vigorously.

"No," she retorted, with dancing eyes. "No, I shan't tell you till after we're married. You're such an awfully changeable man!"

THE END

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A View From Inwood Hill Park, Manhattan Island, New York

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SOME LIKE IT COLD

(Continued from Page 27)

well," he wrote, "make him your friend. A friend can always sell a friend. Suppose you're on a ferry, and a man falls over. You say, 'Better him than me,' and go on reading your paper. But if a deck hand busts in with 'Mister, your best pal fell over,' right away you're all interest. A man that can be worked up like that can be sold. Would your lead give a hoot if you fell overboard?"

West Palm Beach is just about the cheeriest little burg that I saw in Florida. Don't get a misconception from anything I may have said under the stress of being a stranger; it stands to reason that you can't expect to get much of an impression when you don't know anybody to show you around. West Palm Beach has a dandy eating club with the best of service, and you can get absolutely anything you want, and meet a bunch of good fellows into the bargain.

"Did you notice that man Eymer that I introduced to you last night in The Lost Angels, Harry?" said Abe while he passed me the ice water pursuant to request. This was the day after I met him. "What was your reaction to him?"

"He seemed to be quite a character," I said.

"Right," said Abe. "You're an analyst, Harry. Eymer is a wonderful character. Straight as a string, but playing in hard luck. That man has one of the sweetest subdividing propositions in the sovereign state of Florida, and he stands to lose money on it where he should make a fortune."

"How come?"

"A partner. They've had a row, and the partner is sitting down and demanding to be bought out. He wants thirty thousand dollars cash for his share, and he won't let Eymer go ahead and develop. They're very bitter indeed."

"Why doesn't Eymer buy him out, if the proposition is so good—bring a partition and force him out, if necessary?"

"He can't get the money. Eymer is responsible, but he needs what he has for the expenses of development."

"Why doesn't he mortgage the property?"

"You can't borrow money on real-estate mortgage down here," said Abe bitterly. "If you want to buy mortgages down here, just announce the fact, and you'll be trampled to death. The big Northern banks are in a conspiracy against Florida, and they have the local banks so buffaloed that they are putting their money out on call in Wall Street and are afraid of showing a local mortgage in their statements. This boom is being financed on real money—buyers' money and purchase-money mortgages. Eymer has to get another partner."

"So somebody's going to buy his partner out, eh?"

"And how," said Abe, sighing. "A firm of Chicago highbinders is going to put up twenty-five thousand for a deed to every second lot, right through the acreage. Eymer's putting in the other five thousand, losing that much just to get his partner out. The Chicago bunch get half the property, every alternate lot, and Eymer is to do the developing at his own expense. The only thing holding the deal up is that Eymer wants the right to pay them off with 100 per cent profit in six months, and they won't do it.

"Can you imagine such people, Harry? Eymer is to pay five thousand dollars for the privilege of developing his own property, and then he is to give half the benefit of his development campaign to these bandits. But he is thinking about doing it so he can market the stuff this season."

"That's what you get when you have a partner," I said wisely.

"Right," said Abe. "Unless it's a partner like Sam Eymer."

My blood simmered gently at that thought of this poor empire builder getting squeezed, but it was too hot to talk business, and I said so.

"It's warmish," he admitted, mopping his low white brow. "But there is one place in Florida where it never gets too hot, and that is Key West. Ever been there, Harry? Yes, sir, there the climate is really equable, never hot, never cold."

He thought my head would be cooled by the sea air, so we took the ferry across Lake Worth to Palm Beach. The ferry is a small motor boat; the passengers sit on top of the cabin. Lake Worth, by the way, is not a lake, not if Doctor Webster knew his business, just as the Indian River is not a river; these waters are salt coves lying along the Florida mainland and partially cut off from the ocean by reefs and bars. Palm Beach is on an outer bar or peninsula about a mile wide. We walked down a lane hedged with gaudy flowering shrubs; real money is spent on gardening there, and it shows up. A gardener can get results anywhere in Florida if he will fertilize and stick to tropical plants; he can grow most Northern plants, too, if he will put his back into it. We saw a gardener humped over and hauling on a plant for all he was worth, and I thought he was rooting up poison ivy, but Abe looked and said, "He is raising roses."

The sea down there is a remarkable color, distinctly bluish, even where the water is only a few inches deep; our Northern waters have no such coloring. And it's as warm as soup; but that can't be so good, either for the bathing or the breeze. The surf is light. I was disappointed in the beach; it was narrow, and of coarse, dark sand.

There are fish down there though! I'm a great fisherman, and I spend a lot of time at it around New York. We gave an old gentleman ten cents apiece to walk out on a dock and watch the boys catching porgies and mangrove snappers, and it was a treat to me to look over the side and actually see fish swimming around down there in schools. No fish pounds choking the waters; no steam trawlers and draggers sailing up and down and sweeping top and bottom clear of everything but sand crabs; no paying fifty cents a quart for thirty quarts of shrimp to catch a three-pound weakfish, maybe. Just look over the side and pick your fish, like a lobster in a restaurant window, and throw your hook down his throat. I saw where I was going to like Florida.

"Key West is the place for fishing," said Abe, noting my interest. "Catfish and dogfish, angel fish and devilfish and everything—oh, boy."

"Listen, Abe," I said as we walked back to the jitney ferry, "I am much intrigued with what you tell me about the plight of this poor man, Eymer, in the clutches of these Chicago extortionists. It's too bad something cannot be done about it. Can you prove to me with facts and figures that they will have him sewed up hand and foot and that they will skin him alive?"

"I'm the broker in the matter," he said, lowering his voice. "And why I am particularly sore on them is because they are not satisfied with their gouge, but are holding me up for half of my commission. I'd like to dump them, Harry."

"By jingo," I exclaimed, reddening with desire, which is step three, "we'll do it. I have twenty-five thousand dollars that's rearing to go, Abe. Get me the dope, and if it looks good, I will slip into the place of these rascals."

"I can slip you in," he said pleasedly.

"But you have to prove to me that Eymer is tied neck and heels," I bargained. And then I put my arm around his shoulders as we sat on the roof of the boat, and said, "But seeing that I am doing this as a matter of personal friendship for you, Abe, it is understood that I get half of your commission just the same."

"Have a heart," he protested. Then he thought, and said, "Are you talking about taking this with your own money, Harry?"

"No, it's syndicate money," I said.

"There's the answer," he said cheerfully. "This property is a steal at twenty-five thousand dollars. It would be still a very good buy at thirty-five thousand dollars. Do you get it?"

"Tell me in your own words," I said, making him commit himself.

"Why, I will keep the whole commission," he said, gesturing, "and you will take your cut out of the syndicate. You will buy it at twenty-five thousand and pass it to the syndicate at thirty-five thousand. A ten-thousand-dollar bill for you, Harry, and you are still giving them a very good thing. There's no chance for your syndicate getting wise. We will provide a dummy to buy it from Eymer at twenty-five, and then you will buy it openly and aboveboard at thirty-five, and ten thousand dollars will be sunk without trace."

"Much obliged," I said, patting him on the back for his cleverness, "but we won't do it that way. If your proposition stacks up, I'll take it for twenty-five thousand in the syndicate's name, and will have half of your commission, being a broker myself. And the syndicate will know all about it."

His suggestion for that sort of undercover work ought to have warned me off him, perhaps, but I wasn't interested in him or his ethics but in his proposition. That was where I was wrong. You can't afford to deal with a crook, no matter how good his proposition is or how sure to be a paying thing on the level, because that is not the way he does business. Some people will insist on pulling snide tricks, even if it loses them money, and they would rather have a crooked dime than an honest dollar. That is how their minds work. And you do not find a crook training with honest people, not often.

He stalled for a while, and then he said, "But if you put it on the basis of old friendship, I will let you have it, and dump that Chicago bunch." And he looked around him like a man who was about to flash a stolen watch, cupped his hands over my ear and whispered, "Key West."

"Key West?" I whispered back at him.

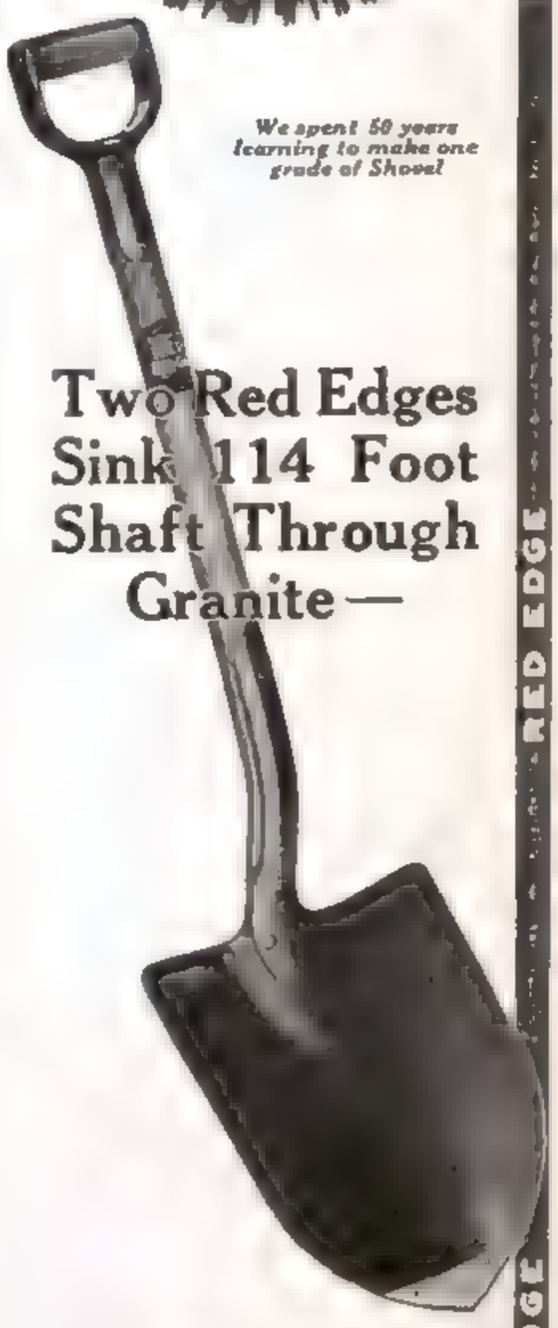
"Sh-h!" he hissed. It was hard to believe that the colored fellow or the three other passengers would get much out of hearing us say, "Key West." They had probably heard of the place before; but Abe preferred to keep secrecy, and it was his deal.

I met Eymer that evening by appointment. He told me the story about the balky partner, and he showed me papers that bore weight. He showed me a contract under which, he said, he and his partner had bought a hundred acres at Key West for sixty thousand dollars. He showed me a signed contract he had with a nationally known contracting company to put in the streets and improvements, and a bank book evidencing a balance to his credit of twenty thousand dollars in the Floradora Trust Company.

I went around next morning to the local office of the contracting company and was told that the contract was on the level and that they were awaiting word to go ahead. The Floradora Trust Company, evidently a sound and reliable institution, assured me that Eymer had the twenty thousand dollars on deposit. I went back to Eymer and dickered with him, and finally agreed to take the proposition, paying twenty-five thousand dollars for half the property, being every alternate lot, if I liked the property after seeing it.

The trust company recommended a local lawyer, and I retained him to represent me. He drew up an agreement whereby I was to get a full covenant and warranty deed to half the property, every alternate lot,

WYOMING
RED EDGE
SHOVELS



We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of Shovel

Two Red Edges Sink 114 Foot Shaft Through Granite—

and are still ready for more. We sort of hesitate to tell that story. But we can always pass the buck to Messrs. Vukoye, the mining contractors out in Kingman, Arizona.

Here's their letter. Read it and laugh—if you want to. But we believe it. We've heard taller tales than that about Red Edge.

"Dear Sirs:

"You will be pleased to know that the two Red Edge Shovels which were purchased for use in sinking the 114 foot shaft of the Cedar Gold & Silver Mines, Inc., were used on the entire job, and are still in good usable condition.

"The formation was granite and hard durite rock. We think it remarkable how these shovels hold up and know you will like to hear about it."

The harder the job you have on hand, the more confidently we say: "Try a Red Edge on it."

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

RED EDGE

two hundred and fifty lots out of the total of five hundred. I was not to be Eymer's partner; I don't like partners. By the agreement, Eymer was to bear the whole cost of development and spend at least fifteen thousand dollars in advertising and improving before selling a lot or mortgaging any part of his two hundred and fifty lots. And I gave Eymer the right to buy my lots back from me for fifty thousand dollars any time within four months. It seemed to me that he was nailed tight; but it was his own proposition. I'd have driven a harder bargain if I could, and always in the way of honest business.

I gave a check for twenty-five thousand dollars to the trust company, and wired the boys in Thirty-fourth Street that they were on. Eymer's partner turned over a deed to the trust company, together with his abstract, for them to pass on the title. The trust officer was to hold everything in escrow until I wired him to hand across the check. It was quick action, but that's the way business is done in Florida -on the jump. You learn to move fast, after you've been in Florida forty-eight hours and listened to forty-nine hard-luck stories from real-estate speculators. "I lost over a hundred thousand dollars on Dixie Highway acreage," is a commonplace opening. "I could have bought the stuff for eighteen thousand dollars. And while I was thinking about it, somebody else grabbed it and resold it in a month for one hundred and twenty-five thousand!"

There was a train at 3:40 A.M. for Key West; I gave Abe Morgelt the slip and went aboard the sleeper, which was opened on the siding at nine P.M. I woke up at half-past eight next morning, and was telling myself that I'd been over the world's smoothest road, when I studied the lay of the land outside and saw that we were still in West Palm Beach. There was no diner attached, and I went out and bought some fruit and a newspaper, and came back to find my berth folded away. At half-past nine the green curtains opposite me parted, and a man put out a frowzy head and said, "Where are we, fellow?"

I said, "West Palm Beach, sir."

He snatched a dollar watch from under his pillow, saying, "What, are we back again already?" He huddled his clothes onto him, looking up and down for the conductor, and bolted from the car. He said to me through the window, from the ground outside, "I only went for the ride over the Keys, and I must have slept through. They never come around for my return fare!"

And off he went, tickled silly. The train started, so, turning from an advertisement of railroad lands in North Dakota, I leafed back to the front page and reveled in the details of a cold wave that was then holding the Northwest in its icy grip. And yet I knew perfectly well that when I got back on Thirty-fourth Street and felt one of those bewhiskered zephyrs from the frozen North River, I was going to think very kindly of Florida. It's hard to satisfy some people, and impossible to satisfy the others.

For instance, there was the Key West printer who got on at Miami—a mighty nice little chap. He told me he was knocking out eighty a week at his trade down on the island, and would have money of his own when he had paid off the mortgages on the homes of the bookies at Hialeah, the *jai alai* game there being the hole in his budget—and from what he said I judged that Adam and Eve had left the garden of Paradise to hunt for Key West and improve themselves.

"Never saw the place until two months ago," he ended. "I'm from Nome."

"Alaska?" said a conch with envy. A conch is a white native of the Keys. "I always wanted to go to Alaska, but I could never fix to get beyond Jax. I seen snow there though. Yes, sir, I seen snow."

There was a very nice and friendly atmosphere in the car as we left the mainland at Everglade and steered for the open sea; you've been to isolated places, and you know how the company draws together when headed for it definitely and no place else to go. When I looked down and saw the Gulf of Mexico rippling underneath me, I felt amiable too; I wanted to forgive everybody and be friends; I even felt kindly toward the train robber who charged me two for a quarter for bananas. What is a quarter between men who are crossing the ocean at sixty miles an hour and not even a life preserver under the seat? That train did everlastingly lick it up.

"Look," said the printer, showing me a good time. "Sharks!"

"Never mind," I said. What a remark to make.

We made a landfall at two bells in the first dogwatch, or, as landsmen say quaintly, at five o'clock in the afternoon; someone on the observation deck sang out, "Key West!" And such it proved to be upon examination. I took a taxi to the A. E. F. Hotel, and was given a chamber within a stone's throw of the bathroom for two dollars a day. A colored fellow took my bag to my room and brought me ice water, and I gave him fifty cents. Then I said, "George, bring me some ginger ale." And I had a half dollar ready—thirty-five cents for the small bottle and fifteen cents for the darky. He came back after ten minutes and began to unload a cargo of bottles from a hamper.

I said, "Hold up, George. One is all I want."

"But you done give me a half, boss," he said, "and I got ten bottles fo' that. Save the bottles, boss, so I can get my deposit. Anything else?"

"Yes," I said, feeling dizzy. "Bring me some spirits of ammonia and a geography."

The room was small and hot, but I didn't mind the climate much now, since I wasn't paying for it. Even up in Florida proper I had noticed that hotel proprietors and taxicabbers and real-estate agents looked cool and comfortable. The walls were plain wooden boards, and there was a mosquito bar over the bed that looked ominous. I split a bottle of ginger ale with the red ants who were assembled on the table, and went out for a look at the town and to hit a bread line.

Key West is one of the few American towns that Christopher Columbus would stand a chance of recognizing if he made a last farewell tour. According to the book it had 18,080 people in the year 1890; in the year 1920 it had 18,749. I walked all over the place in the time I was there, and I could never find the main street where the stores were, or the financial district, or the slums; the streets looked all alike to me, running between rows of substantial frame residences, each residence painted white and standing in its own grounds, with a white picket fence in front. The population is largely of Spanish blood and speech—the election notices still on the walls were printed in Spanish, and the pickaninnies playing marbles before the doorsteps gabbled a patois—but there is no Spanish architecture. There are a few sporadic cases, in the shape of new real-estate offices, but nothing to threaten an epidemic.

I saw a scattering of fine stores, and many dark and picturesque little shops that had been built into the sides of residences, and they seemed to be all selling the same drinks and cigars, no matter what their signs stated. This puzzled me; when a man goes into a gas station he expects to buy gasoline, and he knows they will hand him cabbage in a grocery, but there is no gasoline or cabbage in the drinks and cigars of Key West. I dropped into a butcher shop and asked for the best smoke in the house, and the proprietor handed me a long brown beauty that smoked like a dream, and collected a nickel. You can pay more for a cigar down there, but you'll get a worse one. If you want to pay fifteen dollars a hundred for the same five-cent cigars, you can drop into a place near the water front and ask blushingly for bootleg cigars sneaked in from Cuba; the conch will put on a conspiring look, and get you a box from the cigar maker next door. "Bootleg, *si, si!* Look, no label." And you're getting very good value, even at that.

After scouting in vain for a typical Florida bread line, I went into a big and airy restaurant, and studied a bill of fare in pigeon English. This was a one-price establishment too; it seemed to me that everything was fifty cents. Fifty cents for a plate of beans or an order of fried potatoes was coming high; but fifty cents for green-turtle steak, broiled crawfish—weighing about two pounds each—or one of those huge stone crabs with nippers as big as a lobster's, was talking business to me. I had a try at turtle steak and fried plantains, after unnecessarily exercising myself over what I thought was the waiter's inattention. He was a Cuban, and he had only one speed, and he was neither angry nor delighted at my interest in him. There were only two other parties in the restaurant, Cubans or some such, and they talked and smoked and orated like people who had only come to pass a quiet evening. They had the idea. You can't hurry those people; it's foreign to their blood.

The next morning I hunted up the conch that the printer had recommended to me if I needed transportation. His name was Rick M'Gregor—Rick for Ricardo, I imagine—and I found him sitting in the doorway of his residence by the blue and lazy sea. He was sitting with his back braced against one side of his doorway, and his bare feet against the other. I asked him if he was working, and he said he was. He brought out an antique flivver, and drove me all over the island—no great job since the island is only four miles long and a mile wide. He offered to take off his clothes and go in swimming if I would, too, or to get his gun and go shooting doves with me—the native doves, birds slightly larger than robins, are plentiful. I finally succeeded in crowding three dollars on him; he said he didn't like to take it, and wouldn't if he didn't need it badly, and wouldn't in any event if I didn't promise to go fishing with him. He made a friend out of me right away. There's isolation again, and the result of a stationary population where everybody went to school together. My conch in bare feet introduced me to the cashier of a local bank, hailing him with, "Hey, Billy!"

I located the acreage I'd come to look at. It wasn't on Key West proper, or at least the connection was submerged; it was rather a small island by itself, off toward Stock Island. I had a look at it from Stock Island—there's a bridge to Stock Island - and it looked plausible. It would be swept to profitable ruin with the rest, if the boom invaded the Keys. I was already partisan, and I hated to think of the boom coming, but business was business. They were even preparing to run a motor highway the length of the Keys, and bring in the hordes of tin-can tourists.

I could get no accurate idea of the value of property down that way; there were so few transfers. Big prices were asked, and when nobody bought, the owners saw they were on the right track and raised prices again. They didn't want to be bothered; and their instinct was right. Rick M'Gregor, for instance, paid fourteen dollars a month for a five-room cottage, ate nothing but delicacies, bought no clothes, moved in the best society, and balanced his budget on sixty dollars a month. In other parts of Florida owners raised prices in the hope that people would pay them; down on the Keys owners raised prices in the hope that people would not pay them.

But the boom would come if talk of the motor highway wasn't stopped by a burst of popular indignation, and with it, high taxes, and death to the old life. If I didn't take advantage, somebody else would. The advertising campaign and improvement to which Eymer was committed would start the avalanche. I wired to the Floradora Trust Company to hand over the check and take the deed.

And Eymer promptly began to do his stuff. Advertisements appeared in the local papers announcing the imminent development of East Key West Mansions by the

(Continued on Page 113)

Is your home equipped to fight fire?

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

There are emergency fire-fighting appliances in all office buildings and public places. But how many homes are provided with similar safety measures — equipment, especially, that women can operate easily and effectively?

How much greater this latter need is proved by actual figures, which show that every three minutes throughout the day a fire occurs in a home. Inflammable materials in kitchens and cellars, the ignition of hot grease, open lights, spontaneous combustion in over-heated closets—these are but a few of the common causes of destructive fires. The majority of such fires are susceptible to immediate control.

Equip your home against fire emergencies. Ask the North America Agent to help you select appliances of proven worth. Such advice is an important part of his fire prevention and property protection service.

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

The most important advance in paint making in the last hundred years

What 40-40-20 is : 40-40-20 is the name and registered trade mark of a new paint in paste or paint form for outside painting. It contains no lead. Its name is derived from the formula of its pigment content—40% XX Zinc Oxide, 40% Albalith (the super-lithopone) and 20% inerts.

How it was discovered : 40-40-20 was discovered after many years of careful research in the laboratories of The New Jersey Zinc Company. The first important step came in 1920 with the development of Albalith—a super-lithopone, resistant to light, of extreme whiteness, strong hiding power, easy working qualities, and moderate cost. Then four more years were spent in testing combinations of Albalith with other ingredients to make a high grade paint for exterior use. 40-40-20 is the result.

Who makes it : 40-40-20 is made by paint manufacturers who agree to use our formula and make 40-40-20 according to our specifications. Up to this time these manufacturers are thirty-three in number. Their names are listed below.

What it does : 40-40-20 is a high-grade outside white paint. As the pigments, Zinc Oxide and Albalith, are permanently and extremely white with superior hiding power, 40-40-20 is a paint that is supremely white—and one that will stay white. It does not turn yellow. It resists the destructive action of the sun's rays. It does not wash off. 40-40-20 gives a lasting beauty to your home.

How it is sold : 40-40-20 is sold in the regular way by paint jobbers and dealers. It is a paint for the master painter. It is put up in paste form, convenient for his use. Also, by some manufacturers, in ready mixed form. If you are not able to obtain 40-40-20 from your dealer, any of the manufacturers named below will tell you where it is sold.

A booklet for property owners : The complete story of 40-40-20 is told in an attractive booklet called "When White is White." A copy will be sent free, on request, to anyone interested in better painting.

The New Jersey Zinc Company
Established 1848
Products Distributed by
The New Jersey Zinc Sales Company
160 Front Street, New York City
CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • CLEVELAND • SAN FRANCISCO

New Jersey Zinc

©N. J. Z. Co. '26

PRESENT LIST OF AUTHORIZED MANUFACTURERS OF 40-40-20

W. A. ALPERS COMPANY • Cleveland, O.
AMALGAMATED PAINT COMPANY • New York City
ATLANTIC PAINT & VARNISH WORKS, INC Wilmington, N. C.
COLUMBIA VARNISH COMPANY • Los Angeles, Cal.
THE DEBEVOISE COMPANY • Brooklyn, N. Y.
HENRY A. DEWEY COMPANY, INC New York City
DUMONT PAINT MFG. CO • Jamaica, N. Y
FELTON-SIBLEY & COMPANY, INC • Philadelphia, Pa.
A. J. FIELD PAINT COMPANY • Newark, N. J
FOY PAINT COMPANY • Cincinnati, O
FRAZER PAINT COMPANY • Detroit, Mich
INTEGRITY PAINT CO • New Haven, Conn
INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES, LTD St Boniface, Canada
OLIVER JOHNSON & CO • Providence, R. I
FRANK M KENNEDY PAINT & COLOR CO • Newark, N. J
LONGMAN AND MARTINEZ • New York City
THE MAHONING PAINT & OIL CO • Youngstown, O.
JOHN W MASURY & SON • Brooklyn, N. Y.
NEGLEY & COMPANY • San Antonio, Texas
OAKLEY PAINT MFG. COMPANY • Los Angeles, Cal.
THE PARR PAINT AND COLOR CO • Cleveland, O.
PEASLEE GAULBERT CO., INC • Louisville, Ky.
H PETERMAN, INC Brooklyn, N Y
PHELAN FAUST PAINT MFG. CO • St Louis, Mo
PHOENIX PAINT & VARNISH CO Philadelphia, Pa.
RASMUSSEN AND COMPANY Portland Ore
RED SPOT PAINT & VARNISH CO Evansville, Ind
THE ROBERTSON PAINT & VARNISH CO Cleveland, O
SEATTLE PAINT CO Seattle, Wash
TIBBETTS-WESTERFIELD PAINT CO • Los Angeles, Cal.
TROPICAL PAINT & OIL CO • Cleveland, O
U S GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO Providence, R. I.
UTLEY PAINT CO., INC • New Orleans, La.

(Continued from Page 110)

Eymer Land and Improvement Company and a syndicate of Northern capitalists. Within a week, the American Contracting Corporation was unloading concrete mixers and a trench-digging machine on a siding. The editors of the local newspapers sought me out, and I gave them interviews to boost the good work along. I admitted that my syndicate had taken over half of the lots, and that we could draw on six of the biggest and most conservative banks in New York with combined assets in excess of eight hundred millions of dollars. That was true; we could draw on those banks to the full extent of our accounts, though we had no notion of doing so. And then I went fishing again with Rick M'Gregor.

He had a twenty-five-foot motorboat, the most unseaworthy craft that ever had the impudence to sail into the threatening teeth of a Caribbean hurricane. He used to tie it, stem and stern, to a dock, and even then it sank in the middle. He always started the engine before he cast off, so that we wouldn't submerge at once. So long as the sea stayed down we were reasonably sure of staying up while the engine ran. He drew his cooling water from the sea, but not directly; his water intake was inside the boat, so that the engine pumped the ship while driving it ahead. When we needed tackle he took off one of the cylinder heads and picked out the assorted fishhooks that had been sucked into the jacket, always throwing overboard the fish heads and bottle tops that were in there, too, as he liked to keep his engine in first-class order.

Did we catch fish? Indeed we did, tons of them. We used gobs of crawfish meat for bait; these weren't our puny Northern crawfish, but were a sort of clawless lobsters, a foot and a half long, and speckled black and yellow. I let Rick split them and cut them up, after one experience; you know how a lobster doubles up? These fellows had no claws, but that was only to draw a stranger on to his destruction; they had rows of razor blades along their underbodies, and they'd clap their tails against their chests like a flash, and have off a man's fingers. A man is wrong to go fishing in those waters without a guardian. There's a fish called a moray, again black-and-yellow speckled, and a cross between an East Indian cobra and a timber wolf. You're sure to hook one of those things; if you pull him into the boat, jump overboard without waiting to grab your money, and swim for your life. The etiquette is to fight him off with a club while he is trying to swarm up the side and get at you; he'll bound about in the boat and snap right and left, and take the piece out with every bite. And we caught barracuda; there's a nice fish to throw into a lions' den and let them fight it out. You might as well fish for barracuda and be cut to the bone by the line; they hang around the boat and bite the other fish off your hook, and nag you into taking them on. Between ourselves, and unless chivvied by a moray, I wouldn't put a foot into those waters on a bet. Florida resorts, even those on the ocean front, go in strong for landlocked Roman pools and Venetian swimming-holes, and I think it is a wonderful idea, though I would suggest fencing them in horse-high and bull-strong. But, pshaw, many people bathe in open waters down there, and seem all the better for it; and for that matter, we had a shark scare around New York only ten years ago.

We caught grunts and yellowtail and jewfish, and I don't know what all. Rick threw them into a trap alongside and kept them alive, and sold them in town and made a few dollars. He pretended that our arrangement was a business one, but he wouldn't take money and only let me pay for the gas and the lunch; I learned to be sure to buy the gas and see that it was put into the tank; Rick would cast off and start, hit and miss, for Mexico across the Gulf, and never think to sound his tank until the engine stopped sputtering. Ice was our chief care; sometimes it was not to be had, and then the soda pop was lukewarm or worse

"Never run out of ice up North, hey, Harry?" he said.

"Lord, no," I said patriotically. "This time of year even the poor people have all they want of it for nothing."

"Oh, you go on," he said. "Guess they got to pay for delivery, don't they?"

"Not a cent," I insisted, coaxing a chunk of sleazy crawfish to hold onto my hook. "Help themselves. Why, we get so much ice and snow and cold for nothing up there that we get tired of it and come down here for a change."

"Not me," he said positively. "I wouldn't get tired of it. I'd just love it. When I'm fixed to take it easy, I'm going to buy me a pretty lot up North there, and enjoy life. Call this place a winter resort—I was talking to Billy Johnson, and he says, 'Key West is the coming winter resort.' I says, 'How can it be a winter resort when it ain't got no winter, Billy? Answer me that.'"

"You're a man of logic, Rick," I said. "Buy your ticket through to Lake Placid or Quebec, and you'll find winter resorts where they have winter."

But he had suggested again a vague thought that was in my mind, and I groped for it during the five or six weeks I spent in Key West resting and spelling Rick in turning over his engine to keep us off the clammy bottom of that sapphire sea.

Well, the American Contracting Corporation had freighted its apparatus out to East Key West, being our island, and had surveyed and staked and begun to throw dirt, and I was still talking loyally about the amount of money my syndicate had, but without promising to spend any of it, when we both got an unpleasant surprise. It was in the shape of prominent advertisements in the Key West papers announcing that Eymer's half of the lots was going to be sold off at auction at twelve o'clock noon on a day certain and within forty-eight hours of the instant then present.

His right, title and interest in them were going to be sold under execution of a judgment against him for seventy-five thousand dollars. This judgment had been filed in St. John's County, which was why my lawyer hadn't heard about it, and it was now docketed in Monroe County so that Eymer's property in that county could be seized and sold under it.

There was an interview with Eymer wherein he said he was much pained to have to abandon his design to develop East Key West Mansions, but that the big Northern syndicate could be absolutely relied on to go ahead with the work, and that he would advise everybody to go to the auction and buy lots so as to ride in on the boom when the big Northern syndicate represented by Mr. Harry Snowber put up the necessary money. He pointed out shrewdly that the big New York syndicate was irremediably hooked and couldn't improve its property without improving the adjoining lots.

I got hold of the contracting company's local superintendent, and found that he had already communicated with West Palm Beach, and had been told to stop work and that Eymer hadn't paid a dollar yet on the contract. I got my lawyer on the long distance and asked him where I was.

"I heard about it from the contractors," he said. "It looks as though you're stuck, both of you. I find that Eymer's bank account here has been checked out, so we can't attach that. And we can't stop the sale for any time, unless we can show there's something collusive or fraudulent about that judgment—it was for a deficiency under a mortgage foreclosed on an operation of Eymer's near Jacksonville.

"I have a shrewd suspicion," he went on, "that Eymer is in cahoots with that judgment creditor; the judgment creditor is possibly only a dummy for Eymer, and Eymer uses that judgment to wipe out equities when he finds it convenient. But that's a mighty difficult thing to prove. Are you quite sure that Eymer paid sixty thousand dollars for that property originally, and that it wasn't only a wash sale? Do you want me to go ahead and attack the lien of that judgment? I can stop the sale for a few days, but you may have to put up a substantial bond."

"I'll mull it over," I said, "and let you know."

We were in a pretty fix—the contractor and my syndicate. We had gone ahead and boomed the value of Eymer's property, and now he had slid out and transferred the benefit to this judgment creditor, who was perhaps none other than himself. I knew men in New York who kept big judgments alive, so that they could be officially wiped out when that suited them, but I hadn't expected to find such a foxy game in Florida. I was ashamed of myself for having been caught. I'd have to make good to the boys in Thirty-fourth Street, and take the whole loss. Well, I could stand it.

But I'd gladly lose as much again to put a crimp in Mr. Eymer's game. I took my head in my hands and pondered the angles. How could I thoroughly knock the value of Eymer's property without sinking myself at the same time? A mere announcement that my syndicate would not proceed with the improvements wouldn't weigh much.

I got a flash after a couple of hours of harder thinking than I'd take wages for, and I hustled around to see my friend Dewitt, the printer. I gave his shop an order for five hundred throw-aways, being copies of a sales map of my Westchester County summer resort. Then I saw the advertising managers of the local newspapers. On the morning of the proposed auction, the following notice looked Key West readers in the eye:

Boom! Boom!
—Where—
COLD COMFORT, NEW YORK

Ride it! Ride it!
—How—

PUBLIC AUCTION TODAY
11 A.M. at Fleming St.
Auction Rooms

Souvenirs! Souvenirs!
—What—
Every purchaser of lot at
COLD COMFORT
given free and clear lot at
EAST KEY WEST MANSIONS!
Free! Free!

If that didn't throw cold water on Eymer's auction, I didn't know what would. I would cut heavily into the demand for Eymer's lots, or exhaust it, and still preserve the attitude of considering them worthless. Seeing that my Cold Comfort lots stood me only four dollars and a half each, with the roadbeds of the proposed streets left out, I couldn't go far wrong. We'd see who'd steal whose thunder now.

Much public interest had been aroused, and we had a fine attendance. It was a warm day for Key West in January, about eighty-five degrees in the shade, but it must have been well over ninety in the crowded auction room, and we all sweltered. I said a few words descriptive of my Cold Comfort lots before the auctioneer started the ball.

I said, "Friends, these lots we're offering you today are unimproved, just as are the lots over there at East Key West Mansions that we're going to give away for souvenirs. Their value is at present mostly speculative, but I want you to envisage the property as the wonderful summer resort it will be some day if it is built up.

"If you will look at your sales maps you will see in the center of the development a beautiful lake of two acres; every lot buyer will have riparian rights in that lake, for bathing, for fishing, for boating and all aquatic sports. The home sites are on the sides of flowery hills, hundreds of feet high, and when our peerless New York sun gets shining in all its golden splendor the temperature often goes over a hundred degrees in the shade. You will find it every bit as hot as Key West in the summertime; we guarantee climate all year

Why the Ever-Ready Blade gives more and better shaves

A SHAVING edge, to be perfect, must be *hollow ground;* and a blade, to be hollow ground, must be *heavier.* You can see that the Ever-Ready Blade (A) is staunch in cross-section, that it is reinforced with a metal backbone, and that it provides ample steel for hollow grinding to a super-keen and durable edge.

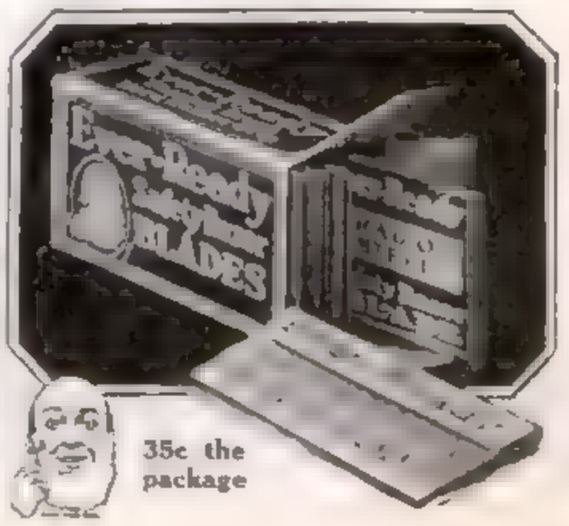
Contrast its sturdy cross-section, shown above, with that of an ordinary "wafer" blade! (B)

Ever-Ready blades give perfect shaves, and retain their keenness longer, because of the modern principles on which they are built. Buy an Ever-Ready Razor and a package of these remarkable blades—and see what real *pleasure* they give you!

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Blades

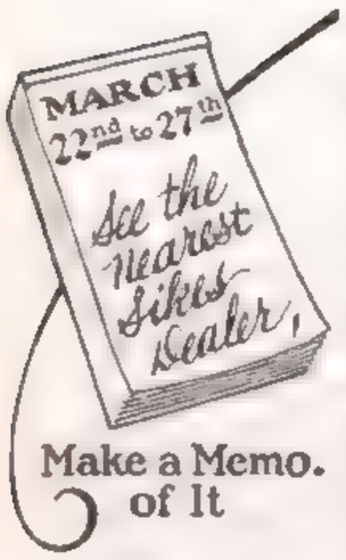


35c the package

"Still Better Offices" is The National Slogan This Week

"HE who has gets." The outward expression of prosperity and success attracts more of the same as surely as decoy ducks attract their wild brothers. The successful business man *may* be found in the shabby, old-fashioned office, but shabbiness is too often the Indian sign hung on lack of ability.

Is there any good reason why the business man should handicap himself by neglecting the appearance of his office? Give a thought to *your* office this week.



Make a Memo. of It

Look for the displays of **Sikes** Office ***Easy*** Chairs that Sikes dealers are making. Notice how **Sikes** Office ***Easy*** Chairs add to the impressiveness of any office by their air of quiet but unmistakable elegance. They are dignified without heaviness. Their lines and finish delight the eye as their comfort and ease delight the body. By their appearance they promote respect and self-respect. By their comfort they promote office efficiency.

Let the Sikes dealer give you an estimate on equipping your office. The reasonable figure he will quote may well come as an agreeable surprise to the mind already impressed by the beauty of **Sikes** Office ***Easy*** Chairs.

SIKES COMPANY CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

March 22nd to 27th is

SIKES CHAIRS Week

Investigate the Office Easy Chair!

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to the making of quality chairs for the home

round. . . . If you gentlemen will stand out of the doorway there, we may get a breath of cool air in here. . . . Cold Comfort is only forty-five miles from New York, which is the largest development on the continent, with hundreds of miles of streets and white-way lighting, a twenty-five-thousand-dollar mayor and a fifty-million-dollar university, a billion-dollar building program, and a record for heat prostrations that causes it to be known as the only Northern tropics."

"Offering lot Number Eighteen at Cold Comfort," said the auctioneer while I stood down to mop my dripping brow. "What am I bid? With this lot will be given away free lot Number Two at East Key West Mansions. What am I bid?"

"Twenty dollars," said a prospect.

"Thirty."

"Thirty-five."

"Thirty-five dollars," said the auctioneer. "Who'll make it a hundred? These lots should sell for a hundred dollars apiece, folks! Who'll give me seventy-five? Fifty? Forty dollars, forty dollars—who'll make it forty?"

"Thirty-five dollars an' a half," came the offer after a painful pause. And I saw that my auction was going to net me a very substantial loss.

"Thirty-five and a half!" bawled the auctioneer. "Going! Thirty-five and a half once, thirty-five and a half twice—for the third and last time——"

"Mr. Roberts," said a voice, speaking from the crowd to the auctioneer, "before you take, by false representations, the money of these people, many of whom may never have been North, will you tell them whether there are bathing and aquatic sports in that lake that the other gentleman spoke of, at this time of year? The gentleman spoke of an all-year-round climate."

"Mr. Snowber will answer that," said the auctioneer.

"Well, certainly, gentlemen," I said, coughing, "the climate at Cold Comfort changes from season to season, affording unsurpassed variety. There's no denying that the lake in question is frozen stiff just now. The aquatic sport I had in mind was skating or hockey."

What confused me for the moment was that the fellow who had put in his oar was none other than my old friend Abe Morgelt. He was evidently down to watch out for Eymer's interests. He pretended not to recognize me, but I resolved to meet him and take the liberty of kicking him on the shin.

"That's all I wished to know," said Abe, smiling cheerfully.

"Thirty-five and a half," resumed the auctioneer. "Who'll say forty?"

"Fifty," came a bid.

"Seventy-five."

"Eighty!"

"A moment, please," interrupted Abe Morgelt again, frowning at the last bidder. "I don't think some of these people quite understand what they're bidding for. Mr. Snowber, if that's the gentleman's name, spoke of green hills and flowers and such. Will he take his affidavit that there's a green hill or flower within a hundred miles of these lots? We want the truth here."

"I was speaking figuratively," I said, blushing. "My last advices are that there is a foot of snow on those hills. I was thinking more of the tobogganing and bobsledding on those towering hills, and the green of the pines and the red-cheeked girls' sweaters, and all that sort of thing. The laughing children building snow houses and snow men, and so on, if you follow me."

It was an awful lame alibi; I resolved to kick both of Abe's shins and give him reason to grin.

"I have eighty, if the bid stands," said the auctioneer.

"One hundred!" came in a new bidder.

And then I got a thrill and an intimation of how things stood when someone said "One hundred and fifty."

"I hate to persist," piped up Abe Morgelt with not a little bewilderment in his tone. "But do these people really understand ——"

I stepped up on the rostrum.

"Friends," I said, "I must apologize for a slip of the tongue I made a while ago when I spoke of Cold Comfort as a summer resort. It's a winter resort, and the proof is that we have real winter there and plenty of it. As a certain citizen of Key West remarked to me lately, 'What's a winter resort without winter?'

"Why, friends, we're just beginning to discover winter in this country, but it has been known and valued in Europe for hundreds of years. We have nothing as yet to compare with St. Moritz or Davos, where thousands of people go for health and pleasure, and pay Florida prices too. We'll have such places, and bigger and better; we've got the men, we've got the hills, we've got the money, too, to adapt the words of the poet. Now's your time to get in on the ground floor.

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you: Anybody who buys a lot and puts up a house on it, I'll rent it from him for the summer and pay him 6 per cent net on his money. You can go up there and enjoy real winter weather for a couple of weeks or months in the season, and still take out a profit on your investment. Now, Mr. Roberts, if you'll hold up proceedings for ten minutes I'll skip down to the hotel and bring back some winter views of Cold Comfort so these people can see what they're buying. Much obliged, Mr. Morgelt, for steering me right."

Well, sir, that lot went for four hundred and eighty dollars. Such was the enthusiasm aroused in that steaming room by the pictures and word paintings of ice and snow in more than commercial quantities that we sold one hundred and ten lots for a total price of forty-seven thousand dollars. In other words, we had the bulk of our two properties left, after taking in twelve thousand dollars more than both had cost us.

And there was better to come. Abe Morgelt had beaten it out to get somebody on the long distance—I could have told him he would have some wait—and there was no one to protect Eymer's lots when they were put up under the execution. No one offering to give snowballs away with them, they didn't raise a bid when offered singly, and I finally grabbed the whole bunch on a lump bid of two thousand dollars. I may say here that my suspicions of Eymer were confirmed later, and I believe that the judgment against him was collusive.

I've talked to many Florida real-estate dealers about my experience with Cold Comfort and East Key West Mansions, and they all agree that the people were only buying the Florida lots, and were taking the Cold Comfort lots for nothing. That's something that can never be demonstrated or disproved, but I'm laying out a campaign now that will show something.

I propose to sell East Key West Mansion lots only in New York and in the dead of winter, when people have reason to appreciate a hot climate; and I shall retail Cold Comfort in Florida in the summer. And I'm betting I'll cash in big on the advertising the tropical newspapers give the frozen North. Cold is a luxury down there, and the American people of those parts, with the wonderful new wealth that has come to them, and their modern transportation, are going to move up North in the winter and get their share. Give me a man with a case of prickly heat, and he's my prospect for Cold Comfort; it's no use trying to sell snow fields to a man who only wants enough of the stuff to rub his nose and save it. East Key West Mansions for his, and it can't come too hot.

As for me, I propose to go with the swallows hereafter, farthest south, Key Westward ho! I'm sold on the Keys. It's my life's ambition now to bring in the boom down there, bring it in big; and when we get that over-sea highway through, the boom will be a fact, and you'll see another gold rush. Yes, that will be a great day for the Keys, and I look forward to it with satisfaction. I can always find somewhere else to live.

A roof "may be down but it's never out"

—Something to remember

SAVE the old roof. So long as its timbers are sound, re-roof with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old worn-out shingles.

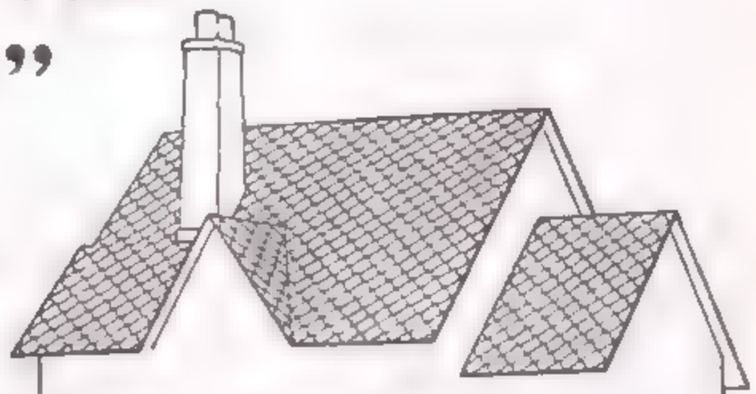
Then it becomes a roof that will stand in defiance to the elements long after the new roof across the street gives up and asks for replacement. It will fight against weather, time and even fire. You will never need to re-roof again.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are literally rigid, unbending slabs of rock—not to be confused with "flexible" shingles. They actually toughen with age and scorn the need of repairs or replacements.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc., 292 Madison Ave., at 41st St., N. Y. C.

Branches in all Large Cities

For Canada: Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto



What Kind of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	[illegible] asbestos ready roofing [illegible] asbestos shingles	[illegible] asbestos shingles appropriate colors
Dwellings $3,000-$7,000	Hexagonal asbestos shingles	[illegible] rigid asbestos shingles appropriate colors
Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles or color blends—appropriate colors
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough texture [illegible] the beautiful blends of weathered gray and reds
Factories, shops and [illegible] sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Sheet on frame buildings [illegible]	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice

A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches

Re-roof *for the* last time

When re-roofing an old house, you can lay either hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles right over the old roof. This saves tearing off the old shingles which remain in place to insulate your home against heat and cold.

Through Asbestos and its allied products

INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

Until you Re-roof for the Last Time with

JOHNS-MANVILLE

ASBESTOS SHINGLES

A BOTTLE OF EVIAN

(Continued from Page 10)

have sworn, there was relief in his look, satisfaction, almost, in his voice.

"So soon, s-?"

"Well, this is the fifth day since my arrival. And as there's no news yet of Mr. Almodham, and you say he may very well have forgotten all about my coming ——"

"Oh, I don't say that, sir; not forgotten! Only, when one of those old piles of stones takes 'old of him, he does forget about the time, sir. That's what I meant. The days drift by—'e's in a dream. Very likely he thinks you're just due now, sir." A small, thin smile sharpened the lusterless gravity of Gosling's features. Medford had never before seen him smile.

"Oh, I understand. But still——" Medford paused. Through the spell of inertia laid on him by the drowsy place and its easeful comforts his instinct of alertness was struggling back. "It's odd ——"

"What's odd?" Gosling unexpectedly echoed, setting the dried dates and figs on the table.

"Everything," said Medford.

He leaned back in his chair and glanced up through the arch at the lofty sky from which noon was pouring down in cataracts of blue and gold. Almodham was out there somewhere under that canopy of flame, perhaps, as the servant said, absorbed in his dream. The land was full of spells.

"Coffee, sir?" Gosling reminded him. Medford took it.

"It's odd that you say you don't trust any of these fellows—these Arabs—and yet that you don't seem to feel worried at Mr. Almodham's being off, God knows where, all alone with them."

Gosling received this attentively, impartially; he undoubtedly saw the point. "Well, sir, no—you wouldn't understand. It's the very thing that can't be taught, when to trust 'em and when not. It's 'ow their interests lie, of course, sir; and their religion, as they call it." His contempt was unlimited. "But even to begin to understand why I'm not worried about Mr. Almodham, you'd 'ave to 'ave lived among them, sir, and you'd 'ave to speak their language."

"But I——" Medford began. He pulled himself up short and bent above his coffee.

"Yes, sir?"

"But I've traveled among them more or less."

"Oh, traveled!" Even Gosling's intonation could hardly conciliate respect with derision in his reception of this artless boast.

"This makes the fifth day, though," Medford continued argumentatively. The midday heat lay heavy even on the shade of the court, and the sinews of his will were weakening.

"Oh, I can understand, sir, a gentleman like you 'aving other engagements—being pressed for time, as it were," Gosling reasonably conceded.

He cleared the table, committed its freight to a pair of Arab arms that just showed and vanished, and finally took himself off while Medford sank into the divan. A land of dreams

The afternoon hung over the place like a great velarium of cloth of gold, stretched across the battlements and drooping down in ever-slacker folds upon the heavy-headed palms. When at length the gold turned to violet, and the west to a bow of crystal clasping the dark sands, Medford shook off his languor and wandered out But this time, instead of mounting to the roof, he took another direction He was surprised to find how little he knew of the place after five days of loitering and waiting. Perhaps this was to be his last evening alone in it. He passed out of the court by a vaulted stone passage which led to another walled inclosure. At his approach two or three Arabs who had been squatting there rose and melted out of sight. It was as if the solid masonry had received them. Beyond, Medford heard a stamping of hoofs, the stir of a stable at nightfall. He went under another archway and found himself among horses and mules. In the fading light an Arab was rubbing down one of the horses, a powerful young chestnut. He, too, seemed about to vanish, but Medford caught him by the sleeve.

"Go on with your work," he said in Arabic.

The man, who was young and muscular, with a lean, beaked Bedouin face, stopped and looked at him.

"I didn't know Your Excellency spoke our language."

"Oh, yes," said Medford.

The man was silent, one hand on the horse's restless neck, the other thrust into his woolen girdle. He and Medford examined each other in the faint light.

"Is that the horse that's lame?" Medford asked.

"Lame?" The Arab's eyes ran down the animal's legs. "Oh, yes; lame," he answered vaguely.

Medford stooped and felt the horse's knees and fetlocks. "He seems pretty fit. Couldn't he carry me for a canter this evening if I felt like it?"

The Arab considered; he was evidently perplexed by the weight of responsibility which the question placed on him.

"Your Excellency would like to go for a ride this evening?"

"Oh, just a fancy. I might or I might not." Medford lit a cigarette and offered one to the groom, whose white teeth flashed his gratification. Over the shared match they drew nearer and the Arab's diffidence seemed to lessen.

"Is this one of Mr. Almodham's own mounts?" Medford asked.

"Yes, sir. It's his favorite," said the groom, his hand passing proudly down the horse's bright shoulder.

"His favorite? Yet he didn't take him on this long expedition?"

The Arab fell silent and stared at the ground.

"Weren't you surprised at that?" Medford queried. The man's gesture declared that it was not his business to be surprised.

The two remained without speaking while the quick blue night descended.

At length Medford said carelessly, "Where do you suppose your master is at this moment?"

The moon, unperceived in the radiant fall of day, had now suddenly possessed of the world and a broad white beam lay full on the Arab's white smock, his brown face and the turban of camel's hair knotted above it. His agitated eyeballs glistened like jewels.

"If Allah would vouchsafe to let us know!"

"But you suppose he's safe enough, don't you? You don't think it's necessary yet for a party to go out in search of him?"

The Arab appeared to ponder this deeply. The question must have taken him by surprise. He flung a brown arm about the horse's neck and continued to scrutinize the stones of the court.

"When the master is away Mr. Gosling is our master."

"And he doesn't think it necessary?"

The Arab signed: "Not yet."

"But if Mr. Almodham were away much longer ——"

The man was again silent, and Medford continued: "You're the head groom, I suppose?"

"Yes, Excellency."

There was another pause. Medford half turned away; then, over his shoulder: "I suppose you know the direction Mr. Almodham took? The place he's gone to?"

"Oh, assuredly, Excellency."

"Then you and I are going to ride after him. Be ready an hour before daylight. Say nothing to anyone—Mr Gosling or anybody else We two ought to be able to find him without other help."

The Arab's face was all a responsive flash of eyes and teeth. "Oh, sir, I undertake that you and my master shall meet before tomorrow night. And none shall know of it."

"He's as anxious about Almodham as I am," Medford thought; and a sudden unexpected shiver ran down his back.

"All right. Be ready," he said. He strolled back and found the court empty of life, but fantastically peopled by palms of beaten silver and a marble fig tree.

"After all," he thought irrelevantly, "I'm glad I didn't tell Gosling that I speak Arabic."

He sat down and waited till Gosling, approaching from the living room, ceremoniously announced for the fifth time that dinner was served.

V

MEDFORD sat up in bed with the jerk which resembles no other. Someone was in his room; the fact reached him not by sight or sound—for the moon had set, and the silence of the night was complete—but by a peculiar faint disturbance of the invisible currents that inclose us.

He was awake in an instant, caught up his electric hand lamp and flashed it into two astonished eyes. Gosling stood above the bed.

"Mr. Almodham—he's back?" Medford exclaimed.

"No, sir, he's not back." Gosling spoke in low controlled tones. His extreme self-possession gave Medford a sense of danger—he couldn't say why, or of what nature. But he sat upright, looking hard at the man.

"Then what's the matter?"

"Well, sir, you might have told me you talk Arabic"—Gosling's tone was now wistfully reproachful—"before you got 'obnobbing with that Selim. Making randy-voos with 'im by night in the desert."

Medford reached for his matches and lit the candle by the bed. He did not know whether to kick Gosling out of the room or to listen to what the man had to say; but a quick movement of curiosity made him determine on the latter course.

"Such folly! First I thought I'd lock you in. I might 'ave." Gosling drew a key from his pocket and held it up. "Or again I might 'ave let you go. Easier than not. But there was Wembley."

"Wembley?" Medford echoed. He began to think the man was going mad. One might, so conceivably, in that place of postponements and enchantments! He wondered whether Almodham himself were not a little mad—if, indeed, Almodham were still in a world where such a fate is possible.

"Wembley. You promised to get Mr. Almodham to give me an 'oliday—to let me go back to England in time for a look at Wembley. Every man 'as 'is fancies, 'asn't 'e, sir? And that's mine. I've told Mr. Almodham so, agine and agine. He'd never listen, or only make believe to; say, 'We'll see, now Gosling, we'll see'; and no more 'eard of it. But you was different, sir. You said it, and I knew you meant it—about my 'oliday. So I'm going to lock you in."

Gosling spoke composedly, but with an under thrill of emotion in his queer Mediterranean-cockney voice.

"Lock me in?"

"Prevent you somehow from going off with that murderer. You don't suppose you'd ever 'ave come back alive from that ride, do you?"

A slow shiver ran over Medford, as it had the evening before when he had said to himself that the Arab was as anxious as he was about Almodham. He gave a slight laugh.

"I don't know what you're talking about. But you're not going to lock me in."

The effect of this was unexpected. Gosling's face was drawn up into a convulsive grimace and two tears rose to his pale eyelashes and ran down his cheeks.

"You don't trust me after all," he said plaintively.

Medford leaned on his pillow and considered. Nothing as queer had ever before happened to him. The fellow looked almost ridiculous enough to laugh at; yet his tears were certainly not simulated. Was he weeping for Almodham, already dead, or for Medford, about to be committed to the same grave?

"I should trust you at once," said Medford suddenly, "if you'd tell me where your master is."

Gosling's face resumed its usual guarded expression, though the trace of the tears still glittered on it.

"I can't do that, sir."

"Ah, I thought so!"

"Because—'ow do I know?"

Medford thrust a leg out of bed. One hand, under the blanket, lay on his revolver.

"Well, you may go now. Put that key down on the table first. There. And don't try to do anything to interfere with my plans. If you do I'll shoot you," he added concisely.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't shoot a British subject. It makes such a fuss. Not that I'd care—I've often thought of doing it myself. Sometimes in the sirocco season. That don't scare me. And you shan't go."

Medford was on his feet now, the revolver visible. Gosling eyed it with indifference.

"Then you do know where Mr. Almodham is? And you're determined that I shan't find out?" Medford challenged.

"Selim's determined," said Gosling, "and all the others are. They all want you out of the way. That's why I've kept 'em to their quarters—done all the waiting on you myself. Now will you stay here? For God's sake, sir! The return caravan is going through to the coast the day after tomorrow. Join it, sir—it's the only safe way! I darsn't let you go with one of our men, not even if you was to swear you'd ride straight for the coast and let this business be."

"This business? What business?"

"This worrying about where Mr. Almodham is, sir. Not that there's anything to worry about. The men all know that. But the plain fact is they've stolen some money from his box, sir, since he's been gone, and if I hadn't winked at it they'd 'ave killed me; and all they want is to get you to ride out after 'im, and put you safe away under a 'eap of sand somewhere off the caravan trails. Easy job. There. That's all, sir. My word, it is."

There was a long silence. In the weak candlelight the two men stood considering each other. Medford's wits began to collect themselves as the sense of peril closed in on him. His mind reached out on all sides into the enfolding mystery, but it was everywhere impenetrable. The odd thing was that, though he did not believe half of what Gosling had told him, the man yet inspired him with a queer sense of confidence as far as their mutual relation was concerned. "He may be lying about Almodham, to hide God knows what, but I don't believe he's lying about Selim."

Medford laid his revolver on the table. "Very well," he said. "I won't ride out to look for Mr. Almodham, since you advise me not to. But I won't leave by the caravan. I'll wait here till he comes back."

He saw Gosling whiten under his sallowness. "Oh, don't do that, sir; I couldn't answer for them if you was to wait. The caravan'll take you to the coast the day after tomorrow as easy as if you was riding in Rotten Row."

"Ah, then you know that Mr. Almodham won't be back by the day after tomorrow?" Medford caught him up.

"I don't know anything, sir."

"Not even where he is now?"

Gosling reflected. "He's been gone too long, sir, for me to know that," he said from the threshold. The door closed on him.

(Continued on Page 121)

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

There's Beauty and Balance in Parker's Over-size Pencil

The Restful Grip for Writing as Proved by Parker Duofold Pen—its match and counterpart

THE way to tell what it's worth to write with a Parker Duofold Pencil—a pencil that gives one's brain free rein to do its best—is to try first a pencil that snaps off the lead in the midst of a brilliant idea—or one that the lead drops out of; or that clogs and jams.

Or with a pencil of small elusive girth that forces you to cramp your fingers to retain your hold. Or with an ordinary pencil that makes you perform the major operation of taking its "insides" out to insert a new lead.

All the disturbing vagaries of earlier pencils have been remedied by the Parker Duofold. A Pencil whose Non-Clog Propeller turns the lead both OUT for writing and IN for carrying.

And here we've created beauty and balance in an Over-size Pencil Grip which the Parker Duofold Pen has already proved as the restful thing in writing.

Good dealers have Parker Duofold Pencils in all hand-sizes—"Big Brother" Over-size, $4; Junior Over-size, $3.50; and slender Lady-size, $3. And all three in either color—rich black and gold, or gold and lacquer-red—to match Parker Duofold Pens.

Others may imitate the Parker color but they can't match the Parker Excellence. So look with care for this honor-stamp on the barrel of the genuine—"Parker DUOFOLD." Then you cannot be deceived.

A perfect match—a matchless writing team—Parker Duofold Pen and Pencil

Insert new lead in Tip—no need to remove the "insides." Note the long Tapering Point like you used to whittle on the old wood pencils.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Parker Duofold Pens to match the Pencils: Lady Duofold, $5; Duofold Jr., $5; Parker Duofold Over-size, $7

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OVER-SIZE

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Junior Over-size $3.50 Lady Duofold $3 Team-mates of Duofold Pens

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5 New Features
that bring
Five Remarkable Results

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

Von Millions

nique shaving cream; please try it; 5 new satisfactions await you

GENTLEMEN:

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a national sensation. Men have flocked to it by the millions.

80% of its users once were wedded to other kinds of shaving soap. Only outstanding and superlative advantages could have won them over—men don't shift without reason.

60 years of study

We are experts in soap making, as you know. For 60 years we have been improving soap. We started by winning the world to Palmolive toilet soap. Then worked to do the same in a shaving cream.

We asked 1,000 men what they most desired in shaving lather. They named four supreme requirements. We met them fully, then added a fifth, strong bubbles, a new delight unheard of before. We spent 18 months in modern laboratory work. 130 formulas were discarded before we found the right one.

Then we offered men a test. And that test changed the shaving cream situation; made a new leader in the field.

Find out—please

Palmolive Shaving Cream may or may not meet your ideals. We believe, though, it will multiply your present ideals many times.

So in fairness both to you and us, won't you put your present shaving soap aside a few days and give Palmolive Shaving Cream a trial? Simply mail the coupon.

We'll thank you for the courtesy, and you'll thank us, we believe, for the new conception of shaving comfort that it brings.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Illinois

3158

10 SHAVES FREE

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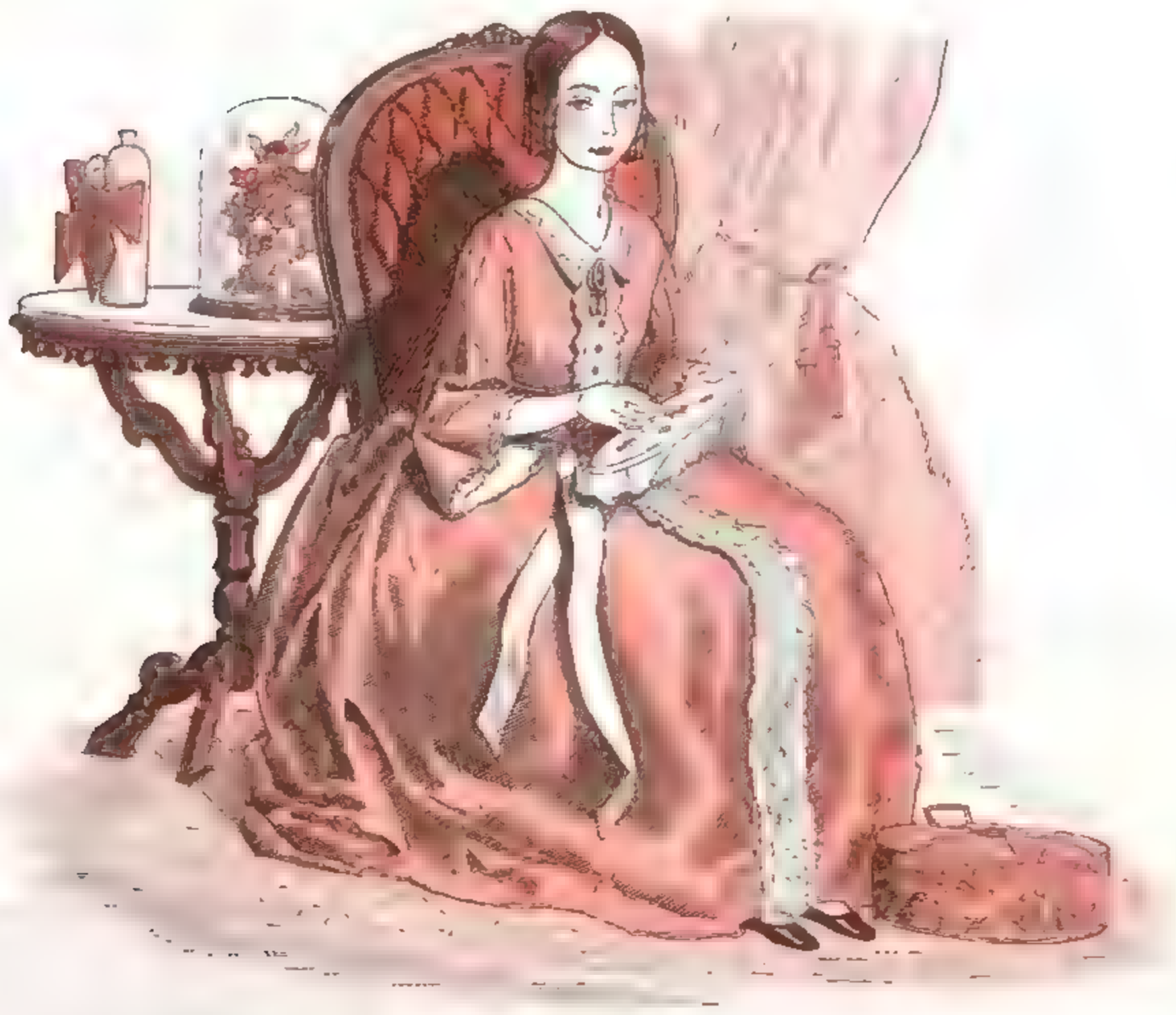

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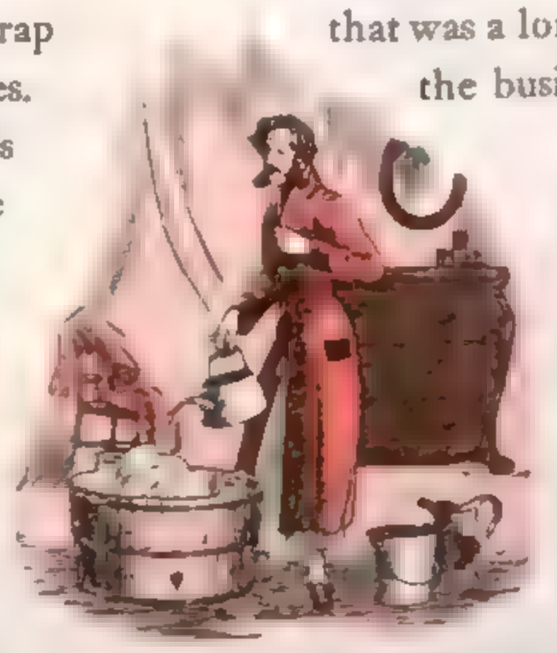

The Bathroom in 1856

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FULLER BRUSHES

SIMPLIFY THE BUSINESS OF HOMEKEEPING

(Continued from Page 116)

Medford found sleep unrecoverable. He leaned in his window and watched the stars fade and the dawn break in all its holiness. As the stir of life rose among the ancient walls he marveled at the contrast between that fountain of purity welling up into the heavens and the evil secrets clinging batlike to the nest of masonry below. He no longer knew what to believe or whom. Had some enemy of Almodham's lured him into the desert and bought the connivance of his people? Or had the servants had some reason of their own for spiriting him away, and was Gosling possibly telling the truth when he said that the same fate would befall Medford if he refused to leave? Medford, as the light brightened, felt his energy return. The very impenetrableness of the mystery stimulated him. He would stay and he would find out the truth.

VI

IT WAS always Gosling himself who brought up the water for Medford's bath. But this morning he failed to appear with it, and when he came it was to bring the breakfast tray. Medford noticed that his face was of a pasty pallor and that his lids were reddened as if with weeping. The contrast was unpleasant, and a dislike for Gosling began to shape itself in the young man's breast.

"My bath?" he queried.

"Well, sir, you complained yesterday of the water ——"

"Can't you boil it?"

"I 'ave, sir."

"Well, then ——"

Gosling went out sullenly and presently returned with a brass jug. "It's the time of year—we're dying for rain," he grumbled, pouring a scant measure of water into the tub.

Yes, the well must be pretty low, Medford thought. Even boiled, the water had the disagreeable smell that he had noticed the day before, though of course in a slighter degree. But a bath was a necessity in that climate. He splashed the few cupfuls over himself as best he could.

He spent the day in rather fruitlessly considering his situation. He had hoped the morning would bring counsel, but it brought only courage and resolution, and these were of small use without enlightenment. Suddenly he remembered that the caravan going south from the coast would pass near the castle that afternoon. Gosling had dwelt on the date often enough, for it was the caravan which was to bring the box of Evian water. "Well, I'm not sorry for that," Medford reflected, with a slight shrinking of the flesh. Something sick and viscous, half smell, half substance, seemed to have clung to his skin since his morning bath, and the idea of having to drink that water again was nauseating.

But his chief reason for welcoming the caravan was the hope of finding in it some European, or at any rate some native official from the coast, to whom he might confide his anxiety. He hung about, listening and waiting, and then mounted to the roof to gaze northward along the trail. But in the afternoon glow he saw only three Bedouins guiding laden pack mules toward the castle. As they mounted the steep path, he recognized some of Almodham's men, and guessed at once that the southward caravan trail did not actually pass under the walls and that the men had been out to meet it, probably at a small oasis behind some fold of the sand hills. Vexed at his own thoughtlessness in not foreseeing such a possibility, Medford dashed down to the court, hoping that the men might have brought back some news of Almodham, though, as the latter had ridden south, he could at best only have crossed the trail by which the caravan had come. Still, even so, someone might know something, some report might have been heard—since everything was always known in the desert.

As Medford reached the court, angry vociferations and retorts as vehement rose from the stable yard. He leaned over the wall and listened. Hitherto nothing had surprised him more than the silence of the place. Gosling must have had a strong arm to subdue the shrill voices of his underlings. But now they had all broken loose, and it was Gosling's own voice—usually so discreet and measured—which dominated them. Gosling, master of all the desert dialects, was cursing his subordinates in a half dozen.

"And you didn't bring it—and you tell me it wasn't there, and I tell you it was, and that you know it, and that you either left it on a sand heap while you were jawing with some of those slimy fellows from the coast or else fastened it onto the horse so carelessly that it fell off on the way—and all of you too sleepy to notice —— Oh, you sons of females I wouldn't soil my lips by naming! Well, back you go to hunt it up, that's all!"

"By Allah and the tomb of his prophet, you wrong us unpardonably. There was nothing left at the oasis nor yet dropped off on the way back. It was not there, and that is the truth in its purity."

"Truth! Purity! You miserable lot of shirks and liars, you—and the gentleman here not touching a drop of anything but water—as you profess to do, you liquor-swilling humbugs!"

Medford drew back from the parapet with a smile of relief. It was nothing but a case of Evian—the missing case—which had raised the passions of these grown men to the pitch of frenzy! The anticlimax lifted a load from his breast. If Gosling, the calm and self-controlled, could waste his wrath on so slight a hitch in the working of the commissariat, he at least must have a free mind. How absurd this homely incident made Medford's speculations seem! He was at once touched by Gosling's solicitude, and annoyed that he should have been so duped by the hallucinating fancies of the East.

Almodham was off on his own business; very likely the men knew where and what the business was; and even if they had robbed him in his absence and quarreled over the spoils, Medford did not see what he could do. It might even be that his eccentric host—with whom, after all, he had had but one evening's acquaintance—repenting of an invitation too rashly given, had ridden away to escape the boredom of entertaining him. As this alternative occurred to Medford it seemed so plausible that he began to wonder if Almodham had not simply withdrawn to some secret suite of that intricate dwelling and were waiting there for his guest's departure. So well would this explain Gosling's solicitude to see the visitor off—so completely account for the man's nervous and contradictory behavior—that Medford, smiling at his own obtuseness, hastily resolved to leave on the morrow.

Tranquilized by this decision, he lingered about the court till dusk fell and then, as usual, went up to the roof. But today his eyes, instead of raking the horizon, fastened on the clustering edifice of which, after six days' residence, he knew so little. Aerial chambers, jutting out at capricious angles, baffled him with closely shuttered windows, or here and there with the enigma of painted panes. Behind which window was his host concealed, spying, it might be, at that very moment on the movements of his lingering guest? The idea that that strange, moody man, with his long brown face and shock of white hair, his half-guessed selfishness and tyranny, and his morbid self-absorption, might be actually within a stone's throw, gave Medford, for the first time, a sharp sense of isolation. He felt himself shut out, unwanted—the place, now that he imagined someone might be living in it unknown to him, became lonely, inhospitable, dangerous. "Fool that I am—he probably expected me to pack up and go as soon as I found he was away!" the young man reflected. Yes; decidedly, he would leave the next morning.

Gosling had not shown himself all the afternoon. When at length, belatedly, he came to set the table, he wore a look of sullen, almost surly, reserve which Medford had not yet seen on his face. He hardly returned the young man's friendly "Hallo—dinner?" and, when Medford was seated, handed the first dish in silence. Medford's glass remained unfilled till the latter touched its brim.

"Oh, there's nothing to drink, sir. The men lost the case of Evian—or dropped it and smashed the bottles. They say it never came. 'Ow do I know, when they never open their 'eathen lips but to lie?" Gosling burst out with sudden violence. He set down the dish he was handing and Medford saw that he had been obliged to do so because his whole body was shaking as if with fever.

"My dear man, what does it matter? You're going to be ill," Medford exclaimed, laying his hand reassuringly on the servant's arm. But the latter, muttering, "Oh, God, if I'd only 'a' gone for it myself," jerked away and vanished from the room.

Medford sat wondering; it certainly looked as if poor Gosling were on the edge of a breakdown. No wonder, when Medford himself was so oppressed by the uncanniness of the place. Gosling reappeared after an interval, correct, close-lipped, with the dessert and a bottle of white wine. "Sorry, sir."

To pacify him, Medford sipped the wine and then pushed his chair away and returned to the court. He was making for the fig tree when Gosling, slipping ahead, transferred his chair and wicker table to the other end of the court. "You'll be better here—there'll be a breeze presently," he said. "I'll fetch your coffee." He disappeared again, and Medford sat gazing up at the pile of masonry and plaster, and wondering whether he had not been moved away from his favorite corner to get him out of—or into?—the angle of vision of the invisible watcher. Gosling, having brought the coffee, went away and Medford sat on.

At length he rose and began to pace up and down as he smoked. The moon was not yet up and darkness fell solemnly on the ancient walls. Presently the breeze arose and began its secret commerce with the palms.

Medford at length went back to his seat, but as soon as he had resumed it, he fancied that the gaze of his hidden watcher was jealously fixed on the red spark of his cigar. The sensation became increasingly distasteful; he could almost feel Almodham reaching out long ghostly arms from somewhere above him in the darkness. He moved back into the living room, where a shaded light hung from the ceiling, but the room was airless, and finally he went out again and dragged his seat to its old place under the fig tree. From there the windows which he suspected could not command him, and he felt easier, though the corner was out of the breeze and the heavy air seemed tainted with the exhalation of the adjoining well.

"The water must be very low," Medford mused. The smell, though faint, was unpleasant; it smirched the purity of the night. But he felt safer there, somehow, farther from those unseen eyes which seemed mysteriously to have become his enemies.

"If one of the men had knifed me in the desert, I shouldn't wonder if it would have been at Almodham's orders," Medford thought. He drowsed.

When he woke the moon was pushing up its ponderous orange disk above the walls and the darkness in the court was less dense. He must have slept for an hour or more. The night was delicious, or would have been, anywhere but there. Medford felt a shiver of his old fever and remembered that Gosling had warned him that the court was unhealthy at night.

"On account of the well, I suppose. I've been sitting too close to it," he reflected. His head ached, and he fancied that the sweetish foulish smell clung to his face as it had after his bath. He stood up and approached the well to see how much water was left in it. But the moon was not yet high enough to light those depths, and he peered down into blackness.

Suddenly he felt both shoulders gripped from behind and forcibly pressed forward,

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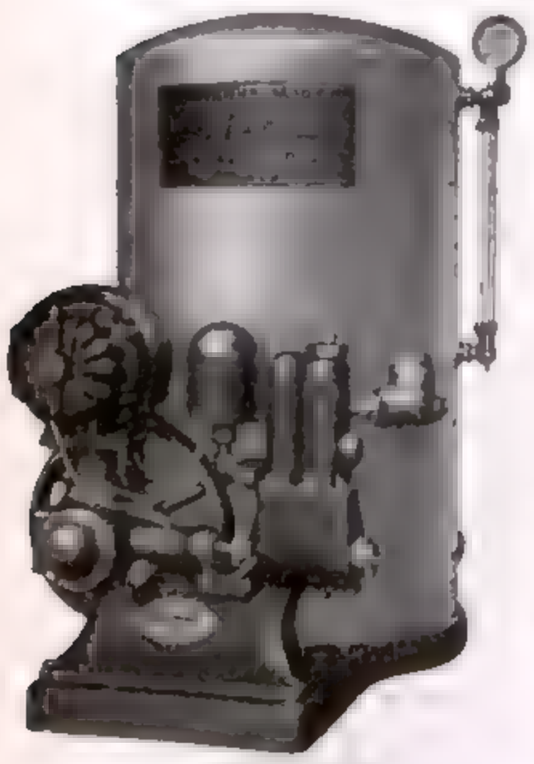

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as if by someone seeking to push him over the edge. But, almost coinciding with his own instant resistance, the push became a pull, a strong tug backward, and he swung round to confront Gosling, whose hands immediately dropped from his shoulders.

"I thought you had the fever, sir I seemed to see you pitching over," the man stammered

Medford's wits returned. "We must both have it, for I fancied you were pushing me in," he said with a laugh.

"Me, sir?" Gosling gasped. "I pulled you back as 'ard as ever ——"

"Of course. I know."

"Whatever are you doing here, anyhow, sir? I warned you it was un'ealthy at night," Gosling continued irritably.

Medford leaned against the well head and contemplated him. "I believe the whole place is unhealthy," he rejoined.

Gosling was silent. At length he said, "Aren't you going up to bed, sir?"

"No," said Medford, "I prefer to stay here." At this, Gosling's face took on an expression of dogged anger. "Well, then, I prefer you shouldn't."

Medford laughed again. "Why? Because it's the hour when Mr. Almodham comes out to take the air?"

The effect of this question was startling. Gosling dropped back a step or two and then flung up his hands, pressing them to his lips as if to stifle a thin squeal.

"What's the matter?" Medford queried. The man's antics were beginning to get on his nerves.

"Matter?" Gosling still stood away from him, out of the rising slant of moonlight.

"Come! Own up that he's here and have done with it!" cried Medford impatiently.

"Here? What do you mean? You 'aven't seen 'im, 'ave you?" Before the words were out of the man's lips he flung up his arms again, stumbled forward and fell in a heap at Medford's feet.

Medford, still leaning against the well head, smiled down contemptuously at the stricken wretch. His conjecture had been the right one, then; he had not been Gosling's dupe after all.

"Get up, man. Don't be a fool! It's not your fault if I guessed that Mr. Almodham walks here at night ——"

"Walks here!" wailed the other, still cowering.

"Well, doesn't he? He won't kill you for owning up, will he?"

"Kill me? Kill me? I wish I'd killed you!" Gosling half got to his feet, his head thrown back in ashen terror. "And might 'ave, too, so easy! You felt me pushing of you, didn't you? Coming 'ere spying and sniffing ——" His anguish seemed to choke him.

Medford had not changed his position. The very abjectness of the creature at his feet gave him an easy sense of power. But Gosling's last cry had suddenly deflected the course of his speculations. Almodham was here, then; that was certain; but just where was he, and in what shape? A new fear scuttled down Medford's spine.

"So you did want to push me over?" he said slowly. "Why? As the quickest way of joining your master?"

The effect was more immediate than he had foreseen.

Gosling, getting to his feet, stood there bowed and shrunken in the accusing moonlight.

"Oh, God—and I 'ad you 'arf over! You know I did! And then—it was what you said about Wembley. So help me, sir, I felt you meant it, and it 'eld me back." The man's face was again wet with tears, but this time Medford recoiled from them as if they had been drops splashed up by a falling body from the foul waters below.

Medford was silent. He did not know if Gosling were armed or not, but he was no longer afraid; only aghast, and yet shudderingly lucid.

Gosling continued to ramble on half deliriously.

"And if only that Evian 'ad of come. I don't believe it'd ever 'ave crossed your mind, if only you'd 'ave had your Evian regular, now would it? But you say 'e walks—and I knew he would! Only what was I to do with him, with you turning up like that the very day?"

Still Medford did not move.

"And 'im driving me to madness, sir, sheer madness, that same morning. Will you believe it? The very week before you come, I was to sail for England and 'ave my 'oliday, a 'ole month, sir—and I was entitled to six, if there was any justice—a 'ole month in 'Ammersmith, sir, in a cousin's 'ouse, and the chance to see Wembley thoroughly; and then 'e 'eard you was coming, sir, and 'e was bored and lonely 'ere, you understand—'e 'ad to have new excitements provided for 'im or 'e 'd go off 'is hat—and when 'e 'eard you were coming, 'e come out of his black mood in a flash and was 'arf crazy with pleasure, and said, 'I'll keep 'im 'ere all winter—a remarkable young man, Gosling—just my kind.' And when I says to him 'And 'ow about my 'oliday?' he stares at me with those stony eyes of 'is and says, ''Oliday? Oh, to be sure; why, next year—we'll see what can be done about it next year.' Next year, sir, as if 'e was doing me a favor! And that's the way it 'ad been for nigh twelve years. But this time if you 'adn't come I do believe I'd have got away, for he was getting used to 'aving Selim about 'im and his 'ealth was never better—and, well, I told 'im as much, and 'ow a man 'ad his rights after all, and my youth was going, and me that 'ad served him so well chained up 'ere like 'is watchdog, and always next year and next year—and, well, sir, 'e just laughed, sneering-like and lit 'is cigarette. 'Oh, Gosling, cut it out,' 'e says.

"He was on the very spot where you are now, sir; and 'e turned to walk into the 'ouse. And it was then I 'it 'm. He was a heavy man, and he fell against the well curb. And you expected any minute—oh, my God!"

Gosling's voice died out in a strangled murmur.

Medford, at his last words, had involuntarily shrunk back a few feet. The two men stood in the middle of the court and stared at each other without speaking. The moon, swinging high above the battlements, sent a searching spear of light down into the guilty darkness of the well.

Dawn at Lake Moxie, Maine

Etching made for the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, by O Kubler, Pittsburgh

Wherever heavy burdens are to be carried, or unusually trying road conditions encountered, you are apt to find truck-owners depending upon Kelly Caterpillars—the original notched-tread truck tires—to solve their tire problems. There must be a reason—and there is. This reason is simply that no other type of tire offers the same combination of traction, resiliency and mileage.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

THIS MAGIC BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 25

my nerves are a-tingle, and that even today, after all these years of experience, I am no more immune to that feeling of awe than I was at the outset of my career. I make a hasty survey of the various pieces of apparatus; one glance assures me everything is in its proper place. I see the members of the company standing in the wings, alert in every fiber to the importance of this moment; the girls ready for the signal which calls them forth for the introductory dance. Their nerves, like mine, are keyed to a high pitch, though I have tried to relieve the strain with a word of encouragement or a bit of fun.

"Play ball," I call out as I move back hastily to the wing of the second entrance. The electrician calls "lights," the stage is flooded with a brilliant glare, the curtain rises at a given cue and the action of the performance starts at a certain strain of the music.

Now the machine has begun to function; in a few moments more I am to step before this committee of judges arrayed before us and hear their quick verdict—is the mechanism properly oiled and working smoothly or does it creak and falter? I am prancing around on my toes and swinging my arms like a man trying to get warm; it is my way of gathering physical pep for my entrance. I am oblivious to every other thing in the world except the vital things required of myself at this moment—that is a psychic trick I have learned through experience. A flood of good cheer toward humanity surges through my heart, a kindly feeling for every person in the theater.

Long experience has taught me that the crux of my fortunes is whether I can literally radiate good will toward the audience. There is only one way to do it, and that is to feel it. You can fool the eyes and the minds of the audience, but you can't fool their hearts.

Love at First Sight

It is at this crucial period of the performance that the thought is uppermost in my mind that the very calling of a magician is a challenge to his audience. I can sense what is going on in the minds of those who sit in judgment before me.

"This fellow thinks he is clever, and he is going to fool us," they are thinking; then they brace themselves in their seats and resolve to ferret out his devices for deception. It is a battle to a quick decision. If they succeed, their respect is gone; if they lose, their approbation manifests itself in generous applause. It is all over in a flash, a few moments after you have made your first bow. They decide then and there whether they will like you. If they approve, half the game is won.

I may deceive and entertain a lukewarm audience to a degree, but it is impossible to register that personal hit or success which every performer understands so perfectly, regardless of applause. What does it avail me to fool their eyes and deceive their minds unless I win their hearts? It means simply this: that technic has triumphed and personality failed. But the one victory does not counterbalance the other defeat; and between the two I should prefer triumph on the side of personality. And still more, I prefer that the success be twofold. That is why I attach such weight to my first contact with the audience and why I try to make it an easy, graceful thing which will put us on a plane of understanding instead of—of a collision.

The entente cordiale must be a rapid-fire thing, signed, sealed and delivered, all in the course of a few moments. No time for any diplomatic dickerings; it must be as explosive as love at first sight. I am geared to this and I must make them responsive. So the first few tricks are those which bring me into close contact with the audience, requiring their participation. If I can induce a stranger sitting in a box to reach in the air, catch an imaginary card and toss it to me, I have won a bigger victory than the audience realizes. But it is upon that famous institution of life in this country, the American boy, that I rely chiefly to weld the cord of sympathy. He is splendid, a precious asset for the magician. Indeed, I do not know what we of the black-art profession would do without spontaneous youth to assist us in the presentation of our goods.

Taut Nerves and a Loose Line

When I take a shower of cards from a boy's mouth and he and the audience laugh in unison I realize that the barrier is crumpling fast. It is then time for the Rising-Card trick, one that has a deep place in my heart because I mystified Herrmann the Great with it in the days when I was trying to get a foothold. I select a boy who has his father with him. He has named one of the five cards which are to rise at a given signal. I tell him to call to the card to appear. Our eyes are all turned to the stage to see his card rise, but nothing happens. I turn again to the youngster and explain quickly that the only way he can get this particular card to come forth from the pack is by pulling his father's hair—it's that kind of card. The boy does it, the card appears, the crowd laughs and the day is won for me. This daring piece of byplay has driven away the last vestige of restraint.

The machine a magician operates is as delicate as a Swiss watch and more complicated because of the multiplicity of human parts. Fear that everything may not be in just its proper place, or that he or his assistants may miscalculate the hairline timing required to keep it running smoothly, is his obsession. It haunts him all the time, but never more than when an emergency is arising offstage. I can only guess what is going on behind the scenes from the sounds that come to my ears, and in the tension of the moment I may imagine that extremely dangerous situations are threatening.

One night, after concluding the Lady and the Lion illusion, the cage containing the lion was wheeled offstage, and I proceeded with another illusion, one in which a girl takes part and requires my closest attention. I had hardly started when I heard confusion behind the scenes, where the lion's cage had been pushed. Apparatus was being shifted, there was a buzzing of subdued exclamations and hastily given orders; then a crash as some heavy object fell.

Above the noise, which was plainly discernible to me, but not loud enough to reach the ears of the audience, I heard George shout, "De lion's loose; de lion's loose."

There was the sound of running feet, as though everyone backstage was scurrying to a place of safety. The whole picture of what had happened flashed before my eyes. The overturned cage—opened doors—the infuriated lion—the frightened company fleeing for their lives. My heart almost stood still.

I doubt whether my brain ever worked faster. If I stopped the trick I was performing and gave any evidence of undue excitement, the audience would be thrown into confusion, possibly a panic; and the illusion would be spoiled, though that was trifling by comparison. I must go on; I must not let the audience know of any peril until we were all actually confronted with it. And I did go on, hoping for the best, but expecting every moment to see the lion come bounding on the stage. I listened intently for every sound, and when the noise at last began to quiet down I concluded that through some act of Providence the lion had been recaptured and restored to his cage. But my nerves were still shaky when I hurried to the wings at the close of the act and sought George.

"George, how in the name of heaven did the lion get loose?" I cried.

"De lion get loose? What you talkin' 'bout, boss?" There was a puzzled look on George's face.

"Didn't I hear you cry out just a few moments ago that the lion was loose?" I demanded.

George's mouth opened wide and his pearly white teeth glistened as he threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"No; I didn't say nothin' 'bout de lion bein' loose. What I says, boss, was 'de line's loose, de line's loose.' You knows what I means, boss—de lines what we use in de pulleys—de ropes."

And for the first time since I had heard that ominous cry from the wings I realized that such a catastrophe as my imagination had conjured up could not possibly have happened, because of the construction of the cage. The whole thing appealed to my sense of humor and I joined with George and the others in the laugh they were having at the expense of the boss. Then suddenly I paused, looked serious again and tried to throw a little scare into George's heart.

"Some day, George, that lion is likely to get out of his cage; then what will you do?"

"'Deed, boss, if dat lion gits outa de cage Ise gwine ter jump in and close de doah."

The Lady and the Lion

It was this same Lady and the Lion illusion which brought about the most thrilling stage experience I have had in the thirty-five years I have entertained the public in all parts of the world. It happened at Chattanooga, Tennessee, some ten years ago. In the illusion, a girl jumps into a cloth-covered cabinet and instantly vanishes, there being in her place a ferocious lion, pacing back and forth behind the bars. The apparatus is so constructed that the girl's exit from the cage and the lion's entrance are simultaneous. It is the action of the girl opening the door through which she passes from the cabinet that releases the catch to the door of the lion's compartment. Her exit must be perfectly timed to insure her personal safety and also to make it a complete illusion for the audience.

It is necessary that its mechanism be in perfect working order, for lions make no allowances for rusty hinges or broken parts. An athletic young chap whom I had performing in this act before I substituted a girl, used to make it a practice to oil the hinges five minutes before the illusion was presented. A visitor backstage asked him one night why he exercised such extreme precaution.

"I have just about two-fifths of a second to get out of this door on one side before the lion enters the other," he explained. "If I'm a fifth of a second late I can't explain it to the lion. He works in fifths of seconds too."

That day in Chattanooga, we had been repairing the cage, and the workmen had neglected to screw one of the hinges to the floor. In our subsequent inspection of the cage, this oversight, for some reason, was not discovered. The first we knew of it was when the emergency was full upon us—at the evening performance when the girl attempted to make her hasty exit. The door opened wide enough to release the catch of the lion's compartment and then jammed before she could squeeze through the small opening. The lion was in the cabinet with her. She was unable to make her escape.

Even as I became aware of the delay, I heard the girl give a low sharp cry. I sprang behind the curtain, which was still lowered and obscured the girl's plight from the audience, and raised the swinging front of the cage, at the same instant seizing a long pole which I use to show that the cabinet is empty. The lion was advancing on the girl, but my sudden appearance diverted his attention for the needed fraction of a second. I jammed the pole at him with all the force of my right arm and the point lodged in his opened mouth, a miracle of luck. My left hand grasped a large automatic pistol I always carry in this act.

Tricks the Boys See Through

Meanwhile the men in the rear of the cage had seen the danger and were working like mad to release the jammed door. In a few moments they succeeded in opening it, and the girl escaped. I let the front of the cage swing back into place, snapped the safety lock and slipped out to the stage from behind the curtains. It had all happened in a flash, not a word had been spoken by any of us, and a glance at the audience assured me that no one had sensed that anything unusual was taking place. My momentary absence had not even been noticed. The audience regarded it as a part of the act and was eagerly waiting to see the completion of the illusion.

The cue for the cabinet curtains to be drawn aside is a shot from a "magic" pistol, which I carry for this purpose. I gave the signal and the curtains were drawn. The girl had vanished. The lion had taken her place. And the mystified audience gave the expected applause. It was music to my ears and a sedative to my unstrung nerves.

The public's idea of a magic show is a theater plentifully sprinkled with confederates, who step forth to the stage at the magician's bidding and assist him in the deceptions. No impression could be more erroneous. I carry only one confederate in my company, and his principal mission is not to work with me and help me, but to get the crowd started toward the stage at such times when the response to my call for volunteers is slow. Never do I employ a child as a confederate. Those who come upon the stage are either strange to me or occasionally the sons or daughters of friends who are there to be entertained precisely as other children are.

Children are the joy of my existence; I love them and their little expressions of interest as they try to catch me in a trick. Sometimes I think it is the deep, deep affection I have for my daughter Jane, now approaching sixteen, our only child, which makes me delight so in the company of children. Jane has revealed to me all the beauty and glory of the child mind, and I say now that the world has nothing finer to exhibit.

And would you believe that it is these same children of whom I speak who are the quickest to detect the tricks of a magician? The bright boys of fourteen and fifteen years who have learned the knack of mental concentration are the ones to put the arts and wiles of the necromancer to their severest test. The battle I have with these youngsters never fails to put me on my mettle and to spur my sporting instinct to its highest pitch. I am trying to deceive, they are trying to detect, and having a keen appreciation of these able foemen I never let down my guard. The mind of a

(Continued on Page 128

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The Danger Line

Moments that add years of health

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have painful decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because teeth need more than mere cleaning. They must also be protected at THE DANGER LINE.

THE first teeth are family events! They are greeted with more or less celebration. Then—too often—they are neglected. "They'll be out soon," so many parents say. "What do they matter?"

Yet regular care of the first, or baby, teeth will practically assure *sound, regular*, permanent teeth—and if this same care is continued, an assurance of sound teeth and healthy gums throughout life is the reward.

Careful observation has demonstrated that when children's mouths are kept clean and in a healthy condition by the use of a safe and efficient dentifrice, the children are protected to a great degree from the common diseases of childhood.

Decay begins early

Decay of the teeth begins shortly after the first teeth appear. It occurs most actively in the pits and crevices on the grinding surfaces of the teeth, and at that vital place where teeth meet gums, The Danger Line. *This is especially true at The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach*, and where the most dangerous decay is apt to begin.

Selecting a safe dentifrice

The selection of a *safe* dentifrice is imperative—a dentifrice which cannot injure the tender mouth of the child, but which will protect against the acids that cause decay. Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, is the ideal dentifrice for children, and this is why: It contains more than 50% of pure, palatable *Squibb's* Milk of Magnesia; enough to neutralize for hours after use the acids which attack teeth and gums; it contains no grit; it is pleasantly flavored, and it is harmless even if swallowed.

Children like Squibb's Dental Cream, and many mothers have found it a great aid in teaching the little ones the habit of oral cleanliness. Teach your children to use Squibb's—and as a natural consequence they will keep on using it in later life. At druggists'—40 cents a tube.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—*The Standard of Quality—from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made—is recommended by physicians everywhere. It may be purchased in large and small bottles from your druggist.*

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SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM
Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

Home of Mr. W. G. Barnhart in Columbus, Ohio. Mr. E. A. Ramsey, Architect. Woodwork is Curtis throughout. The larger illustrations on these pages are from this home

BEAUTY WITH STRENGTH IN THIS STAIR BY CURTIS

Judging from many stairs you see, some builders seem to think that a stair balustrade must be of great size. Newel posts six inches square are too common. It is a mistake to think that a thing is either strong or beautiful just because it is big. On the other hand, there is a good feeling among architects and interior decorators that interior woodwork cannot be too small in scale. While this statement is an exaggeration, yet there is much truth in it, as this beautiful Curtis stair clearly shows. Here you see very slender balusters, and a very small newel. But this stair is just as sturdy as many with posts twice as large. Its strength lies in the way it is put together. Curtis stair parts are assembled to methods of construction that make balustrades of exceptional strength and security. Ask the Curtis dealer for details. This beautiful stair hall is in the home of Mr. W. G. Barnhart, Upper Arlington, Columbus, Ohio. Mr. E. A. Ramsey, Architect. Curtis Woodwork furnished by the H. C. Crouse Lumber Co.

BEAUTIFUL INTERIORS

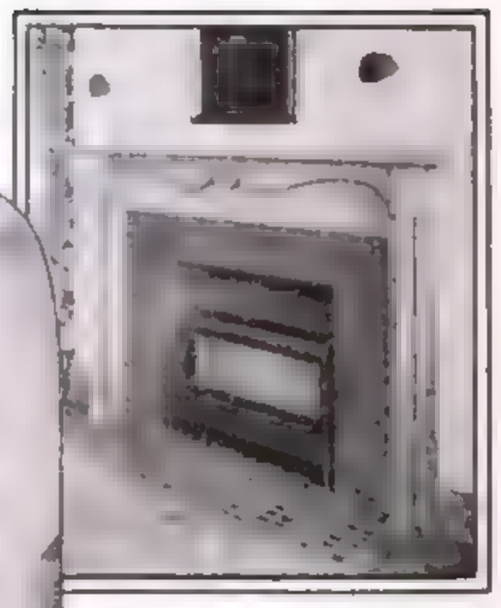
Every kitchen needs breakfast pantry such as this. Curtis Kitchen Cabinets and numerous sectional base units provide Curtis Kitchen furniture like this Dresser

A new Curtis door design (C-317) for those who like the one-panel door with the panel relieved by moldings. This door has the narrow stiles and rails which account for the greater beauty of all doors by Curtis. The molding around the panel, instead of part of an insert frame. No nail holes appear in the door face. A much stronger door results with practically no added cost

1865 CURTIS

We [illegible] all [illegible] into [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Section through trim of panel door showing the panel rabbet and molding head to base detail of doors in the Curtis line



No matter how inexpensive a house you intend to build, you can afford a beautiful entrance effect. Or you can have several doorways with it—mantels in the living room, dining room, den or the like. Dr. O. H. Severing, Bexley, Columbus, Ohio

INTERIOR DOORS ARE BACKGROUND

Just how important interior doors are as background for furniture and decorations is easily seen in this picture from the home of Mr. W. G. Barnhart. They are large units and can have great decorative value in mass and color as well as architectural quality and every-day utility. Two kinds of interior doors are shown here. The glass door opens from the breakfast room. It shuts off sounds and odors between the rooms but permits the passage of light. Its beauty lies in its good proportions and the interesting division of the glass area into small panes. This is Curtis door C-231

The other door is an eight panel design of unusually good details, a design derived from the paneled interiors of Elizabethan England. It is best used in the interior with stained woodwork, as here, and is especially suited to the room with paneled walls. This door has been used successfully in houses of varying types, from our timber English houses to Spanish and Italian houses.

The door is Design C-305 and is made in oak. In ordinary sizes it sells at about $14.00.

Must Have Beautiful Woodwork

Today, builders of homes of all sizes can have beautiful woodwork, too. And they save the extra expense of made-to-order construction.

You and your architect or builder can now select appropriate designs from the Curtis dealer's stock or from his Curtis Catalog. These items are manufactured in advance of your needs. Confine your selections to Curtis sizes and designs and there will be no errors in production, and no disappointments so common with made-to-order millwork.

And every Curtis article is not only of known design, but is uniformly of the same construction as every other similar article. Because all are made by one manufacturer, and according to definite standards of construction.

Why Curtis Woodwork is not high priced

While Curtis Woodwork has been designed by well known architects of high standing, with ideas drawn from the finest houses in England and America, this masterful work has not increased the cost. For Curtis Woodwork is produced in large quantities. Although not to be compared with ordinary woodwork in design, workmanship, quality of materials or strength of construction, Curtis Woodwork costs practically the same. Yet when all expense is included, such as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job, it usually brings an actual saving.

You can secure Curtis Woodwork east of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (*40 pages*) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of nearest dealer.

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Curtis Tower & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska. Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa. Curtis Tower & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas. Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wisconsin. Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa. Curtis Yale Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Illinois. Curtis Door Co., Detroit, Michigan; Curtis Companies Incorporated, Eastern Sales Office, 25 West 44th St., New York City

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

CURTIS WOODWORK

MOLDINGS • TRIM • STAIR PARTS • BUILT-IN CABINETWORK

(Continued from Page 124)

boy of fourteen or fifteen has not become confused by theoretical things. To him the direct route is shortest. For the solution of a complex trick he seeks the simplest explanation. It is invariably the right one, and when his keen vision has apparently penetrated the mask my only foil against him is my continual patter. If this fails and I see that he has discovered how an illusion is executed I at once make a confidant of him.

"You've guessed it exactly," I assure him in an undertone. "Now keep it to yourself and help me fool the rest of them." The idea of being in league with the magician thrills him. He remains absolutely mute regarding his discovery and will actually help to carry on the deception.

I refer to the ages of fourteen or fifteen specifically for the reason that I have found the boy who has passed that mark is ordinarily of a more retiring disposition and shrinks from making himself conspicuous. At sixteen, seventeen and upward he has reached the self-conscious class and no longer has the frank abandon of the youngster a few years his junior. It is not difficult to deceive him, for his eyes look in the direction to which I point and his mind is swayed entirely by my flow of patter.

Spotting the Nuisances

The illusions which bring volunteers to the stage are known professionally as committee acts. I formerly had five or six such acts as a part of the performance, but except for those of the matinées which bring children to the stage this year, there will be only one. In reducing the number, I have acceded to the wishes of the audience and not to my own personal likes and dislikes. I prefer the committee acts. There is a zest to having all kinds of humanity standing at times only a few inches away from the secret apparatus which mystifies them and being unable to detect it.

I even welcome the trouble maker—the dull-witted man who lacks concentration, is devoid of any sense of embarrassment, doesn't care what he does, and whose mind and eyes rove continually. He requires special treatment. I administer it by means of a strong pressure on the arm and a volley of expletives. It usually restores him to his senses.

You may have noticed that when a committee act is being organized I always stand at the head of the runway to meet the volunteers as they step upon the stage. The purpose of this is something else than merely greeting my visitors from the audience. I want to see the type of men I have to deal with, to make a quick study of character and a hurried analysis of physiognomy and to place each in his own groove for future use. You will pardon the apparent vanity when I say that these rapid calculations seldom go amiss. I am looking particularly for three classes of men—the student, the solid type of business man and the trouble maker. I am aiming to separate the wheat from the chaff, to favor the student and the solid chap, and to relegate the eccentrics and dull wits to back seats where they cannot interfere with the enjoyment of the audience. There are not many of these, but you can never tell when they may appear, and it is advisable to guard against the ludicrous things they can do to upset the smoothness of the performance. A code of signals understood by my assistants removes them from the danger zone.

Baffled Professors

The solid citizen, or perhaps I had better call him the average man, is not hard to mystify. He brings to the magician's stage a well-balanced, orderly mind, a keen interest to observe and learn, a prompt responsiveness to the instructions he receives in the magician's patter and, above all, the spirit of a gentleman. He is not self-conscious, but he does not welcome the spotlight. His eyes will gaze upon the things he is requested to scrutinize, while his mind is absorbing and analyzing the words he hears. A good trick to him is a good trick; he will admit that he has failed utterly to penetrate the mystery of it and he will be enthusiastic in his praise. I know the type immediately. There is no jarring note of small vanity in his make-up; there is not the remotest chance that he will suddenly spring to his feet and cry aloud that he has discovered "how it is done," as the eccentrics and dull wits do in the mistaken belief that they will be applauded for their cleverness; but there is a congenital power of discernment which might explain many things to his satisfaction, were he willing to play the game unfairly.

Disregarding the abnormal, vainglorious species, as expressed in the eccentric and slow-thinking classes, I now come to two groups of men who are ultra-distinctive in their relation to the black art—those who are the easiest to deceive and those who are the most difficult. The profound student is the easiest—the bookworm, the scientist, the man of letters and the psychologist—none so much so as the college professor who spends all his time in the study of the very values the magician finds most useful and employs constantly. For after all, legerdemain and psychology have a most intimate relationship. The magician is nothing if not a psychologist; scarcely a moment passes that he is not resorting to it to meet the changing situations which are forever developing in his performance. And it is his own brother psychologist he finds easiest to deceive

In several cities I visit each year, I always find a group of these professors of psychology in attendance at the show. When I call for volunteers they are among the first to respond. I know many of them well.

"This time we are going to get you, Thurston," they will say to me laughingly. And a little later they leave the stage as completely baffled as ever, though equally unsatisfied. On occasions I have tried daring experiments with them. One especially likable chap in New York is constantly challenging me. Once I seized his wrist and deliberately moved his hand back and forth not more than an inch from the secret apparatus used in the levitation act, in which a woman is suspended in mid-air. But his eyes were unseeing, and he was actually no nearer the solution than if he had been ten miles away from the stage. Why? It is because he has absolute mastery of concentration. His mind is centered completely on what I am doing. It is too thoroughly trained to wander; it always follows the line laid out for it. And it is the same with all psychologists.

Too Used to Tricks

The hardest to deceive are lawyers and preachers. It is not that they are discourteous, like the dullard, or that they do not concentrate on my actions and conversation; on the other hand, they are both polite and attentive to a degree. It is because they do not suffer stage fright and lose their poise when they step before the footlights, as most persons do, that their powers of observation remain unimpaired. They are accustomed to being before the public and are at perfect ease; indeed, their mental faculties have undoubtedly been sharpened in a subconscious way by the very task at hand. I believe it applies to most men and women whose work is of this nature—that they automatically become more alert when they step upon the rostrum and realize that hundreds of eyes are focused upon them and hundreds of ears listening to them.

In particular it is the legal mind which is constantly throwing out a challenge to the magician. It has had a special training to plumb the depths of uncertainty—to reject what appears on the surface and to seek other causes than the obvious. Magic consists largely of circumstantial evidence. It is the member of the bar, the lawyer or jurist, who above all others understands that circumstantial evidence is tricky and at times unreliable. He is never deluded into believing that the things which seem to happen on the magician's stage actually do happen. He knows that my patter is a mask, and while he hears it all he is not deceived by it.

Deceit in mankind is the quality he has been schooled to expect and to be constantly on the watch for in the court room: in the magician's presence it is openly and admittedly a game of deceit, and the lawyer brings into play every faculty at his command to locate it—his natural acuteness in this direction and his impassiveness to public appearance

A Magician's Allies

You might fancy that it is disconcerting when a trick is discovered by one of the volunteers from the audience. It is not. Sometimes I am even glad when some member of the committee sees how an illusion is accomplished or imagines he sees, for it starts a controversy among those to whom he makes known his discovery. A controversy is helpful. It stimulates greater interest, and when I become aware that one is in progress it is certainly no business of mine to discourage it. If I find, as I do on the average of once a month, that someone has actually seen things not intended for his eyes, I center a great deal of attention on that individual to make him an ally instead of a menace—a strong pressure on the arm for certain types, accompanied by a bombardment of words; an appeal to the vanity of the vainglorious, a frank acknowledgment that he actually has solved the mystery to the smart youngster, the solid business man, the lawyer, the preacher and those of that class. There is a special treatment for every kind. The art of the magician is to understand human nature well enough to know at a moment's glance which variety of treatment is the right one to apply.

Opera glasses are taboo at a magic show, since some tricks can be detected through them. When Harry Kellar, who proclaimed me his successor in 1907, would discover

(Continued on Page 133)

Five of Thurston's Illusions, Which Require the Services of More Than a Dozen Assistants

Yes, the Topcoat Will be Popular

The topcoat promises to be more than ever popular this spring—with a tendency towards high, accentuated shoulders, and the suggestion of a waistline

There were present ___ 1000 LEADERS OF MEN!

IT was November 19, 1925, at a certain famous hotel on Fifth Avenue. A thousand business men—captains of industry, great merchants, important men in the industry and commerce of the nation—were assembling to hear a speech by the President.

Two newspaper men stood watching as the guests arrived.

"Self-made, almost to a man," said one.

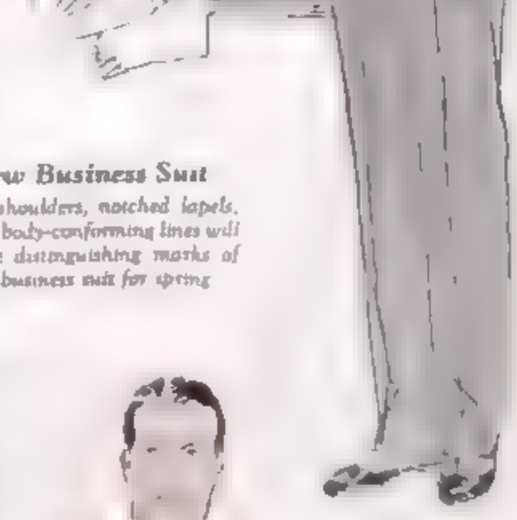
"And not a pair of baggy breeches in the lot!" said the second.

Indeed, a characteristic of successful men everywhere is careful attention to clothes—such as Hoff-Man service makes possible. The Hoff-Man Press makes it as easy to wear well-pressed clothes as to wear a white collar.

Let's say, for example, that you have a suit that needs valeting. You phone your dyer and cleaner, or your tailor, and ask for Hoff-Man service. With his Hoff-Man Press he is equipped to serve you quickly—your clothes are pressed in a minimum of time, and by a method that actually improves them.

Here's the reason: Instead of hot metal pressed against the surface of the fabric (as with a hand iron, the temperature of which cannot be controlled), the garment is pressed under a *cloth* surface. Hot, sterilizing steam is caused to surge through the goods, "mellowing" the cloth, and raising the nap. Then, this steam is drawn off, and the garment set by the Hoff-Man Vacuum Process—a patented, exclusive feature of Hoff-Man Pressing. As a result, clothes pressed by the Hoff-Man Method are really refreshed, hold their shape better, and look new for a longer time.

If you wear good clothes, try this service next time your suit needs pressing. Call any good dyer and cleaner, tailor, or presser, and ask for it by name—*Hoff-Man Pressing*. It will assure for your clothes that well-pressed look that marks the successful man. United States Hoff-man Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

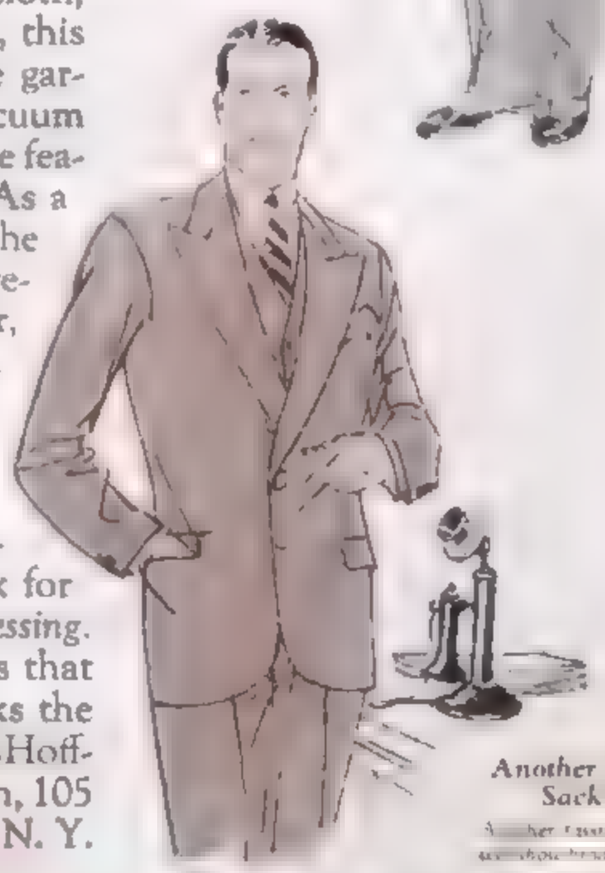


The New Business Suit

High, broad shoulders, notched lapels, and a hint of body-conforming lines will be among the distinguishing marks of the correct business suit for spring

An Old Friend Back for Sport

Many a well-dressed man on the links and at country clubs will wear the Norfolk jacket—an old favorite, more in vogue than ever



Another Favorite Sack Suit

Another favorite sack suit with those broad shoulders that is peaks forming [illegible] trend. Here [illegible] the [illegible] of the coats

HOFF-MAN PRESSES

There is a Hoff-Man Steam Garment Press for every pressing purpose. Write for information.

For Tailoring

The famous Hoff-Man Model 6A—an all-around press.

For Dyeing and Cleaning

A complete line of forming and shaping presses.

For Clothing Stores

Presses of all kinds for bushelling and valeting

For Clothing Manufacturing

A complete line of presses for all under pressing and off-pressing operations.

For Knit Goods Manufacturing

A complete line of specialized presses for all finishing operations.

For Clubs, Hotels, Ships, etc.

Presses for the valet department.

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The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio.

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Please send your booklet describing the new Class 1800 National Cash Register, without cost or obligation.

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Many startling features—Beautiful streamline construction
Dignified appearance—Suited to any type fixtures

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Business needed this new machine —merchants told us what they wanted —we produced it.

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Transactions are indicated on a single line.

All totals are shown on easily read counters.

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This beautiful machine looks well anywhere—a dignified, handsome store fixture. Send the coupon for free descriptive booklet.

This new National is added to our great line of more than 500 different types and sizes, built to meet every business need.

All Nationals sold on easy terms. Liberal allowances. Nationals are priced as low as $75, $100, $125, $150 and up.

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The Spread Red Eagle is the National emblem of the Independent Oil Men of America—a non-profit organization conducting a publicity campaign in the interest of Independent Oil.

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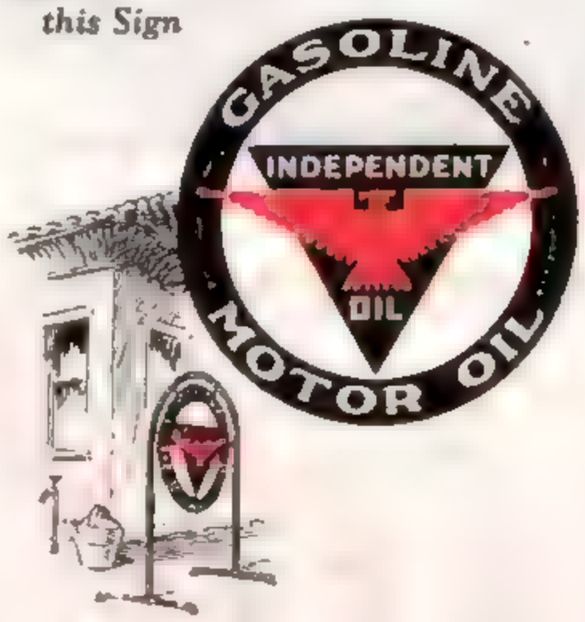
Gasolines—Motor Oils—Tractor Oils

and all other petroleum products sold under the *Spread Red Eagle* combine the convenience of local service with the stabilized resources of a great national organization.

Each member of this association has back of him, subject to call, the experience and tested recommendations of one of the most able staffs of lubricating engineers in this country.

Wherever you are, or wherever you go, you will invariably receive courteous, conscientious service and uniform quality of gasoline and motor oil under the sign of the *Spread Red Eagle*—the pledge of local dependability, backed by National responsibility.

Buy at this Sign



INDEPENDENT OIL MEN OF AMERICA

—a non-profit organization conducting a publicity campaign in the interest of Independent Oil

Association Offices: 624 South Michigan Ave., Chicago

Write for the Spread Red Eagle booklet, "The Story Back of Independent Oil"

(Continued from Page 128

them in the audience he would stop the performance until the person using them had laid them aside. My own procedure at such times is almost the reverse of this. I step to the footlights and, addressing the man with the glasses, invite him to come to the stage that he may use them more effectively.

"Now adjust the glasses for the shorter range," I advise him, when he has mounted the platform, making sure that the lenses are not pointed toward vulnerable spots while he is in the act of doing this. Then I tell him to use the glasses to his heart's content and lead him around on a tour of inspection. But he does not see anything he should not. Though he is unaware of it, I am helping him to move the glasses around in half-jerky movements which prevent his eyes from resting too long upon any single object. He sees less than he would without them, but he is convinced, nevertheless, that they have been useful.

I am often confronted with the temptation to say something smart at the expense of a person who tries to disrupt the performance by diverting attention to himself, occasionally in a spectacular manner. But cheap wit is an unstable weapon in the hands of the public performer; its reaction is certain to engulf him in time.

I have said that the very nature of this form of entertaining requires that the magician be the whole show. That is an accurate statement of fact; and yet, standing by itself, it can be easily misconstrued. The other side of the picture is the invaluable contribution his assistants make toward projecting him as the whole show. Much of our success is due to these competent and loyal assistants, many of whom have been with me for years, ranging from twenty-seven downward. They perform their tasks with all the vigor and spontaneity of playing a game. Their skill must be as close to perfect as the operation of human mechanism allows, their mental vision of the kind that will grasp an unusual situation quickly and meet it, and their timing the essence of accuracy. With all of us it is an endless drill to coördinate the human and mechanical elements for frictionless action. We guard against mistakes as we would a plague. And still we make them.

Watching for Mistakes

At every performance a girl stands just offstage constantly watching for mistakes, and jots down in a notebook a record of any little happening that seems to mar the smoothness of the action. And in the audience sits the real supervising chief of the show, Mrs. Thurston. She occupies a different seat every night, pencil and notebook in hand, and my eyes begin searching for her as soon as I step upon the stage. Richard Mansfield once said that he could recognize persons' faces up to the eighth row, but not beyond. I can see everyone in the downstairs seats, for the theater is brilliantly lighted throughout the performance. I have no trouble locating her.

Every few moments I glance toward Mrs. Thurston to see whether she has any message to telegraph to me through our own code of signals. If I am speaking too low, she leans forward, with a hand cupped over her left ear as though it was difficult for her to hear; and immediately I pitch my voice higher. If I see her going through the motions a man makes in straightening his necktie, I know that mine is awry and I adjust it. She may telegraph that the lights are too low, that I am carrying my patter too far, that I am taking too much chance of being detected, that the ventilation of the theater is bad, that the music is off key, and a hundred and one other things; whatever it is, I at once give orders to have the trouble corrected.

"You got that trick over in great shape," she will inform me by clapping her hands vigorously, joining with the audience in its applause.

After each performance the entire company gathers on the edge of the stage for notes. The girl in the wings has made from twenty to thirty, and Mrs. Thurston has her quota. The notes vary from recording a serious mishap to the fault of being a fraction of a second too late. Each item is gone over with care, that the trouble will not be repeated at subsequent performances.

In some illusions the entire company is employed. Cues for action are taken from the music, from my patter or my gestures. When I reach for an object to be used in a trick, I seldom look in that direction. I reach to my right and the object is there. I toss it away without looking, but always with the same motion. One of my assistants is waiting for it; they seldom miss. My older assistants rarely have their names on the notes. They are proud of their accuracy, and a note is a score against the game we are all playing.

Lights and colors are important. The slightest mistake at the switchboard may spoil my best illusion. We carry our own switchboard and most of the lighting effects, and through the manipulation of these there were 142 cues flashed in our performance last season. On the road we carry 250 pieces of baggage, the smallest box weighing eleven ounces and the largest 400 pounds. The trunks are a tribute to the cabinetmaker's art—full of tiny compartments, each big enough, and only big enough, to house the particular thing for which it was built. A tiny coil of horsehair has a compartment to itself, so has a small piece of wax and so have two needles. When we are moving, a quick glance at the box tells the assistant who is packing it whether anything is missing—an unfilled compartment fairly shrieks its own story. No trunk is locked until every section is filled.

Gone Agin—Finnigin

Our properties include fifty-two hanging pieces which are worked from the gallery. And there is also our own small menagerie, which extends in the size of its member animals from my white Arabian horse and lion down to guinea pigs and rabbits, with a sprinkling in between of goldfish, ducks, roosters, pigeons and geese. The food bill for this collection is no small item. There are no dyspeptics in the company; even the goldfish have voracious appetites.

One of the most interesting cities we play is St. Louis. The train arrives from Indianapolis at eleven o'clock in the morning. By twelve, the first wagonload is at the stage door, and the curtain rises at 2:30 P. M. We have hauled two carloads of baggage more than a mile, unpacked and put together nearly all the illusions, hung the scenery and lights, and while I open the performance, assisted by some of the company, the remaining effects are being assembled to be pushed on the stage when needed.

Saturday night, the train leaves at 11:30. At 10:30 I am still on the stage. We have hired twenty extra stage hands. As each illusion is finished, it is packed, loaded and rushed to the train in one of the waiting twenty large trucks. And for nineteen years we have never failed to catch that 11:30 train.

The courage often displayed by assistants is superb. I shall tell you of the Australian girl who took part in the Dida illusion when I was appearing in the town of Chartre's Towers, Queensland, twenty years ago. A glass tank was brought on the stage, exhibited empty and filled with water. I covered it with a cloth, and then, snapping the cloth away, revealed a girl in bathing costume reposing at the bottom of the tank. Again I covered the tank, and a second girl appeared when the cloth was removed.

On this occasion the first girl had emerged from the tank and was making her exit when she tripped and fell heavily on the stage. I stepped forward to assist her and found she had injured an ankle so badly that she was barely able to limp off the stage supported by one of the assistants. The interruption had taken more time than I supposed, and when I hurried back to the tank and removed the cloth, I saw the Australian girl clinging tightly to the bar at the bottom of the tank. Her eyes were staring and expressionless as though she was in a trance, her grip on the bar deathlike in its tenacity. She had lost consciousness and was actually drowning before my very eyes. I reached into the tank to release her and it took every ounce of my strength to break her hold on the bar. While my assistants carried her to a dressing room and worked over her I called a physician from the audience. The curtain was held for ten minutes before he managed to bring her back to consciousness and we were able to resume.

Later that evening when she had fully recovered, I asked her why she had not released herself before the cloth had been removed from the tank.

"It would have spoiled the illusion," she answered simply.

In my Vanishing Horse illusion, Miss Arline Palmer rides Beauty, my beautiful white Arabian horse, on to the stage, does a few Wild West stunts of equestrianship and then mounts a big platform, which is hoisted ten feet in the air. The horse is covered with a cloth and instantly vanishes.

When we were breaking-in the illusion at the Bronx Opera House, in New York, one of my assistants struck Beauty with a flat stick at the cue for the horse to run from the wings to the center of the stage, not knowing that the stick had a nail in it. Beauty took several tremendous bounds toward the front of the stage and reared up on his hind legs when he could go no farther. His hind feet were actually in the footlights and his body swaying over the orchestra, with Arline clinging to the bridle. She was in desperate peril, as were the musicians immediately beneath her.

With one prodigious tug at the reins, she jerked Beauty's head sharply to the right and he fell to his side, with all four feet extending over the heads of the orchestra. Arline slipped gracefully from his back to the stage as he fell. In a few moments she had him on his feet, and the trick was presented without delay. The audience seemed to think it was all a part of the performance and applauded vigorously.

After the curtain I ran over to Arline, who was raised in the saddle, and who had been a Wild West rider with Buffalo Bill. She quickly waved aside the concern I felt over her narrow escape from death.

"Gee, boy, that was some rarin'," she said—and there was a joyous note in her voice that seemed to add, "Gee, I wish that was a regular part of this act."

The Man of Mystery

Out on the stage the magician poses as a mysterious being, with a calm and unruffled exterior that is frequently anything but a gauge of what is actually taking place inside. There was a period in Cleveland when I played with a temperature ranging from 103 to 105; and I clutched blindly at objects, trusting my hands to do their work mechanically. But my most trying experience was in Indianapolis at the time of the influenza epidemic, and word came to us that our daughter, Jane, was critically ill with the disease at school. Mrs. Thurston left hurriedly for New York. On the way she, too, was stricken. I was notified by wire that she was in a hospital and her condition serious.

Within an hour I had engaged Pullman reservations on all the trains East, ready to leave at a moment's notice, should the call come from my wife or daughter. The tension had become so great by the time I was due to start the performance that evening that I feared my nerves would never stand the ordeal of facing an audience and going through the various acts with smiling face and cheerful manner. The strains of music sifted back from the front of the house with a dirgelike effect upon my tortured mind; and now Fritz's voice was booming out, "Five minutes," the call to action. There came a hurried knock at my dressing

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room—a boy stood there waving a telegram in my direction.

I tried to steady my nerves as I tore open the envelope. A hurried scanning of the typewritten lines told me that the tragedy which had been hovering over me all afternoon was at hand, though it was of a different nature than I had anticipated. In a few brief, formal sentences, the message informed me that my brother, Charles, a detective in Columbus, Ohio, had been murdered by a gang of thieves. It was a stunning blow, coming on top of the other things I had endured that day; and I can never forget the battle I fought with myself in the next few moments to recover my poise—the tugging at my heart which rebelled against the mockery of a smiling countenance. But it was the habit of years which conquered—the self-mastery acquired through long practice; and Thurston, the magician, was before the footlights presenting his illusions in the usual manner, though Thurston, the husband, father and brother, was elsewhere, absorbed in the grief of a deep bereavement and half crazed with fear of an impending disaster even more terrible. The dread tidings did not come. In the morning, I received word that both Jane and her mother had improved rapidly overnight and were on the road to recovery.

Strange as it may seem, most of my new ideas for effects come to me while I am performing on the stage. An accident or some unexpected happening may supply the germ of what may be worked into a masterpiece of deception. I carry two clever mechanics, in addition to my regular staff of assistants. One is kept at experiments while on the road; the other repairs and improves the many pieces of apparatus. Through the summer months we toil in our workshop on Long Island, an old moving-picture studio, 70 feet wide, 150 feet long and 40 feet high, with our regular apparatus stored in four warehouses near by, which we lease for this purpose. In the workshop we conduct our experiments with new illusions, using the equipment of metal and wood-working machinery to produce the various parts. At times there are as many as thirty persons engaged in this task, most of them skilled mechanics.

Sawing a Woman in Two

The presentation of a magic show is merely one phase of the magician's job; there are two other parts, first, creation; second, construction. The time may come when there will be specialists in each of these three branches, but at present the successful magician must be thoroughly versed in all. He must create ideas for illusions with the main thought that they will be practicable—that they can be made to work every time and that they can be properly presented to the audience. The hardest part is presentation.

One of the most sensational illusions of recent years is Sawing a Woman in Two Parts. Horace Goldin first presented this idea, in incomplete form, at the annual entertainment of the Society of American Magicians, in New York, in June, 1921. It was not much of a success. Goldin realized it, but felt that the idea possessed great opportunities. I felt so, too, and arranged with Goldin to bring his illusion to my workshop. We spent the entire summer and $4000 perfecting the apparatus, and finally produced a sensation. The illusion was imitated by not less than fifty persons. It was explained in many publications, but it had made a fortune for the theaters and also for Goldin, who had several copies of the act working in vaudeville.

The following year the managers refused to book it, saying the public knew how it was done. My arrangement with Goldin gave me the right to present the illusion. It was a success in our show, but I realized it would have to be improved in many ways. So Mr. Dante, who has charge of my shop in the summer and who heads our number-two show in the winter, and I went to work on the problem. All during the summer we changed, altered and rebuilt the various parts. One night I retired at twelve o'clock after a hard day of wrestling with our problem and was asleep in my home when the telephone bell rang. It was 3:30 in the morning.

Dante, tremendously excited, was at the other end of the wire, shouting into the mouthpiece, "I've got it; I've got it!"

"Got what?" I inquired in a rather sleepy voice.

"Why, the sawing. It's the greatest illusion in the world."

"Great," I called to him. "Come right over."

It was seven o'clock before we finally went to bed; but that day we added the finishing touches and produced an apparatus which we challenge anyone to examine and learn its secret. In the illusion a girl is placed in a box just large enough to accommodate her body. Her head and feet extend at the end. The box is placed on a plank, or small platform, and while volunteers from the audience are holding the girl's hands and feet, the box, girl and platform are sawed in two parts, across the middle.

The sections are drawn several feet apart. The head, hands and feet move—the girl is alive. Then, presto, they are placed together and the girl steps from the box and walks offstage.

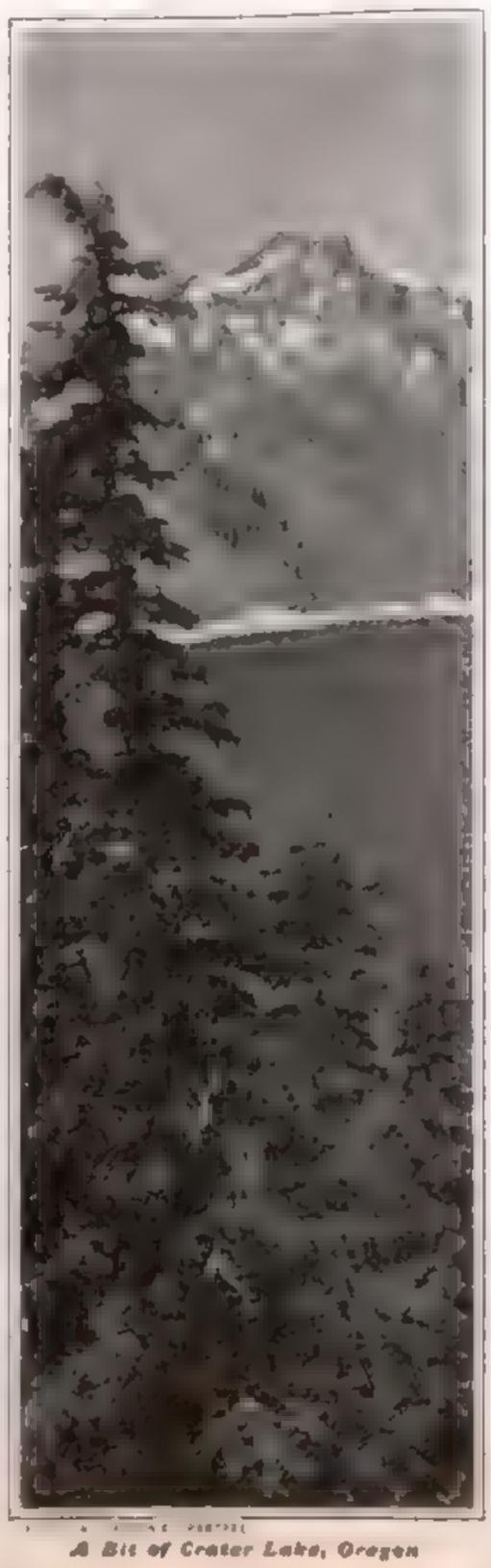
Serious Uplift Work

The most expensive and probably the greatest illusion in the world is known in America as Kellar's Levitation, in which a girl is apparently hypnotized, placed on a couch and caused to rise six or eight feet in the air, on a brilliantly lighted stage. Kellar presented the illusion for several years, and when I succeeded him I kept it in my program. I have now exhibited it for nineteen years, and for many years I invited persons from the audience to the stage to see it more closely. Usually twenty to forty persons would respond. I would let them walk up to the floating figure, pass their hands above and below, and then walk around the girl so they could observe from every angle. That was the daring and dangerous part; so to control the eyes of the investigators that they would believe they had examined the mystery completely. They were always convinced the girl floated in mid-air with no support.

I have added greatly to the mystery. After the usual levitation, the girl is covered with a cloth and I cause her to float across the stage and right down over the heads of the audience; then back to the center of the stage where I jerk the cloth away, and she has disappeared. I worked nine years on this effect before it was completed.

Kellar told me he had spent more than $20,000 in developing this trick. I have added another $3000. The principles used in it were first employed by Buatier de Kolta, an ingenious European magician, in another illusion. It was then perfected at Maskelyne and Cooke's Egyptian Hall, in London, about twenty-five years ago, where I first saw it in 1900. The combined efforts of these two master magicians, De Kolta and Maskelyne, brought about a perfection of the apparatus to such a stage that the illusion could be presented in a permanent theater. Kellar's additions made it possible in a traveling show. The illusion, as it exists today, weighs 2200 pounds and fills eight trunks. Notwithstanding this great quantity of paraphernalia, the audience cannot see any part of it.

A true builder of magic must have the spirit of the inventor, combined with the patience of Job. If he surrenders in the face of obstacles, if the work is irksome to him and if he does not find exhilaration in watching the slow, gradual evolution of an idea, there is danger of the madhouse. Money, time, work; none of these is to be considered. Only one thing matters—the effect at any cost.



A Bit of Crater Lake, Oregon

The Tricks of the Trade

Many years ago my chief mechanic at that time, Henry, and I worked on a device whereby the girl used in the Aga illusion, a form of levitation, was caused to revolve while apparently suspended in mid-air. Henry, a diligent, sincere worker, had spent three months on the contrivance, making change after change, only to find that the elusive goal was just a step ahead of us. It was exasperating, I'll admit, and Henry finally reached the point where he decided he was not earning his wages. One day, after a week of hard work, when we believed we had at last mastered our task, I complimented him on his efforts.

"The end is in sight at last, Henry," I said. "But that ring is just one-eighth of an inch too small; we'll have to make it over again."

Henry looked at me in disgust. Tears came to his eyes, as he took off his apron and said, "That's enough for me, Mr. Thurston. I quit; it's impossible to please you."

His voice was husky, as he added:

"No hard feelings, Mr. Thurston; only I just can't go on any further. You're losing your money and I'm going crazy."

The next day Henry came back to work, and at the end of another week the trick was operating perfectly. It was one of my biggest successes. I used it on my tour of the world. We called the trick Henry.

The mental picture that comes to me of the successful magician is that he embodies a multiplicity of trades and professions. A combination of artist, actor, psychologist, mechanic, builder and inventor, whose chief stock in trade is his ability to pierce the barrier of the footlights and to meet the changing situations always confronting him. One phrase, it seems to me, describes him best:

"A Jack of all trades and master of one."

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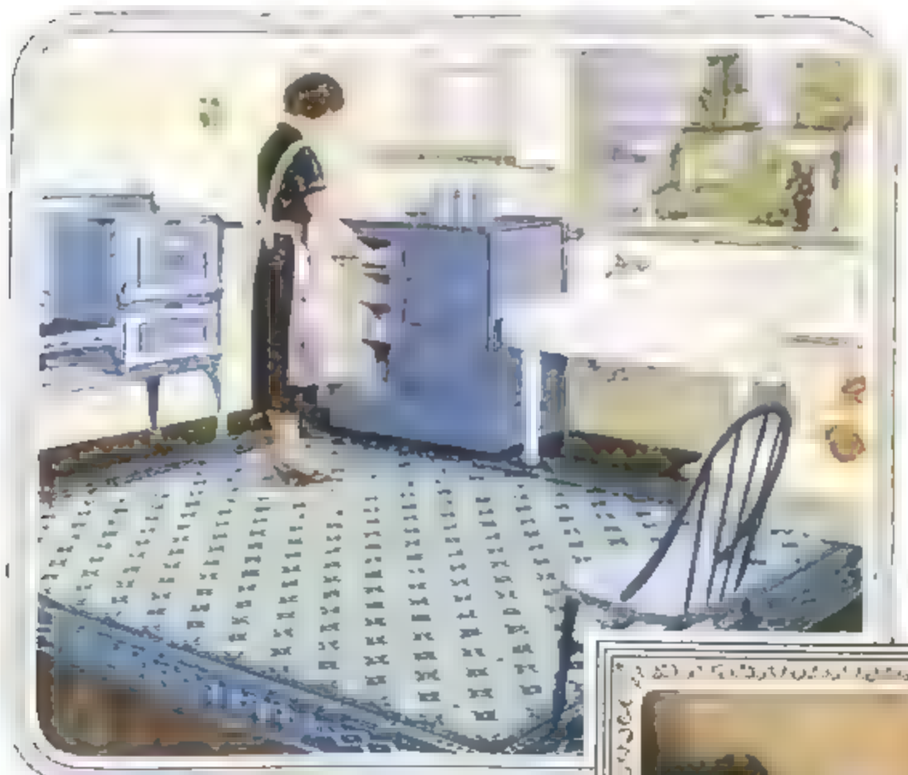

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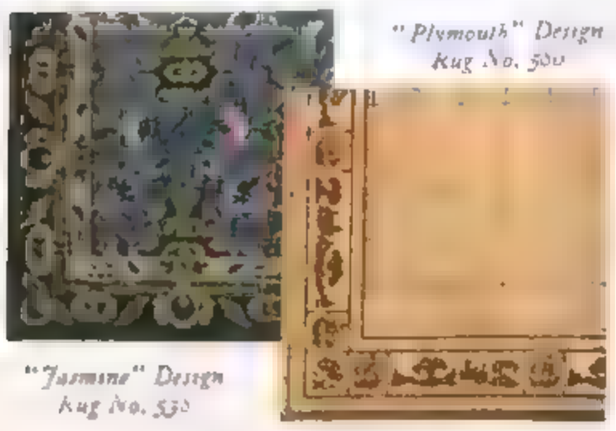

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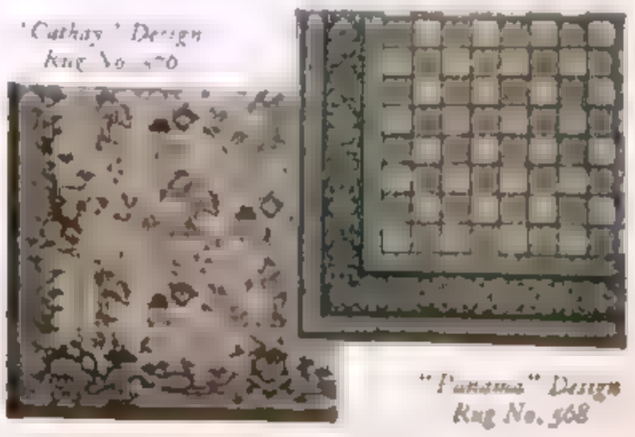


"Cathay" Design Rug No. 570

"Panama" Design Rug No. 568

WEAKLY ITEMS

(Continued from Page 23)

struts before the world behind the self which he has made in the image of his own will, and the tougher the tegument he has reared about him, the less pain his spirit has to endure. But Emory Gantz, in his simplicity, had never thrown about this tender inner essence any protection whatsoever.

Now, numb and staggering from this final blow, Emory's spirit began to make a last desperate effort to save itself and to save Emory from complete annihilation. It took Emory's imagination, which was the biggest thing within him, and began to tear it into tiny shreds and from these shreds to build itself a cocoon. Tiny shreds of thought words they were at first which came fraying up into Emory's consciousness and, because Nature had given him the urge to make into writing everything he thought and everything he felt, he made some of them into written words.

It was not until afterward that he thought how strange it was—himself standing there at the lonely siding, pasting with one hand a torn sheet of an old waybill against the side of the box car and writing upon it with the other, hesitating after every fourth word until a hard-drawn breath could hoist that lump in his throat out of its way. But he had it written at last and he read it grimly in the bright starlight, and straight as though he were predestined to do it, he walked through the dark silence of Front Street and dropped it into the slit in the door of The Weekly Itemizer, marked Items. What he had written was:

"It is said that a sertain young man from Peach Fork is a bigger joker than some others would maybe think. Dishes could be a joke."

A frail thread it was, a little crooked, this first filament which the benumbed Emory wrapped about himself; but it warmed him just a little, it comforted him just a little, and as he walked home across the night-chilled fields he began to spin another. He hunched down upon a fence rail and upon the remnant of the waybill he wrote:

"It is said that a sertain young man from Peach Fork is thinking of going to write Items off that section weakly. Well, why not?"

Why not, indeed? Why not, though the immensity of the idea, the unexpectedness of the idea, flattened Emory down upon that fence rail like a huge frog for some quarter of an hour? Why not, although this preface to the undertaking meant the retracing of that half mile to the slit in the door marked Items? It was worth it, for into the bed that night beside the hurt Emory crawled, companionably, a dim friendly shape of Emory as he wanted to be.

At breakfast the next morning, his mother, the general shape of a cucumber and as cool and silent, regarded her son's pallid countenance throughout the greater part of the meal, and observed finally:

"The party give a good time, I guess then. You was late enough home."

"I forgot somepun," mumbled Emory.

"We conceited ten o'clock was late on us, when I was a young single." Mrs. Gantz settled her spectacles with severity. "We would have thought we had lost our souls a'ready, if we had went canooverin' till clost behind midnight. It's unmoraling at the least, that I can say."

Emory pushed back the plate from which he had made but a poor breakfast, rose and took his hat from its nail. In the door he paused, turned half around and lifted one foot after the other. It seemed a futile gesture, but in reality he was placing them firmly upon his future platform.

"I ain't going on no more parties." He stared into the crown of his hat. "Not never. I am going now to make with the farm and nothing else."

Mrs. Gantz clasped her hands with the utmost agitation of which she was capable.

"Och, Emory, if you would oncet! If you would oncet put your brains onto this farm, what it would make! Like I tell you, you ain't nothing but a farmer's boy, so you can't ever be nothing but a farmer's boy; you can't change the way you're natured. And, anyhow, this dumb notion of writing off one word after the other, what does that make?"

Well, it made much for Emory, much that his mother never knew, much that Emory never knew during those months that followed. It made, for one thing, practically all the enjoyment he had. He worked early and he worked late; his body was tired when he sat at last under the lamp upon the cleared kitchen table, his eyes picking down through the cunningly worded paragraphs of a great weekly from a far-off city, which he solemnly purchased each market day. Sometimes his mind and body drowsed to the rhythm of his mother's knitting needles. But it was a different mind, an alert and eager thing, which bounded upward as though at a release from a spring each night as Emory's bedroom door clicked behind him. Emory played with his other self then—played with the Emory as he wanted to be—for his other self was growing more strong, more real, all the time as Emory spun him in thought words and written words.

Written words, yes. Mr. Spitzbarth, who had denied him his chance, had given him his chance. For he had printed that second item which Emory had thrust in at his door that momentous night. Its length had fitted neatly a yawning space at the bottom of one of Mr. Spitzbarth's columns, and its contents had fitted neatly Mr. Spitzbarth's yawning need for more contributions for his four-page paper. When Emory read his own words, only slightly changed—"A certain young man from Peach Fork is thinking of writing items from that section weekly. Well, why not? Welcome to our pages, young man!"—his knifeful of sauerkraut missed his mouth, sagged open though it was, and cruised toward his ear. He had met himself—a certain young man, a glorious abstraction clothed in print—standing at the crossroads of life. And he was welcome, welcome to join those other shadowy contributors similarly clothed, who congregated companionably upon the pages of the Itemizer once each week from the various hamlets of the county. And that was much, that was very much during those lonely months during which he shunned Heitville and those who had viewed the wrecking of the dishes and the simultaneous wrecking of his life. The climactic moment of each week came to be that in which he dropped his contribution in the post office at Yingstown on market day.

Peach Fork rippled with pleasurable excitement over its anonymous arrival into journalism. One of these ripples surged to Mrs. Gantz's parlor and beached there for a brief space before receding restlessly to other harbors of speculation. Mrs. Tillie Klinefelter, her saffron plume fairly a-drip with the salt tang of the mystery, afforded Mrs. Gantz considerable cool amusement.

"And she says," Mrs. Gantz reported to her son, "would it be you maybe where wrote up the Peach Forkers. And I says back if she could see how quick you made for the bed these farming nights. 'No,' I says, 'he has got him his education and now he knows enough to leave it alone,' I says. Ach, no, Emory, you ain't like your poor pop, where left his education torment him all his life. The letters Gantz would set and write whilst he wasn't even indebted for any! And then ag'in, I told her, even if Emory was smart enough to be seeing all them news, he wouldn't be writing himself into the paper amongst them. That would be too funny, ain't?"

It was not funny to Emory. He swallowed hard and avoided her eye.

"But to think you was anyhow printed into the paper!" Mrs. Gantz smoothed her lips pridefully. "I would never have looked to see the day when that would happen any Gantz. And such a pretty piece too! Do you see once how it makes you out brave?"

Yes, Emory was seeing how it made him out brave. He was staring once more at the column in the exact middle of which he stood, a strong and fearless figure, defying the elements:

"The wind that we had Thursday scared the farmers out of the fields. Mrs. Dr. Horspittel's cow being hurt by a large timber blowing on her that she had to be killed. But not Emory Gantz. Emory seems to have no fear of storms of any kinds."

Well, it was true. He was that Emory and he was not afraid of storms of any kinds. He rattled the pages of the Itemizer proprietarily and studied the other correspondents with a judicial eye.

Week by week Emory, weaving himself as he wanted to be from the point of his pencil, saw that thought stuff made real in Mr. Spitzbarth's type. Once each week he stared at himself upon the printed page and knew that he was in reality this other who always at first sight seemed so strange. For instance, it was true, that item which read:

"One of our most prominent young men will assist in dragging the roads after he gets his potatoes out of the way. Mr. Gantz is a young man which believes in building up the county. Go to it, Emory."

Sometimes he played with himself just a little, played at least with the Emory as he wanted to be. One such caper was inspired, strangely enough, by Miss Elma Spitzbarth.

Strangely enough, for he had striven with desperation to keep her golden image from his mind. He thought at times that he could live no longer without beholding her, yet he prayed at the same forlorn moment that he would never again come face to face with her, for he told himself he would act the loony if he did.

He did come face to face with her, and he did act the loony. Miss Spitzbarth also occasionally visited Yingstown. Emory was entering a store one Saturday morning just as she was coming out.

"If it ain't Emory Gantz!" bubbled Miss Spitzbarth, twirling a Japanese sunshade. "Was you just going in, Emory?"

Emory dragged his heel back over the threshold.

"No!" he shouted, and made off down the street.

Miss Elma was a resourceful young huntress who had never been known to lose a quarry. She stood regarding the stricken young animal until it bolted around a corner. Then she shut her parasol and strolled leisurely in the opposite direction. She stalked him just as he rounded cautiously into the main street again.

"Why, Emory! This is now too funny! Here when I ain't seen you for months back a'ready, here if I don't go to work and incidentally run into you twict handrunning. Why ain't you ever coming to Heitwille no more?"

"No!" panted Emory, while the last flicker of intelligence fled his harried eye.

"I ain't seeing you since the night you made with the tablecloth," giggled Miss Spitzbarth with her usual tact. "Mom was now awful sore on you fur sending that money fur to pay. She says still what's anyway a few dishes."

A white light seemed to emanate from this dazzling creature. Emory dodged toward the left just as Miss Spitzbarth meditatively lowered her sunshade. He all but stepped into it.

"But I can't see what's the matter with Heitwille," pouted Miss Spitzbarth. "I see by the paper all the time how active you was around Peach Fork. And how you was going always on Yingstown. I guess you got something in view you ain't putting out. My, you're awful popular, Emory! But leave me see now." The lady spun in a meditative half circle, then glanced up at Emory archly. "If I was to give some such little party—say this Friday a week—you'd be coming to it, wouldn't you, Emory?"

"No!" shouted Emory. And, as Miss Elma rocked slightly from shock, made his escape by way of the gutter.

Emory went down the hot street, his teeth chattering. He climbed upon the wagon seat and galloped out of town without the weekly groceries. He was within a mile of his home when he reasoned from the fragments which dizzied his brain that the most beautiful young woman in the world had invited him to her home and he had refused. What would she think? What had made him do it? But—she had invited him. Puzzling—puzzling. And she had commented upon his visits to Yingstown, she read his items then! It was his first dim realization that that image of himself which he projected each week was being seen and known to all men. His heel kicked backward, his lip curled upward. He sank slowly down in his seat and began to weave. In warm huddle, he spun about him another thread, thin and fine, in which he would next week pace bravely across Mr. Spitzbarth's column:

"Emory Gantz makes weakly calls at Yingstown. Mr. Gantz is a progressive young man which seeks the larger centers."

Progressive young man, larger centers—that was good. That was one of the best. And why not add: "It looks as though he had something in view?" That would make two more lines. He believed he could find words enough for a half column this time. But he must be using his eyes and his ears. What was that sound of hammering over here to the right? Benfer Hippel was building a washhouse for his missus. Emory halted his team and critically appraised the architecture of the washhouse. And a little further along, what were those long tables in the Kutzes' yard? Henry Kreidler was helping Adlai Kutz butcher. Yes, with the items his mother would have casually gleaned over the party line of the telephone and as casually let fall, he could make his half column, and that was more than any of the other correspondents had ever done. He tilted his hat with the butt of his whip. Wonderful!

Yet even more wonderful, had he noted it, was the fact that he had entirely forgotten Miss Elma Spitzbarth during this latter half of his journey. And most wonderful of all, could he have known it, was the fact that at that late hour in the afternoon Miss Spitzbarth had not forgotten him. Miss Spitzbarth had not yet recovered from the shock of watching a young man fare resolutely from her down the street.

She had never before watched a young man fare from her either resolutely or irresolutely. Miss Spitzbarth was not a psychoanalyst. She looked upon things as they were, drew immediate conclusion and planned immediate course of action. She reluctantly conceded that, contrary to his former procedure, Emory had striven to escape her from the instant she had confronted him, and, accordingly, from that moment she marked him for her own. The horn of the hunter was heard from the hill. Miss Spitzbarth shot her parasol and walked prettily yet firmly to The Big Store Dietz and Essenschwiller where her father stood waiting for a penny in change.

Mr. Spitzbarth looked as though he had spent his life waiting for a penny in change. He was a sallow man with thin wiry hair and the small exasperated mouth of the overly conscientious. Miss Spitzbarth conceded him sufficient room upon the buggy

(Continued on Page 141)

Filmy Chiffon for Beauty

—and a special inner foot of lisle for wear

Allen A
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Hosiery
for men, women and children

Underwear
Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

© A. A. Co.

Bright, new chiffon hose, crisp from the box. A few hours of dancing . . . And then—a sudden sinking sensation as you notice a tiny hole at your heel—right at the top of the slipper—just where it's *so* conspicuous and embarrassing.

Madame, it's needless. We have for you now a chiffon stocking *specially built* for dancing, and other trying wear. It is pure thread Japan silk from top to toe—exquisitely sheer. But inside the silk foot is woven a *service foot* (invisible) of fine stout lisle.

It does the trick. You can dance all night in these chiffons with never a thought of "runs" or "peek-a-boos" at your heels. If you'll try this stocking we know you'll be pleased. You'll find it at most good stores in the season's newest colors. Just ask for it by number. #3785 *"The chiffon for dancing"*

Let us send you the name of your nearest Allen-A merchant.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WIS.

$2.00 *the pair*

Full-fashioned, pure thread Japan silk from top to toe. Invisible "inner foot" of fine lisle for wear.
Priced slightly higher West of the Rockies

A Wonderful

Now *you* can have a beautiful, wear-resisting lacquer finish on any piece of furniture—on your floors and woodwork—on anything that can be painted or varnished. *You can apply it yourself in a few minutes.*

This wonderful Rogers Brushing Lacquer, *for home use,* is applied *with a brush* like ordinary paint. Goes right over the old finish. Covers perfectly. Brushes out freely.

Dries while you wait!—HARD AS PORCELAIN AND READY FOR USE.

Just consider what this means. You lacquer a chair and *while you wait* it dries and is ready to use. You lacquer a bedroom floor *and a few minutes later replace all the furniture and walk on the floor.* You lacquer woodwork and *hang your drapes almost immediately.* Do you wonder that women call it a "miracle"?

In addition to quick drying, Rogers Brushing Lacquer offers phenomenal wearing qualities. The porcelain-like surface is PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE. Wears and *wears* and WEARS. Does not print. Cleans like porcelain.

QUICKLY RENEWS SHABBY FURNITURE, FLOORS, STAIRWAYS.

New LACQUER for Home Use

Why discard shabby furniture? Why put up with dingy floors and woodwork? You can get genuine Rogers Brushing Lacquer in any of the popular colors; also black, white and clear. Comes in cans, mixed, ready for use. Any woman can apply it the first time. See the Rogers dealer and try it at our risk.

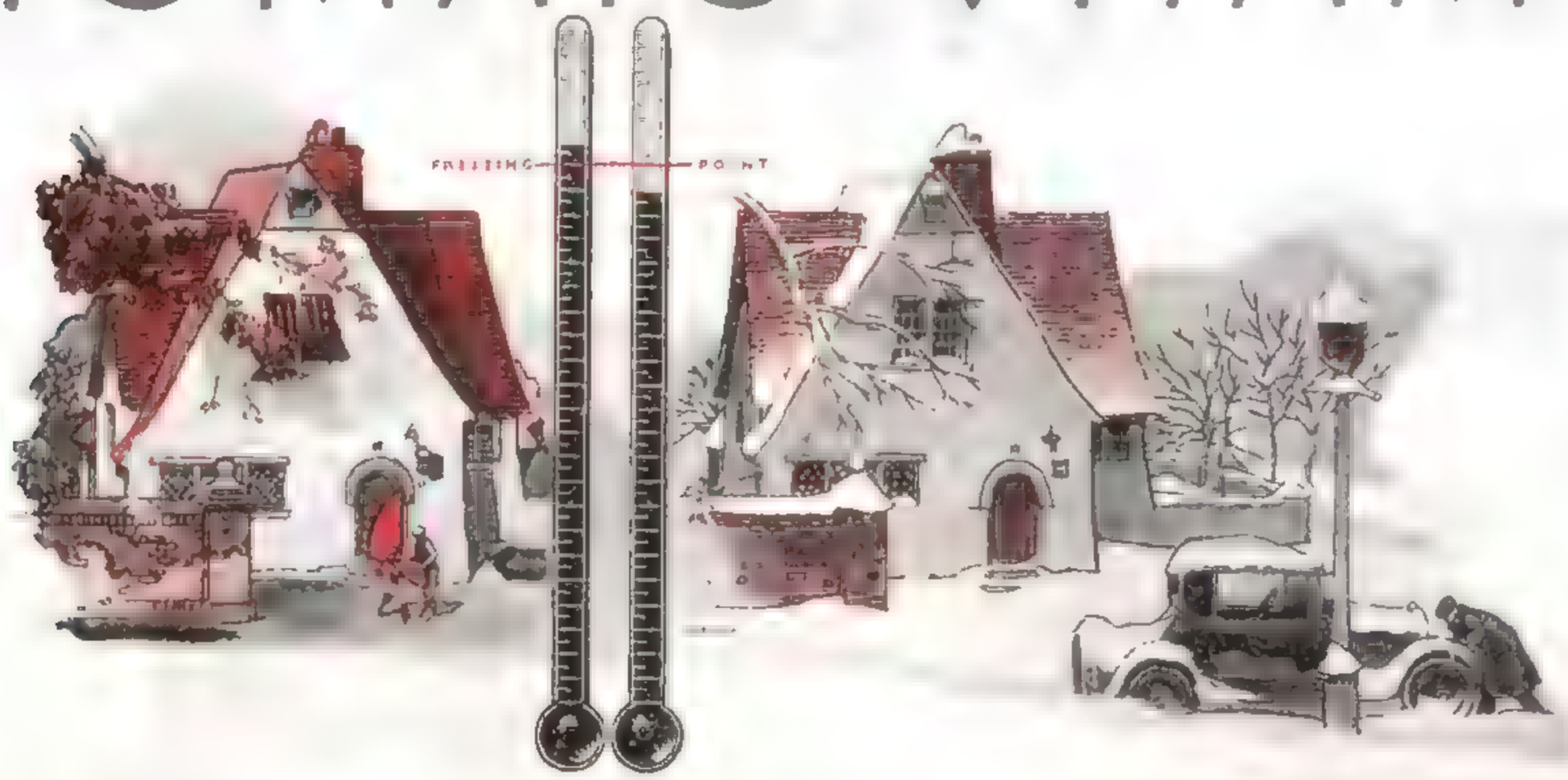
DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS
Detroit, Michigan
Makers of the Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

MONEY-BACK GUARANTY

So amazing is this new Rogers Brushing Lacquer—so positive are we that it will immediately revolutionize all your ideas of household painting and refinishing—that we unhesitatingly make this liberal guaranty to any woman in America: "Purchase a can of Rogers from any dealer. Apply it according to the simple directions. If you are not more than delighted, return what is left in the can to your dealer. We authorize him to refund the entire purchase price."

WOODWORK, CABINETS, BRIC-A-BRAC, TOYS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

TOMATO VITAMINS



With thermometers and vitamins—

~a little difference goes a long way!

JUST the little difference of a degree or two, below or above freezing point, makes all the difference between an ice-bound world and an open one—between Nature dead and alive.

Just the little difference of whether your food contains vitamins or does not makes the great difference between health and sickness.

Eat more of the richest vitamin food

You can get this vital vitamin spark most abundantly in a food that's mighty popular for its taste besides—tomatoes. This life-giving vegetable is available all year 'round as Snider's Catsup and other appetizing Snider tomato products, preserving the rich natural vitamins of the tomato at full strength.

Snider's Catsup adds zest and adds vitamins

At the table and as a cooking flavoring use Snider's liberally. Use it because it tastes good. Use it because it supplies the vitamins that many foods lack—the little difference that goes a long way to ruddy health.

Snider's

TOMATO PRODUCTS

Free booklet

Tomatoes and vitamins—an important story. Also practical recipes. Address Snider's, 1020 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 136)

seat and took up the reins. She drove, of course.

"Pop," she said at once, "why ain't you leaving Emory Gantz set the type fur you when he plagued you fur the job a while back?"

"'Why ain't I leaving—'?" imitated Mr. Gantz irritably. "Why don't you speak your grammar correct? Here I school you and what use do you make of it? Gantz? That boy that was always gaping in at the press with his bung-starter eyes? But, after all," his forehead creased judicially, "I guess maybe he wasn't so dumb. The Peach Fork correspondent talks him up considerable. But what's over you? You laughed when he asked for the job."

His daughter slapped the reins.

"I should guess he wasn't dumb. It ain't anybody gets in the paper so often. Every week he is mentioned prominent. If you do good fur yourself, you will fire that sleazy Baumhefner and hire Gantz."

"And that I won't." The editor's mouth set in fine conscientious flutings. "If that boy can run that big Gantz farm, he is well off if he knows it or not, and I wouldn't be the one to drag him from it into the worries of this literary life. Here it is again now—this Peach Fork correspondent. Who is he and where is he? Three times I run it into the paper that he should come in and get his subscription free like all the other correspondents. Twice the space that fellow fills for me as any of the others— a new chicken coop he can spread over four lines any time—and here he ain't letting me pay him for it. I will have to circle out Peach Fork one of these days and look him out."

"I will go with," decided his daughter promptly. "I guess Emory Gantz would maybe know, being so prominent that way. Any day but Saturday. Saturday he goes always on Yingstown."

Mr. Spitzbarth looked at her with quickened interest.

"Yingstown? The Gantz boy?" After a moment he laughed quietly. "That makes a thought for me." But he did not elucidate. Like all successful editors, Mr. Spitzbarth was a man of reservations.

It was more than six months before the editor made his circling trip through Peach Fork, and during those months Emory lived from one surprise to another. But they were agreeable surprises in the main, though they were accompanied, particularly at first, by embarrassment and perplexity. The older farmers began to stop their teams and to hail him to the fence for colloquy over this and that crop procedure. Men of prominence in the local affairs of Peach Fork began to tap him on the shoulder at the crossroads post office. One such tap was of particular significance. Benfer Hippel hurried after him one day as he was mounting his wagon. Mr. Hippel with his large observant eyes and his snub profile looked not unlike a trout warily meditating a tentative bite, as he cocked his eye upward at Emory and remarked cautiously:

"You wasn't thinking of leaving us, was you, Emory? It reads in the paper where you had something in view in Yingstown." And as Emory started and glanced quickly away, added, "Now I ain't the prying kind, but it ain't too good for the district fur all the enterprising young men to leave her. And I don't mind telling you—if it comes to pass that Uncle Jerry Cratzhammer up and dies fur us off that rusty nail, well, I and the other members of the school board have got to get somebody into his place. To be sure he might get well on us, but —— This anyhow is what I am aiming to say: It ain't any place in the United States where a young man can advance more rapid than what he can in Peach Fork. That's all."

That was all. But it was enough. It was almost too much. The horses took their own way home that day.

Most surprising of all, terrifying girls in pink and blue ribbons began to beleaguer the church steps and flutteringly to beseech his attendance upon various social functions. He liked the growing intimacies with the men; he was learning to smile at them and even to joke a little; but the overtures from the girls terrified him—he heard after each of them the crash of dishes. He finally was cannily moved to defend himself with the item:

"Emory Gantz is one of our young men who does not feel for strawberry socials or gatherings of any kind. He thinks of only improving his mind. Mr. Gantz bought him a dictionary off an installment agent in six parts some months back."

The immediate effect was an invitation to a strawberry social, a hay ride and a lap supper.

His growing sense of humor tempered the dismay with which he at first regarded the failure of his shot. He faced about and shot in the opposite direction:

"Our progressive fellow citizen, Mr. Emory Gantz, ordered himself a new flivver this week. Look out now, girls."

This jocular broadside had widespread and serious results. It was, in effect, a boomerang which rebounded upon Emory himself and laid him low in the midflush of his journalistic career.

On the day upon which it flew before the public eye, his mother met him at the door, solemn as only a cucumber can be. Emory stopped short and stared from her to the paper in her hand.

"Has somebody up and died fur us?" he demanded.

"Near as worse," sighed Mrs. Gantz. "Wipe your feet off, and then take and read Peach Fork. Somebody is slandering you till it is something scandalous."

Emory read:

"Grandpa Misenhelder fell down stairs last week with a pitcher in his hand and did not break the pitcher. Grandpa will be eighty-six next spring, if he does not fall again.

"Undertaker Helfenstein and Mrs. Sundayed at the paternal William Helfenstein home. They have 111 young pigs and 17 mothers.

"Henry Hottenstein is experiencing mumps on one side and if other members of the family do not take it it is to be hoped they will be out soon of quarantine and that no other families take it, several others being handy to it.

"The elegant wedding of Mr. Oscar Wackernagel and Miss Minnie Swengel is described at length elsewhere in these pages.

"Almost everyone in this vicinity went to the revival last week. Some attended every day and night, while others just went one day and evening, and others, sad to say, just one day. Aunt Ellie Hulsebus counted 215 rigs going by Wednesday, Aunt Ellie has to sit in her chair since she caught her heel in her skirt with a milk crock as reported by ye scribe last week. Our advice is to board the old ship of Zion down the river of time to the New Jerusalem before it is to late.

"Our progressive fellow citizen, Mr. Emory Gantz, ordered himself a new flivver this week. Look out now, girls.

"The coroner has decided Mr. Kriestemeier died from seed corn. He was handling poisoned seed corn to kill mice and came in and picked up a piece of pie and ate it, and right away felt for laying on the porch, from which he never rose in this life, though the hand ran for the doctor right away. How sad and what a lesson. The pie was everything he ate. See lengthy description of the funeral elsewhere in these pages."

Emory read these items twice. Even then he did not raise his eyes to his mother, seated in awful composure before him.

"Well," he said slowly, "I did order me that car."

"Mind what he done you!" erupted Mrs. Gantz. "To think you would be printed out in the paper like you was one of these loose livers, running around sneaky after females. Slandering off your reputation before the public. You a Bible Christian and a perfessor in the church!"

"I guess it just means for the girls to look a little out or I would maybe run over them," feebly defended Emory.

"I am looking into this," intoned his mother ominously. "Me where raised you so genteel, then to have it put out all over the county that you are running soft on the female sect! It must be an awful low person where done it and he had ought to meet his doom fur it. He had ought at the least to be put off of church, and that's what will happen him when I am ketching him. And ketch him I will." Mrs. Gantz was breathing nosily and her eyes between stiffened eyelids gazed upon Emory with a strange glitter of indignation and devotion. "I should think you would anyhow take some steps yourself. Was you going to set still and be held up fur a lie before this here world? Ain't you got no braveness by you?"

No, Emory had no braveness by him. He had only a sudden sense of being stabbed with the sharp sword of truth. He evaded the double-edged gleam in his mother's eye, got up unsteadily and went out.

Oh, yes, it was true. He saw it clearly in the days and nights, particularly in the nights, which followed. He had dangled himself, a sawdust puppet dressed in flashing stuffs and making brave gestures, before his world; and all the time cowering behind that puppet was forlorn Emory Gantz who went out of his head if a girl spoke to him upon the street! Imagine Emory Gantz now—the real Emory—saying in real life: "I've got a flivver. Look out now, girls!" He could have laughed at the thought if it had not been so tragic.

Tragic. He put away his dictionary in six parts and he took his pad of paper and his pencil from beneath his mattress. No gay and eager thing bounded up to meet him when the latch of his door clicked behind him those nights. He lay alone and in the dark.

He looked with inert eyes upon the ensuing issues of the Itemizer. Once only he started slightly and moistened his upper lip. This was occasioned by the paragraph:

"Wake up, Peach Fork. We need your newsy items. We were recently saying to our wife that we must take a trip to that end of the county and see our many friends in that section."

Well, Emory was not among the many friends. He need feel no apprehension about a visit from Mr. Spitzbarth. But he clipped the little paragraph and hid it between the folds of his one white handkerchief.

It was like a last friendly hail from a beloved yet treacherous shore.

And yet it was not the final hail from Mr. Spitzbarth. Suddenly, like a sallow, alpaca-blown apparition, Mr. Spitzbarth loomed before Emory one breezy morning as he turned his horses at the end of a long furrow in his corn field. Emory's convulsing fingers jerked the team to halt, then the reins fell limp. Mr. Spitzbarth was upon him.

He accepted the editor's ink-spattered fingers and he accepted the editor's enthusiastic remarks about his farm. But he was neither feeling nor hearing. His entire nervous system had humped itself into a huge question mark which was writhing and twisting about the query: What would he say if Mr. Spitzbarth probed him about the items?

Mr. Spitzbarth did not probe.

He finally stated calmly and casually, "Now these items of yours. We're missing them from our pages, now that we are. I don't mind telling you that I made this trip just on purpose to find out what the trouble was. That and to make it right in regards to this back subscription. Was your farm taking all your time?"

The question mark in Emory's brain flattened. Emory himself flattened. At least

(Continued on Page 143)

"No one, so far as I know, was ever kept from using Murphy Varnish because it was not good enough for the job. Some have, no doubt, with a proper sense of proportion, sometimes realized that a job was not good enough for Murphy Varnish."

Would you get a summons?

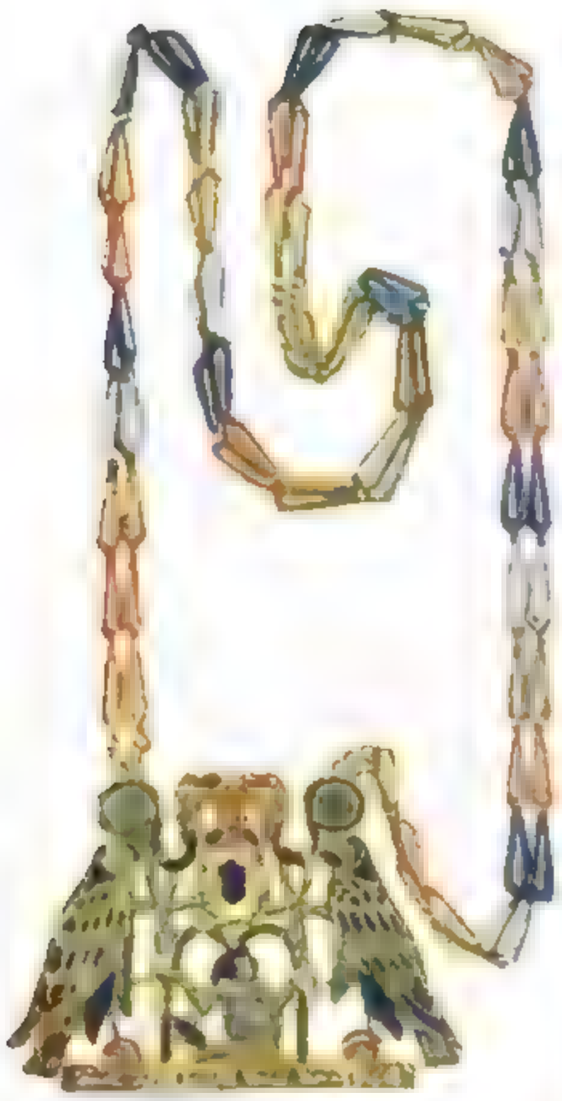
If the traffic cop should give a summons to every car that needs repainting, would yours escape? Is your car one of those whose luster has been dimmed by daily wear? And do you continue to drive it under the delusion that no one notices it but yourself? The cop won't molest you as long as you obey the traffic rules, but the censor might bawl you out with "Your car is arrested for indecent exposure; go get a coat of enamel."

Take it to the painter or do it yourself. In either case you can have a Murphy finish. Sixty years' experience in varnish making has taught us how to produce satisfactory finishes for motor cars.

The professional car painter is prepared to put Murphy Murcote or Varnish on your car. Anyone can buy Murphy Da-Cote at the local store and put it on himself. In either case the result is a good job. The professional painter's job is better, of course. Also it costs a little more. But it is the same Murphy.

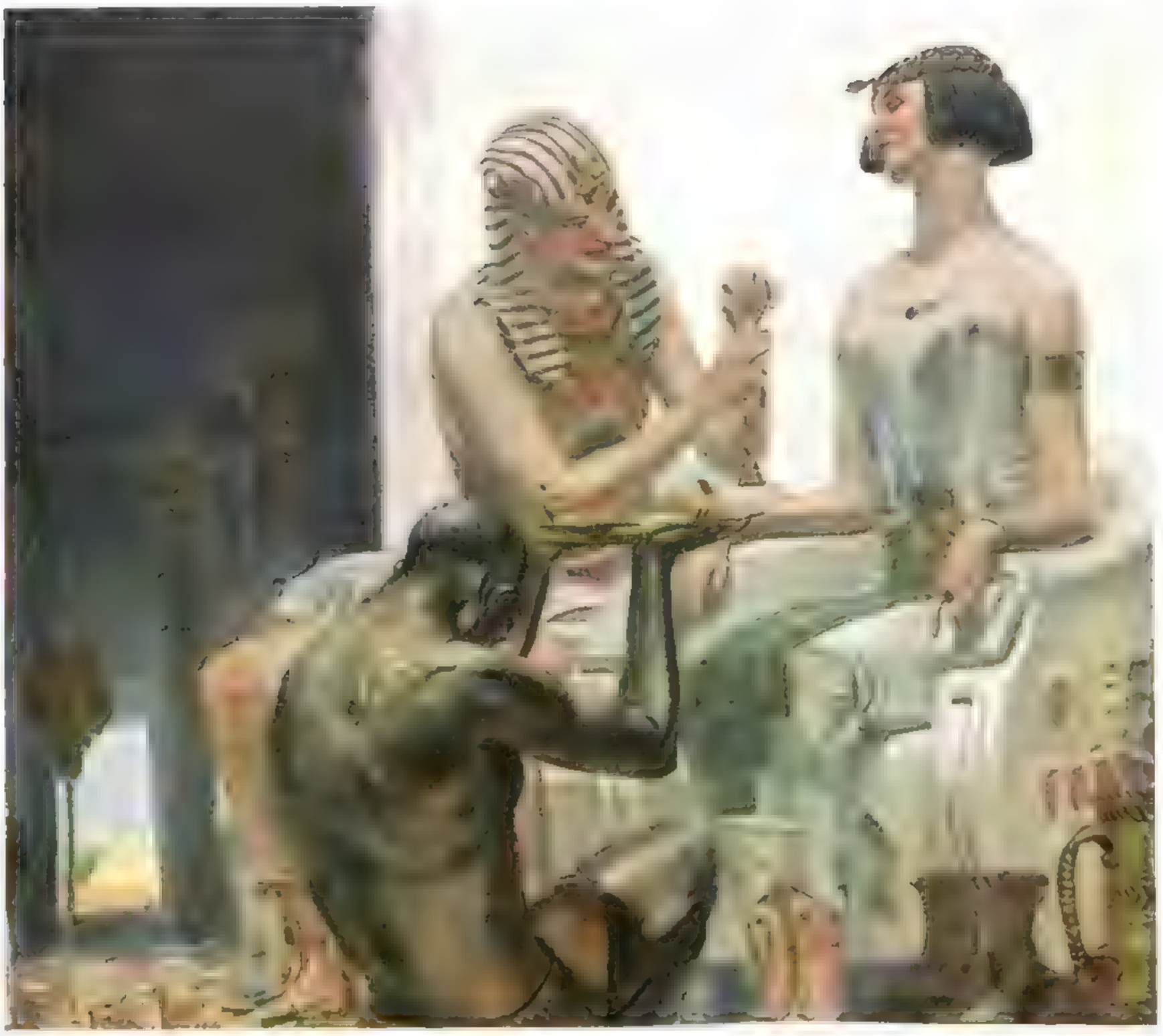
Murphy
DA-COTE BRUSHING Enamel
or
MURCOTE SPRAYING Lacquer

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY
NEWARK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · MONTREAL



The Pectoral and Necklace of Princess Sat-hathor-unut

Made of gold, carnelian, lapis lazuli and green felspar, and dating back to the dynasty of King Senusert, who reigned in Egypt from 1887 to 1806 B. C. Discovered by Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie in 1914, and now the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City



He did his gift shopping at the jewelers!

A PURCHASE FROM YOUR JEWELER IS AN INVESTMENT IN PERMANENT VALUES

MEN and nations pass. But their jewels remain.

Of all the possessions of ancient civilizations, the most enduring have been the tokens wrought in precious stone and metal.

Gone are the palaces of Egyptian kings; their gorgeous apparel and equipages. But scattered among the museums of today, in all parts of the world, many of their jewels are still intact; more beautiful and infinitely more valuable than ever.

Today, as always, a purchase at the jeweler's is an investment in permanent values.

Jewelry is one of the few luxury-commodities which can be "consumed" year by year, decade after decade, without materially lessening the quantity or quality of the basic value!

Building up a line of jewelry means building up an asset-heritage for future generations, while enjoying the delight and charm of beautiful adornment in the building.

The jewelry business is among the fastest-growing in America, because, more and more, keen Americans are putting their shopping money into imperishable values.

LORD and LADY ELGIN

An Elgin watch should be a part of the "life-estate" of every man and woman. There is no finer personal possession for life-long service and value-constancy, at $15 to $1700.

ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

NAME ADDRESS

Send for the TINY TREASURE BOOK *a delightful little brochure of Gift Facts - Elgin National Watch Company, Dept. , Elgin Ill.*

(Continued from Page 141)

his mouth flattened into a quivering line and his hair seemed to do likewise.

"No," he said, and followed it immediately with "Yes." The little cornstalks hopped together and jigged for a fantastic moment

Then a strange thing happened. As though some strong outer husk had enveloped him and was protecting him in this crisis, Emory heard his own voice saying defensively, "I wasn't ever saying I was writing those items." He had a confused sense that he was that other whose image he had projected before Mr. Spitzbarth once each week during the past year—that Emory as he wanted to be. He even felt his body straighten; he even became conscious that this great man was shorter in stature than he was, and that his fingers were making weak clutching gestures toward his watch chain.

"Oh, I've known that for long a'ready," Mr. Spitzbarth disposed of the matter fretfully. "I suspicioned it a long time back, but an editor's life is just one torment after another so I never got it sifted down till your items stopped. Then I found out for sure you was the only farmer did his marketing regular at Yingstown—the rest all comes to Heitville—and of course you mailed always your items on Saturdays from Yingstown. But that ain't the point. The point is I need that half column. Ding it!" Mr. Spitzbarth suddenly hopped as though the furrow were hot beneath his feet. "With everything stopping on me—Oak Ridge moving to Dakota and Five Points getting the inflammatory, and then you giving down on me —— Well, ding it and all, if I can't get somebody to take some of the heft off me, I'll give up the ding paper!"

With a final spat of his palm at his swarming annoyances he turned and for a space said nothing. His eyes quieted upon the wide peaceful stretch of Emory's fields. Into the blue air a lark spiraled its ecstasy; earth odors rose. The little man breathed deeply and slowly shook his head, a tacit recognition that the peaceful places of life were not for him. Emory also was silent; his mind was amazed and faintly indignant that this man did not appreciate what life had made him—the master of that mighty instrument, the Itemizer. He had even dared to smirch it with a scurrilous epithet! The horses nudged each other; the old harness creaked like a wheeze of senile laughter. The older and the younger man turned simultaneously, their wistful glances met and clung. Words were born.

Words were born, new hopes were born in Emory's field in the clean bright air of that morning. Stepping high, they went at last toward the house, Emory and Mr. Spitzbarth.

Yet not Emory, but a tentative owner of a half interest in that powerful organ, The Weekly Itemizer. Yet not Mr. Spitzbarth, but a tentative owner of a hundred of Emory's peaceful acres.

"To be sure, it might not work out," that cautious gentleman's small mouth fluted finely as they paused in the lee of the barn, "but again, why wouldn't it? I can learn you all the grammar you will be needing and I can start you in with managing the little things—the births and deaths and little things like that—and I've taken notice for long a'ready how handy you was at filling space. And space"—the editor laid a conscientious finger upon Emory's arm—"leave me give you a last warning now. If you go into this literary life you will be dogged all your life with space. You have got always so much space fur to fill and nothing but words fur to fill it with. So the first secret of running a paper is to use plenty of words. Words, Emory."

"Words," repeated Emory solemnly. He had never joined a secret order, but he felt a strong natural impulse at this juncture to clasp Mr. Spitzbarth by the hand. However, this impulse was checked, every natural impulse within him was checked, as they rounded the barn, by the sight of Miss Elma Spitzbarth in the front seat of the editor's surrey.

And in the rear seat a small apparition in white. Emory stopped short.

But, after all, was he not almost an editor of the Itemizer? Was he not entirely a member of the Peach Fork school board? In two long steps he advanced firmly to Mr. Spitzbarth's side.

"Oho! I see Mrs. Gantz has been treating to buttermilk!" the editor exclaimed jovially.

Miss Elma waved the glass gayly toward Emory.

"Oh, she's treated us just too lovely!" bubbled that tactful young person. "I do now just love old people."

Mrs. Gantz who was still in her middle forties stared between stiffened eyelids at her guest and yellowed slightly as aging cucumbers should.

"You met Annie a'ready, ain't you, Emory?" inquired Mr. Spitzbarth as he climbed into the rear seat beside the young lady. "She comes wisiting every year from Kansas."

"Pleased to be made acquainted," muttered Emory. The small cousin ground her palms and averted her eyes.

"No, I wouldn't use any buttermilk, thanks to you." Mr. Spitzbarth was acknowledging his hostess' gesture of hospitality. "Now let me see, Emory. Could you make it to get in some night this week and talk this here over?"

"Oh, do come!" The springs bounced beneath Miss Elma. "Come in along to dinner. That would be too grand. It won't kreistle us none if you break all the dishes."

A welt of red whipped across Emory's cheek. He stepped back, his eyes fell.

Out of the stunned silence came a voice clear and valiant, "Dishes make nothing. Dishes could be a joke."

Emory's eyes drew toward the voice. He had the sensation of being drawn down, down, into two fathomless wells waiting to receive him, to cool him, to lave him softly of all fret. The hot smart left his cheek. His shoulders straightened.

"That's a good idea," hastened Emory's future partner. "Could you make it to get in about six o'clock? Or would that squeeze you some?"

"I got a car," said Emory. And, as though it was the most natural thing in the world, kicked his heel impishly backward and added, "Look out now, girls!"

"Oh, ain't you fresh, though?" giggled Miss Elma.

But Emory was looking at the cousin from Kansas.

PATRIOTISM ON CHINTZ AND CHINA

(Continued from Page 24)

fashionable expletive of the day, "Split me, madam! I must have this," perhaps Mrs. Hugh Buckram, very much painted, patched and powdered, would float in, with great expanse and rustle of brocaded silken hoop, large feathered muff and huge calash bonnet, all redolent of *eau de chypre* and Hungary water, escorted by Thomas Rappee, Esq., in bagwig, lace ruffles and black solitaire, both desirous of making acquaintance with the new penciled china which Mr. Wilmot had mentioned in his advertisement and which New York was already beginning to talk about.

What was this penciled china? That is a story of itself and here it is. But first let me say that penciled china was a name for the new transfer-printed or engraved china that made its appearance at Battersea, Worcester and Liverpool in 1756–1757.

One day in 1756, Robert Hancock, a designer and engraver employed at the Battersea Enamel Works, tried the experiment of transferring an engraving to a piece of china and he found it "a go," as we would say today. It seems strange that the world should have waited so long for such a simple idea as this; and it took a practical engraver to think of it.

Until this moment all pottery and porcelain, all over the world, and, as far as we know, from the earliest times, had been decorated by hand.

Hancock's idea was eminently practical. Perhaps it was fortunate for the new process that the Battersea Works closed in this same year and that Robert Hancock went to Worcester, which at that time was directed by the open-minded and scientific Dr. John Wall. Doctor Wall was delighted to have Hancock and delighted with Hancock's transfer printing. Almost immediately the new method became one of Worcester's greatest assets.

Pottery thus entered a new field; it became a medium on which to record and feature events of the day in a complimentary, matter-of-fact or a satirical and humorous fashion; and as it was also suited for the reproduction of engravings of all kinds, the question of finding designs was instantly made easier and cheaper.

It looks very simple to us today, and so does pictorial journalism and magazine illustration, but it was not so simple when people were not accustomed to mechanical processes of any kind.

A little later Worcester used bat printing—stipple engraving applied to pottery by bats of glue—and, following the taste of the day, engravings by Bartolozzi and Cipriani from the Neo Classic pictures of Angelica Kauffman and other painters of the same style were the most popular subjects.

We should have to go a long way back to find the origin of patriotic pottery. The ancient Greek vases are not merely decorative in their ornamentation; they also perpetuate the deeds of their heroes, gods and demigods, legends and scenes from epics and great events in the history of their race.

Likewise, the Rhages pottery of the ancient Persians, which is just coming into its own and charming lovers of fine ceramics by its beauty of color, iridescent luster and quaint ornamentation, depicts many a scene from the life of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Many of those noblemen in long robes and those flat-faced ladies with bobbed hair and tight tunics of brocade undoubtedly commemorate personages who were making, or who had made, history.

The early Jesuit missionaries to China—some of whom have left long descriptions of porcelain—noted that Confucius and Lâotsze and their disciples, as well as Buddhistic emblems, appeared on china. So they had Chinese potters decorate their china with scenes from the life of Christ.

One of the first examples of patriotic china that captivated the fancy of Americans was the Porto Bello ware. This was made in Staffordshire by Thomas Astbury in commemoration of Admiral Vernon's capture of Porto Bello in 1739. Admiral Vernon became a great hero in America, for Porto Bello was in Darien and his victory over Spain was of particular pride to the citizens of the Western Hemisphere, who were trying to inaugurate a Monroe Doctrine although they were unaware of the fact. Lawrence Washington, who had served under Admiral Vernon, named the house he built on the Potomac, Mount Vernon, in his honor.

Everybody talked of Admiral Vernon in those days, and every household had to have a piece of Porto Bello china. This was decorated with tiny ships in battle array scattered at regular intervals over the bowl or teapot, or whatever the article might be.

It was after the Revolution had ended and the Federal Government had set up

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A Softer, Lovelier Glow

85% more useful light

100% wider reading radius

A NEW era in home lighting is at hand. You may now have floor and table lamps that are not only quite as beautiful in themselves as lamps have ever been, but that give a *softer, lovelier glow* and thus add a new charm to the whole room. *At the same time these lamps give almost twice as much useful light and have twice as wide a reading radius as other lamps—without consuming any more current.*

This remarkable advance in home lighting has been effected by placing around the lamp-bulb, where it is concealed by the shade, a Holophane unit of prismatic glass—each prism shaped to bend and direct the rays of light exactly as desired.

Before you buy another lamp, you must see these new lamps for yourself. More than 200 styles are sold thru the better stores by the Art Lamp Manufacturing Company of Chicago, makers of the famous Almco Lamps. If *your* store does not as yet stock them, write to the Art Lamp Manufacturing Co., Chicago, or to us, as to where you can see them. Holophane Co., New York and Toronto.

HOLOPHANE

DIRECTS LIGHT SCIENTIFICALLY

Revenge!

Can a woman, turned tigress be tamed? TWO WOMEN—TWO ANSWERS!

Yes! Revenge is sweet!

When a Kentucky mountain girl swears vengeance—let the man look out!

Jailed by a judge she might have married—and he was young—handsome—wealthy! Jailed for stealing a race horse—for a swift ride to save her mother's life!

BUT!—when the tables were turned—and riches and luxury fell in the girl's lap—when she got the judge in her clutches and he fell in love with her—not knowing she was the same girl, *then*—was Revenge the sweetest thing in the world to her

—or was it love?

First National Pictures Inc.
presents
"HER SECOND CHANCE"
Adapted from Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's novel
with
Anna Q. Nilsson
Huntley Gordon
and Charles Murray
Continuity by Eve Unsell
Directed by
LAMBERT HILLYER
JUNE MATHIS
Editorial Director

"But say! She's as hard as a diamond!"

And men were as minutes in her life!

For a revengeful memory burned within her.

So, nightly she danced! Enchanted feet—lithe body aflame with grace! To torture the man she once had loved—to rack him with the music he never could forget.

At the last—was it pity or love reborn? When he prayed for her to come and dance at his bedside—was it a vision he saw

—or the golden dancer herself?

Robert Kane
presents
Michael Arlen's
"The DANCER of PARIS"
starring
Conway Tearle
supported by
Dorothy Mackaill
An Alfred Santell
Production

First National Pictures

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new standards of many kinds for its official and domestic living that the great influx of patriotic china occurred. Then came the period of old blue Staffordshire. By the time our Revolutionary War had ended, many potters had become expert in the transfer process.

Although Great Britain had lost the brightest jewel in her crown, she had no idea of losing the trade of that jewel across the seas. The astute English merchants decided to capitalize American sentiment and to produce articles that would appeal to the patriotism of the Federalists; and they did this so well that for more than a quarter of a century old blue Staffordshire, decorated with American scenes and historical events and American heroes, statesmen and inventors, framed in decorative borders of shells or flowers, poured into the country.

Popular prints that would be interesting to the people of the new republic were transferred with quick enterprise to plate, dish, jug, teacup and soup tureen—yes, and also the tiny cup plate. Some of the Staffordshire potters even went to the expense of sending artists to America to make sketches and drawings. Many a thrilling event and many a demolished building thus live in old blue Staffordshire.

Very patriotic china it was in its day and very patriotic china it is today, when collectors are so eager to purchase it; and although made in such great quantity it all came to this country. It is said that if you were to search the length and breadth of England you could not find a single piece Yet it would probably not be difficult to find in England one of those very famous Rodney jugs, made at Derby to commemorate the victory of Lord Rodney over the French admiral, De Grasse, at the Battle of Martinique, April 12, 1782, the spout of which is a cleverly modeled mask of Rodney.

All the potteries, large and small, did a nice little business in popular heroes. Franklin was a popular idol in France; and it is safe to say that there was not a house in Paris that did not have on the mantelpiece or wall of its salon a bust, statuette or an engraved portrait of the Philadelphia doctor in his quaint costume. Ladies also wore his portrait in the form of brooches and little miniatures set in bracelets; they dressed their hair *à la* Franklin and they almost mobbed him in the streets whenever he appeared. The British potters thought that Americans, likewise, might like to honor their countryman, and hundreds and hundreds of busts and statuettes were made, packed and transported in British ships. Some of them looked a little like our genial and delightful old diplomat and some resembled him so little that they were indifferently labeled Washington on the base; but that little detail did not seem to worry anybody; and today, indeed, it only adds a humorous attraction.

Wild Beasts in the China Closet

John Wilkes was another favorite and, of course, George Washington and his friend, the Marquis de Lafayette. William Pitt was another.

These are the five characters that were played up for patriotism.

All through the eighteenth century busts and statuettes had been pouring into the country—Shakspere, Milton, George III, Queen Charlotte, Kitty Clive, David Garrick, Peg Woffington; fanciful subjects, such as Four Quarters of the Globe, The Music Lesson, Columbine, Pierrot, Harlequin, Una and the Lion, and Flora; and every kind of bird and animal.

This ornamented china was made to decorate the top of the bookcase and the highboy—case of drawers it was called then—and even at the intersection of the stretchers of a table, besides being displayed in cabinets and china closets.

When General Washington was writing in 1759 to London for furniture to be sent to Mount Vernon he also ordered "busts of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charles XII of Sweden and the King of Prussia, not to exceed fifteen inches in height nor ten in width; two other busts of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, somewhat smaller; two wild beasts not to exceed twelve inches in height nor eighteen in length. Sundry ornaments for chimney piece."

How early Liverpool began the manufacture of transfer printed was never asked by those who purchased the big cream-colored Liverpool jugs with very sharp lips and black prints of engravings. The designs were largely chosen from cartoons and popular prints. The Washington pitchers are now eagerly bought. Liverpool jugs are so glossy with glaze that the print appears to have been applied beneath the glaze. Occasionally green and brown printings are seen.

A kind of patriotic faïence, as it is called, that forms a class by itself, was produced during the French Revolution. Nobody ever thought of paying any attention to it until Champfleury, the novelist, made a collection and wrote a book about it in 1867.

Nevers was the center of its manufacture, but patriotic faïence was also produced at Rouen and other places. The ware is not artistic or good from a technical point of view, but it is a valuable addition to the other records of that excited period and makes a novel chapter in the byways of china collecting. On these plates and platters roughly sketched emblems usually appear in the center, accompanied by a legend. For instance, the Third Estate plate, showing a sword, a crosier and a spade—symbolizing the aristocracy, the church and labor—surmounted by a crown and the words, "*Le Tiers État*," appeared in 1789. In the same year appeared The Storming of the Bastille, showing that fortress. A pair of scales with the sword and crosier in one, weighing lightly, and a spade in the other, weighing heavily, showing that labor could overcome aristocracy and religion, is dated 1791. In that year, too, The Will of the People was represented. The death of the popular idol, Mirabeau, was commemorated by a catafalque bearing the inscription, "*Le Manes de Mirabeau la Patrie Reconnaissante.*" In 1792 the Gallic cock is perched on a cannon crowing, "*Je Veille Pour la Nation.*" The Reign of Terror brought caps of liberty, triangles, altars, portraits of the leaders, heroes and heroines, verses from the popular songs of Ça ira and La Carmagnole and such legends as "*Je Terrasse les Aristocrates*," "*Vive la Convention*" and "*Vive la Montagne.*"

After the Revolution the legends were "*Vive l'Agriculture*," "*Vive l'Abondance*," for peace and tranquillity had become desired. There was, indeed, one plate that had a picture of the Hôtel de la Paix, toward which a weary traveler was struggling as he said the words, "*Je desire y arriver.*"

Specimens of this patriotic faïence appear in various museums—we have a few in our Metropolitan Museum—but the Carnavalet Museum in Paris has a large and splendid collection.

With the craze for porcelain there was another taste that gripped the world of wealth and fashion, and this was for the cotton fabrics from the East printed in brightly colored flowers or figured patterns and known as chintz. A great many varieties of this attractive material—the handsomest ones were made in Patna, Seringapatam, Madras and Nagapatam—were constantly arriving in the adventurous ships of the British East India Company, the Dutch East India Company and the French Compagnie des Indes. To these the name of "Indiennes" was given. Still other varieties, which were equally beautiful, came from the Persian Gulf region and were taken into Europe by means of the caravan routes of Bagdad and Ispahan. To these the name of "Perses," or "Persians," was given.

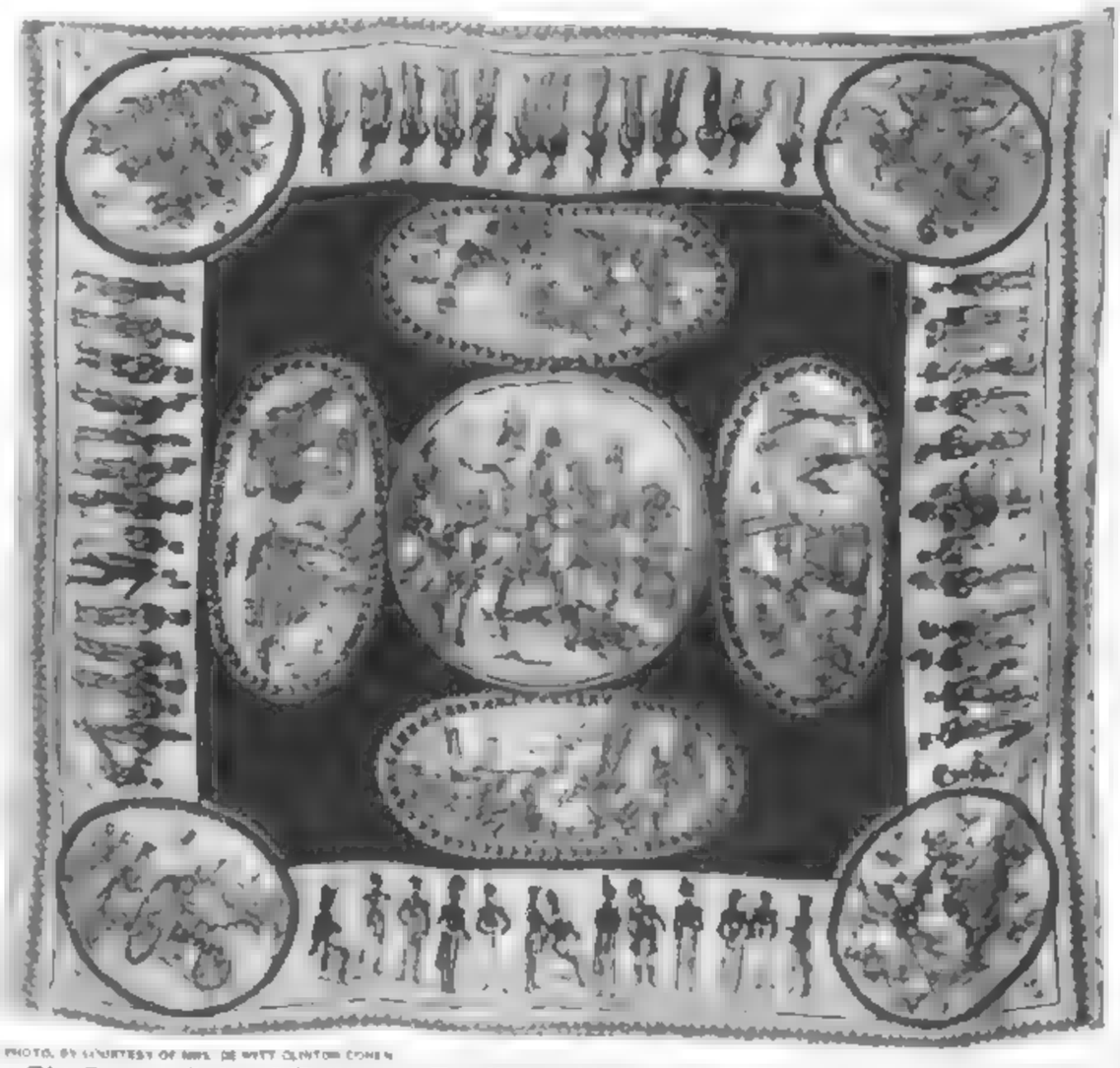


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF MRS. DE WITT CLINTON CONES

The Famous Duke of Wellington Handkerchief With the Uniforms of the British Army

The whole world of fashion went wild over these charming creations. They were so novel, so decorative, so cheerful, so fantastic! Europeans had never seen before a textile on which flowers, delightfully drawn and beautifully painted, blossomed from long winding stems amid interlacing leaves in such a riot of luminous radiance. And such delightful flowers too—poppy, tulip, rose, pink, mango, pomegranate, datura, chrysanthemum, besides many exotic and unknown plants. And sometimes, too, the Indian artist represented pictures of real life—Mogul princes and their courts and Europeans in Oriental gardens and palaces.

No wonder that chintz struck the fancy of everybody when everything Oriental was the rage. And so chintz was used for every conceivable object in the way of personal and household adornment. In France every gentleman had to have a dressing gown made of this material; and it was called "Indienne," after the material. This did not escape Molière, who satirized the mode in Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, when he makes M. Jourdain, the newly made gentleman, appear in one of the acts wearing an Indienne.

The fascinating chintz also had great vogue in England, where it was used for costumes and upholstery. Pepys notes in his Diary in 1663: "Bought my wife a chint, that is a painted Indian calico for to line her new study." Gayly colored chintz—particularly of the glazed kind—is, as everyone knows, a favorite material for decorating boudoir, study and dressing room as well as the bedroom; but few who use it pause to remember how long it has been the fashion and what a picturesque mode they are perpetuating.

It was hard to supply the enormous demand for these fabrics. Indiennes became rare and costly. Therefore, the clever French artisans thought they would try to find a way to decorate their native cotton goods after the style of the Far East.

And they did. In 1675 a printer on linen, named Grieux, was discovered in Châtellerault; and that means that the French were soon able to produce imitation painted calicoes which, although less beautiful, were far less costly than the Eastern chintzes.

Manufacturers now started up everywhere like mushrooms overnight. France was sprinkled with them. Fortunes were quickly made, and such quantities of goods at such reasonable prices were turned out that the wives and daughters of the merchant class could now wear the gay and fanciful chintzes they had so long admired with envy upon the ladies of the court.

But all did not go smoothly for the new industry. The manufacturers of silk, velvet and tapestry, who were suffering from this rival, complained of their losses to the Minister of Finance with such effect that he suppressed all the factories established in the kingdom for decorating white fabrics in colors. This Edict of 1686 prescribed the destruction of wood used for blocks; prevented, after December 1, 1687, any colored fabrics in the style of India from being made, and ordered that all such fabrics found in the shops should be burned.

The Great Chintz Rebellion

This Edict of 1686, following so quickly upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—1685—was a very stupid thing; it forced hundreds of skillful artisans to migrate into other countries and to take with them the secret of making these printed goods.

One of these French refugees, named Cabannes, founded in Richmond, in 1690, England's first manufactory of these printed cottons. Other refugees went to Germany, Switzerland, Alsace and even Portugal; and in twenty or thirty years' time this industry, chased away from France by such shortsighted policy, had succeeded so well that the printed calicoes—the *toiles peintes*, as they were called—of England, Holland, Germany and Switzerland almost rivaled the goods of India.

Moreover, the prohibition was not altogether a success. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the fashion was just as rampant as ever, and it developed into a positive delirium as the years wore on.

Lawbreakers were plentiful. Clandestine shops were set up in Paris. Products from Switzerland, Holland, Germany and England were smuggled into France. Custom-house officers undressed travelers, who were frequently found wearing the prohibited goods. Arrests were made. People wearing chintz were actually burned alive in the streets. But would that stop them? No.

Even the *autos-da-fé*, inaugurated to end the rebellion, had no effect. Forbidden fruit is always sweet. And so the war went on for seventy years. And one of the strange things about it was that very often the wives of the officers who were appointed to enforce the prohibition defiantly dressed themselves in chintz, and the very ministers who deliberated upon the advisability of continuing the measure or of restoring the industry convened in council rooms furnished in brightly hued chintz of English manufacture that had been smuggled into the country.

(Continued on Page 149)

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Tapping a Rubber Tree on a U.S. Rubber Company Plantation

THE U. S. RUBBER COMPANY NOW OWNS OVER 7,000,000 RUBBER TREES—MORE THAN 5,000,000 OF THEM ARE ALREADY PRODUCING RUBBER FOR U. S. TIRES, AND 20,000 EMPLOYEES ARE ENGAGED IN CARING FOR THEM.

A New Kind of ADVERTISING

(1) During 1926, the makers of United States Tires will publish what they hope will prove the most helpful series of advertisements on tires ever printed. (2) Conventional advertising forms and statements will be discarded. In their place direct questions such as any motorist might ask about United States Tires will be specifically answered. (3) They will be questions that have passed in and out of your mind, no doubt, ever since you have been a car owner. (4) No one will be able to read this series, either in whole or part, without knowing more about rubber and tires than he ever knew before. (5) Do not miss reading the U. S. TIRE advertisements in newspapers and magazines from now on. (6) They are for the benefit of every car owner, whether he rides on United States Tires or other makes.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Questions and Answers on the American Rubber Supply and Automobile Tires

Q—Where does America get its rubber?

A—The only important source of rubber *for all the world* is the rubber plantations in the Far Eastern possessions of Great Britain and Holland.

Q—Is America represented among the Far Eastern rubber planters?

A—Yes, the largest of all these Far Eastern plantations is owned and operated by the UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY.

Q—Do the United States Rubber Plantations produce any considerable quantity of rubber?

A—Yes, they produced 20,000,000 lbs. of rubber in 1925, and in the next few years the output will be increased about 75%.

Q—Then the growing of rubber by Americans for Americans is not a new thing?

A—No. As far back as 1903, the United States Rubber Company formed the conviction that it should own and operate rubber plantations in proportion to its requirements of crude rubber. In 1909, this Company acquired their vast tracts of ideal rubber growing land in Sumatra and Malaya. The jungle was cleared off. Docks, railroads, and motor roads were built, and fine young rubber seedlings were planted, cultivated and brought into bearing.

Q—How large are the U. S. Rubber Plantations today?

A—The United States Rubber Plantations now comprise about 136,000 acres, with over 7,000,000 rubber trees, sixty miles of narrow-gauge railway, and 200 miles of motor roads. They give employment to 20,000 people.

Q—What does all this mean to me as a buyer and user of United States Tires?

A—The United States Rubber Plantations and their results have brought many benefits to every user of U. S. Rubber products of all kinds. For instance:

1. LATEX-TREATED WEB CORD, one of the outstanding major improvements in tire-building, announced by this Company in 1922.
2. SPRAYED RUBBER, the new standard of purity in crude rubber, of direct benefit to every user of any U. S. Rubber product.
3. IN ADDITION, during the past 17 years, the U. S. Rubber Plantation Experts have conducted thousands of successful researches into improving rubber by *improving the rubber trees*. Their methods of selecting rubber seedlings, of grafting and budding, of preparing the soil, of planting, of fertilizing, cultivating and tending the trees have almost revolutionized rubber growing. The Company's plantation headquarters at Kisaran are recognized as the center of scientific rubber culture, and as such are visited by rubber planters from all over the East.

Q—What is Latex-treated Web Cord?

A—This is new cord structure for cord tires, combining maximum strength with maximum flexibility. QUESTIONS and ANSWERS on LATEX-TREATED WEB CORD will be published shortly.

Q—What is Sprayed Rubber?

A—Sprayed Rubber is the new pure rubber. It is free from both acid and smoke. QUESTIONS and ANSWERS on SPRAYED RUBBER will also be published at an early date.

Q—Will America ever be reasonably independent in its rubber supply?

A—Probably so, in the course of time. For instance, the U. S. Rubber Plantations will probably yield 15 per cent more rubber in 1926 than in the past year. Every year more rubber trees come into production; and as trees grow older, they yield more abundantly. It takes from 5 to 7 years from the clearing of the ground to bring a rubber plantation into bearing. For several years to come, the U. S. Rubber Plantations will be the only important American-owned source of rubber.

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

The Man Who Wears Florsheims —

does not think of them as *shoes*, but as *friendly companions* on his walk through life. You should wear FLORSHEIMS.

THEY will give you pleasure in their appearance and will satisfy you with their loyal, comforting service.

See your Spring FLORSHEIMS at the local agency—new smart styles for the young man—refined styles for the more conservative—all quality built—and *Skeleton Lined* for coolness

Booklet STYLES OF THE TIMES *on Request*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 145

Finally, in 1759, the authorities came to their senses and decided to lift the ban and permit manufacture. Old and new shops were immediately opened and old and new manufactories were started. Among the latter was the one directed by Philip Jacob Oberkampf at Jouy, the best known of all the new factories and whose products, called *toiles de Jouy*, surpassed in reputation all the other *toiles peintes* of the eighteenth century and are collected today with avidity.

This restoration of the old French industry in 1759 very nearly coincided with the discovery of transfer-printed china in England, which, as we have seen, occurred in 1756.

We have seen how penciled china came into being and how soon it was used for recording contemporary events. It was an obvious and a natural step to use copperplates for decorating cotton goods. Consequently, in the advertisements, side by side with the penciled china, we find printed and penciled furniture calico and sometimes just the words, penciled furniture.

The designs were printed in light and dark blue, in dull brick red, in richer dark red, in purple, in brown, in black and in the fashionable color called puce—named from that celebrated phantom flea that somebody at the court of Marie Antoinette pretended to have discovered.

This penciled furniture calico was particularly liked in our country for the upholstering of bedrooms—for the hangings of the bedstead, for the counterpane, for the window curtains and for the chair coverings and cushions. It is particularly harmonious with the Heppelwhite bedstead and, indeed, Heppelwhite recommends printed cottons for upholstery.

At the time of and immediately after the Revolution, copperplate cotton furniture filled a need. It was just the thing when people wanted to redecorate their homes with something new that savored nothing of the past, something that would express and emphasize the new era, the Federal style, as it were. Therefore, it became the fashion to sleep in beds whose curtains displayed the "Apotheosis of Washington," or the "Apotheosis of Franklin," or even induced historical reveries of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians. Of many subjects these seem to have been the most favored, and the designs appeared in all the colors named above.

Chintz for Remembrance

Some notes of importations, gathered from the newspapers of the time, read: "Printed and penciled furniture calico; purple and dark blue, pompadour and fancy-ground chintz; red-and-white copperplate furniture; blue-and-white penciled furniture; India, English and Patna chintzes; copperplate cotton furniture; red, blue and purple fine copperplate calico"; and "blue-and-white, red-and-white, purple-and-white furniture calicoes." Though most of the chintzes that were used in American households came from England, many came from France. Some of these latter were made in Alsace and some at Jouy.

During and after the French Revolution, France produced a great number of democratic textiles. Among them was a queer mixture of little pictures known today as the *toile de la Bastille*.

The Peace of Paris produced another chintz in 1782–1783, showing Washington, with a flying angel holding a wreath of laurel over his head, while Victory stands near with a palm branch.

An Alsatian chintz of 1830 represented General Lafayette at two periods of his life—one of these when he was organizing the National Guard in 1790 and the other as a veteran of 1830. On both pictures the hero is riding a fine horse at the head of his troops in the streets of Paris. These pictures are separated by a decorative grouping of flags, guns and laurel.

A *toile de Jouy* of 1782, depicting the United States received into the Sisterhood of Nations, has for its principal figure America, dressed as an Indian princess. She is accompanied by two figures. One of these carries a pole with the liberty cap on the end, and the other, wearing a fur cap, carries a flag with the thirteen stars. In the background, at intervals, angels are seen blowing trumpets and little ships are sailing the seas.

Events Handkerchiefs

It is interesting to note that during the World War a number of *toiles de guerre* were designed by French soldiers in the trenches. Patriotic china also came to the fore again in a tea service, which included cups and saucers and plates, designed by Mrs. Robert Coleman Taylor, of New York, and brought out by Wedgwood. The design represented the flags of all the Allied Nations at the time the United States entered the War, represented in colors and held by the shield of the United States on a cream-colored background. Mrs. Taylor gave all the proceeds, which amounted to an astonishingly large sum, to the Red Cross. This very beautiful ware has just begun to appear in some of the best antique shops.

Events handkerchiefs should be noted in connection with transfer printing. These articles of silk, cotton or linen were an excellent means for circulating information of various kinds, for commemorating important occurrences and for propaganda.

In both Europe and America, for a hundred years and more, every public event has been recorded on a handkerchief and sometimes in a very decorative way.

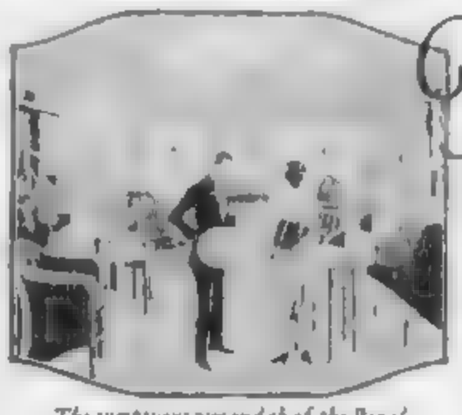
A few collections of these historical documents have been made, but only two are of world-wide fame; that of the Countess Pillet-Weill, of Paris, and that of Mrs. De Witt Cohen, of New York, by whose courtesy a specimen is represented herewith. Mrs. Cohen began her collection about twenty years ago and she now has more than 200 choice examples of silk of many varieties and of cotton, from Italian, French, English, Spanish, Portuguese and American sources. Some of these show beautifully executed printings from engravings, some are very quaint, some are extremely rare and all are in perfect condition.

Today we still have handkerchiefs with portraits or events printed on them, but these are more likely to picture famous scenes in the world of sport, noted jockeys and four-footed heroes of the turf.

Taste has changed. Although the charm of transfer-printed china and penciled chintz grows greater every day, we no longer care to carry our Presidents in our pockets or to drape our windows and beds with White House calicoes or to dine from plates decorated with the victories of Château-Thierry, Saint-Mihiel and the Argonne.

ON THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHIP

Superlative Accommodations— Superlative Service



The sumptuous verandah of the Regal Suite. At the left are huge plate glass windows through which one has an uninterrupted view of the sea.

THE most luxurious and most expensive accommodation on the *Majestic* is the famous Regal Suite. Yet the traveler who books even at the minimum rate of $290 enjoys the same delightful cuisine, the same charming public rooms, and all the manifestations of flawless White Star service which are at the disposal of the occupant of the Regal Suite.

The *Majestic*, like her Magnificent Trio associates—the *Olympic* and the *Homeric*—offers a complete steamship service. Her Second Cabin accommodations, priced at $147.50 up, are recognized as superlative values. Her Tourist Third Cabin accommodations at $102.50 have proved especially popular with college men and women.

Just as the *Majestic* is supreme among the great de luxe liners, so the *Minnekahda* of the Atlantic Transport is supreme in Tourist Third Cabin. She is devoted exclusively to Tourist Third Cabin passengers. Round trip $200.

A notable feature of our fleet is a group of cabin ships carrying only Cabin Class and Third Class. Cabin accommodations $135 up. ($130 up, from Boston and Montreal).

The 105 splendid ships in our services offer a total of 226 passenger sailings from New York, Boston and Montreal to the convenient European ports in 1926.

With these vast facilities we are prepared to meet every requirement, regardless of your destination or the size of your vacation budget.

Write our nearest office about your travel plans and let us send helpful literature on the summer season abroad.

Company's Offices

Atlanta	Haas-Howell Bldg.	New York	No. 1 Broadway
Baltimore	308 North Charles Street	Norfolk	Flatiron Building
Boston	84 State Street	Philadelphia	15th and Locust Streets
Chicago	127 South State Street	Pittsburgh	Arcade Union Trust Bldg
Cleveland	1951 East 6th Street	Portland, Me.	690 Congress Street
Dallas	Cotton Exchange Building	Quebec	54 Dalhousie Street
Detroit	Majestic Building	St. John, N. B.	108 Prince William St.
Galveston	Cotton Exchange Building	St. Louis	1019 Pine St
Halifax	126 Hollis Street	San Francisco	460 Market Street
Houston	Cotton Exchange Building	Seattle	619 Second Avenue
Los Angeles	510 So. Spring Street	Toronto	55 King Street, East
Minneapolis	121 S. Third Street	Vancouver	Granville and Pender Sts
Montreal	St. Michael Street	Washington	1208 F St., N. W
New Orleans	McGill Building	Winnipeg	286 Main Street
	219 St. Charles Street		

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WHITE STAR LINE

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE · RED STAR LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Monito
MO-KNIT-TOE
SOCKS

© M. K. Co 1926

AT the men's wear counter in most good stores a complete range of Monito (pronounced Mo-Knit-Toe) in plain and fancy socks.

Spring Style! Colorful Socks!

TONE combinations in Blue, Silver, Champagne, Gray, Brown, Beige, Smoke and Bracken are the smart men's styles this Spring.

Made in beautiful new patterns, as well as solid colors, Monito Socks just fill the bill—authentic style, perfect fit, fast colors, long wear. Truly a sock for style and service!

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

Look for the Golden Moor's Head on Each Pair

NEW STONES FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 7)

And so the controversy raged. It is doubtful if it split as many families in twain as the Dreyfus case, but plenty of couples on Fifth Avenue busses wrangled over the Radiator Building so vehemently that they forgot to get off until they found themselves at Washington Square.

Let it be said at once that the color of the Radiator Building was by no means the whim of a clever publicity man seeking to put over a sensational stunt. It was an experiment based on sound architectural logic.

From its very nature, American architecture must depend largely on mass for its effect. A massive office building broken up with a lot of finicky detail loses in architectural effectiveness in proportion to the elaboration of that detail. But, unfortunately, offices must have plenty of natural light—for obvious economic reasons. This means a great many windows, and skeleton-steel construction does not permit much variety in window spacing. Those geometrical rows of windows then become, to all intents and purposes, a species of architectural detail.

What is the poor architect to do? His building must have plenty of light, yet the dark window spots make it look like a nutmeg grater. The architect of the Radiator Building hit upon a novel idea. Why not treat it, frankly, as a mass? If we have to have windows, at least we can try to hide them as much as possible. So, by using a dark material instead of a light one, he made the windows blend into the rest of the building and compelled the eye to see it as a solid silhouette.

There is a widespread belief that the skyscraper resulted from the peculiarly long, narrow shape of Manhattan island. It is supposed that there was no room to expand laterally, hence construction was forced upward.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The high buildings—with the exception of the financial district, of course—form a narrow ridge up the center of the island, roughly following the course of Broadway. Incredible as it may seem, if all the buildings on the island were reduced to an average height, it would be only four and nine-tenths stories.

Why is a Skyscraper?

The truth of the matter is that the skyscraper was simply an economic necessity. If it had been otherwise, it could never have lasted. Concentration has become a commercial necessity, and the skyscraper is the acme of concentration.

In the beginning, it is probable that tall buildings resulted from exorbitant taxes. The man who owned a small parcel of land in the concentrated commercial centers had to build higher and higher in order to rent at a profit. Publicity played a certain rôle, although it was a minor one. But when the first group of tall buildings was finished it was found to be an enormous commercial asset, because, in the last analysis, all important business is transacted by personal contact, in spite of substitutive means of communication, such as telephone and telegraph.

No matter how complicated a business deal is, it is based on the primitive principle of barter. If the personal equation is lacking business loses touch with reality. The skyscraper facilitates personal contacts in a way never possible before. From my office on the twenty-eighth floor of a building in the Times Square district, I can get to practically every person of importance in the architectural and building field in fifteen minutes' time.

When the Singer Tower was built, the world hailed it as the ultimate in tall buildings. It was not long, however, before it was surpassed by the Metropolitan Life Tower, and finally by the Woolworth Building. The latter has stood unrivaled for some years, but there are projects for fifty-five story structures in the near future. Where will it all end? Can it go on indefinitely?

That, too, depends on economic necessity. We already have zoning laws to govern the height of buildings, which have had a profound effect on the character of their architecture. Their primary aim, however, is to control street congestion, for it stands to reason that the congestion in a given street will always be in exact proportion to the height and mass of the buildings flanking that street. But who can tell what new factors may spring up to change the laws? The day is surely coming when streets will be double, perhaps triple-decked and congestion will be correspondingly reduced and the laws changed to permit greater height.

The Only Permanent Record

It is my opinion that architecture is the only true and permanent record of human progress. That may seem like an unwarrantably broad statement. It is broad, yes, but not unwarranted. This tight little world of ours is many million years old, and, God willing, it will continue hurtling through space for many million more before it retires, rheumatic and wrinkled, to the Old Planets' Home, there to spend its last celestial centuries in peace and comfort. Cosmic time is infinite, but historic time, or perhaps I should say documentary time, covers not more than fifty centuries—a trifling matter of 5000 years. The relation between documentary time and the age of the earth, might at an extravagant estimate be analogous to the lapse of time between two ticks of a watch compared with our allotted three score and ten years. Furthermore, the documentary records for at least a third of that period are highly inadequate. Beyond that we depend on architecture.

Of course the geologist and the anthropologist take us back into the dark ages of predocumentary time, and out of a fossilized jawbone or rib reconstruct our semi-simian ancestor with amazing ingenuity. They make masterly guesses at his aptitude for climbing trees and from the conformation of his skull take a pot shot at the percentage he would rate on an intelligence test. Then with a larger bone and a few gigantic molars they retrieve a mammoth dinosaur from the primordial slime to give us a notion of the kind of pets he kept in his barnyard. But how close to the truth their conjectures may be nobody knows, not even themselves.

Not until man has climbed far enough up into the light to be able to chip two stones and put one on top of the other with a little clay in between for mortar, can we form any tangible notion of how he lived. From that point on the archæologist steps in and draws the first reasonably sound conclusions about human progress—from architecture. Even before any decipherable language appears, carved in the stones, we can tell a great deal about our ancestors from the kind of tempies they built to their gods and the houses they made to shelter themselves.

The early carved records, even though the language or the pictographs be translatable, do not serve to tell us nearly so much as their dwellings. A single name cut in a tombstone is not very enlightening. Nor does the hieroglyphic information that an Egyptian king took unto himself a wife convey much idea of how he conducted the affairs of state. Records written on papyrus are not much better, because time has a habit of sorting out some of the least important for preservation. A million years from now, if the only surviving documents of the bobbed-hair age are a telephone directory and a couple of grocer's bills, the archæologist of the future is going to have the devil of a time figuring out what it was all about.

(Continued on Page 153)

Like a cool hand across the eyes

THE light from the new MAZDA lamp with the "inside frost" relaxes the tired muscles of the eye and gives a grateful sense of ease. It is a soft light—the hard beam from the old exposed filament has been broken and diffused by the new process, with almost no loss of light.

The "inside frost" is the latest achievement of the Laboratories of General Electric in forty years of world-wide research and constant experiment.

MAZDA Service is the means by which the benefits of this research are given exclusively to those lamp manufacturers entitled to place the symbol MAZDA on their lamps. This assures to the public that MAZDA lamps embody the latest developments which science and research can devise.

Ductile tungsten, the gas-filled lamp, and other epoch-making discoveries in incandescent lighting, have come from General Electric Research Laboratories. The New Line of MAZDA Lamps is the complete embodiment of the improvements made possible by MAZDA Research Service.

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of*

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Send for the
Spring
Style
Folder

—and a sample of the exclusive fade-proof serge from which MIDDISHADE and MIDDI*STRIPE* blue serge suits are fashioned FREE!

EASTER! Flowers everywhere gladdening the eye with a riot of color. Yet soon their glowing colors are but a memory. Just like some blue serge suits. Fresh and smart as a flower when you "pick" them. But with color almost as fleeting as the flower's. Then—there's fade-proof MIDDISHADE! Let the sun blaze down! Let it rain! You can't fade a MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suit. Its rich blue color is guaranteed. So is everything else about it! Twenty-three masterfully styled Spring models—to please and fit young and old, short or tall, stout or slender. Now, by popular demand, there's MIDDI*STRIPE* too—the same serge with a neat silk stripe. Look up the MIDDISHADE dealer in your town—he's worth knowing.

THE MIDDISHADE CO., Inc., *Philadelphia*

"Sergical Specialists—operating on blue serge suits only"

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
Blue Serge Suits

(Continued from Page 150)

Moreover, the buildings left to us from antiquity are just about as exact a record as we could have, for the simple reason that only those buildings most typical of their period endure. When a building has outworn its usefulness it is torn down and another more suited to the special needs of the time is put up in its place. By this relentless process of elimination the epitome of each civilization is perpetuated in its architecture.

Let us look at it from another angle. Suppose, 50,000,000 years hence, that some great cataclysm rock the earth to its very foundation. Nothing so negligible as a World War, of course. Perhaps a fire age; it is not impossible, for the geologists tell us that the earth has already passed through a glacial age. When the fire age is at its height the whole surface of the globe, with the exception of small areas around the North and South Poles, will be devoid of life. Even at the poles the weather will be unbearably tropical.

When things begin to cool off a bit, let us imagine some intrepid archæologist setting out for the scorched and arid Sahara around New York. The Atlantic, of course, will be dried up to a few scattered lakes, and what remains of Manhattan is perched on the edge of a plateau. Every human document has been destroyed by centuries of searing heat, for paper is even more perishable than papyrus. Even the bottles are melted and their labels gone.

Fifty million years is a long time, and all modern languages will be deader than Sanskrit. The few inscriptions carved on monuments and libraries don't mean much to him.

How, then, is he to know how we lived and worked? From our architecture. By our skyscrapers and our hotels and our brownstone fronts, blackened, charred and gutted though they be, he will read us more surely and accurately than from the best history book ever written.

Architecture must express its time or it dies. Build a Florentine palace on Times Square or the Loop, and, no matter how perfect its proportions and exquisite its ornament, it would not last ten years. Transfer the Cotton Exchange Building to the middle of Florence and you couldn't rent an office above the third floor.

Architectural Ups and Downs

Especially in our crowded centers of population, we make short shrift of a building that has outlived its peculiar usefulness. In the Middle Ages, when religion was the paramount factor of life, the people expressed themselves in cathedrals. They were typical of the age and they endured. Now in our central districts down comes a church and up goes an office building.

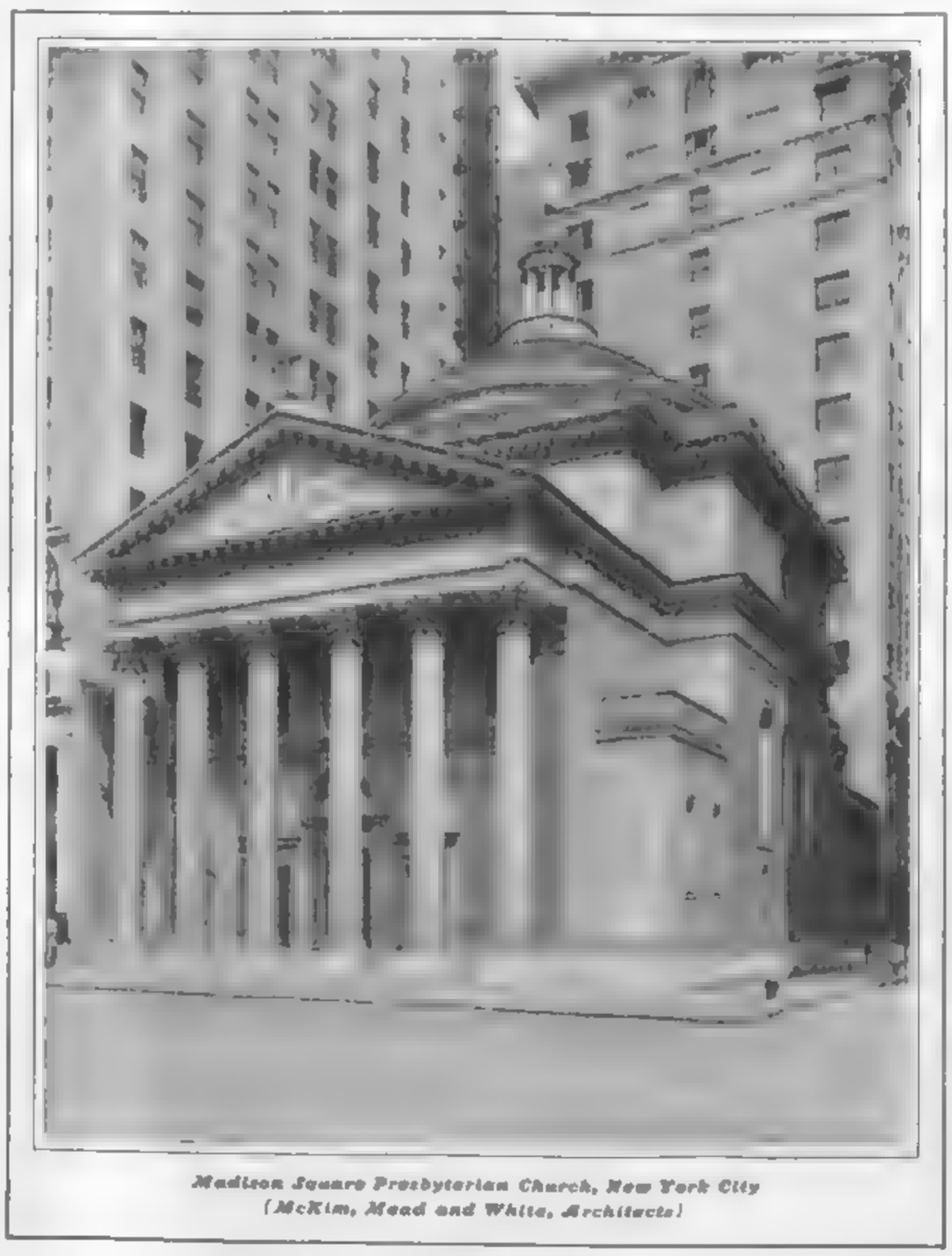
Thus we write ourselves accurately and permanently in our buildings. It is an unconscious process but a terrifyingly certain one. We can understand the real significance of architecture only when we cease to regard it as a collection of material forms and see what a revelation it is of the human soul.

It may seem curious that we Americans, generally supposed to be more ardently devoted to the worship of gold than any other people in the civilized world, should be making the most pronounced advances in architecture. The reason seems to lie in the dual nature of the art. It is both spiritual and material. It is both an art and a business. It is a luxury as well as a necessity. In short, it is inextricably bound together with human need. Where the money goes, there goes architecture. The other arts may trail along in its wake, but first of all, before pictures can be painted, before music can be played, before books can be written, we need buildings to paint and play and write in.

The more money there is, the better the architecture is. The Emperor Diocletian looted an enemy country and built himself baths that put modern ones to shame. The French nobles taxed the peasantry and built glorious châteaux on the Loire. A newspaper reaches 1,000,000 circulation and up goes a beautiful skyscraper. Architecture changes in character, but it manages always to keep in the Social Register with an A 1 rating in Bradstreet's.

Moreover, the more money there is, the more architecture there is. It is barely twenty-five years since picture post cards of the Flatiron Building flung the news of America's incipient architectural insanity to the four corners of the earth. Hiram Greenblow of the Corn Belt first gaped and then opined: "There ain't no such building." European wiseacres shook their heads pityingly and murmured something to the effect that pride goeth before a fall. Yet in those twenty-five years exceptional prosperity has pushed our inspired madness far beyond the tame limits of twenty stories into the realm of an entirely new and original genus of architecture.

In the Middle Ages it took a century and a half to modify a style; how account for the sudden advent of a new style in three decades? Was it the sly invention of Old Mother Necessity? In part, yes. But the real answer is that architectural forms change in direct ratio to the rapidity of building construction. A building which took five years to build by hand in the past goes up by means of modern machinery in one. Hence styles are changing five times as rapidly.



Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York City
(McKim, Mead and White, Architects)

In fact, construction goes on at such break-neck speed in the larger cities that graybeards grumble because things are not what they used to be, and even the younger generation grows a bit bewildered. When Delmonico's restaurant on Fifth Avenue was sold to make way for a more profitable building the papers brought out the startling fact that those particular quarters of the famous restaurant had been erected only twenty-eight years before. Doctor Parkhurst's church on Madison Square lasted about ten years before it had to give way to the Metropolitan Life Annex. Illustrations could easily be multiplied *ad infinitum* of buildings antedated almost as soon as completed.

Recently a popular caricaturist went to the heart of this extraordinary situation by drawing a skyscraper with hordes of workmen around its base. The caption informed the reader that the building pictured above was to have been finished in two weeks, but now the wreckers had arrived to tear it down again. This, the artist went on to say, was considered a great advance over the usual custom of waiting until three months after completion!

There is tragedy, too, as well as humor in the relentless expansion of a great city. Madison Square Garden was Stanford White's masterpiece. Into that building he put his whole soul. Every aspect of the proportion of the building was the result of profound study, every detail was conceived with the loving care of a master whose artistic conscience admitted no compromise. There is no doubt that in his mind it was to remain one of the jewels of the city for centuries to come, a perpetual monument to his architectural genius. On the topmost pinnacle of its spire St. Gaudens' proud Diana gleamed golden in the sunlight, the *chef d'œuvre* of a master in another field. When the great hall was finished those two men had reason to believe that they had perpetuated their names forever in the heart of their beloved New York.

But the heart long since moved uptown. Madison Square Garden is scrap. Parts of it have been salvaged: some of the columns and ornamental stonework have been incorporated in the new building of the Hartford Times; Diana and the campanile have found a final resting place on University Heights. But if White and St. Gaudens had lived that would have been small compensation for the destruction of the Garden as a whole.

Here is a case where architecture got on the front pages with a vengeance. Day by day the papers reported the progress of the work of demolition. Every move of the crane which finally lowered the gigantic Diana from her precarious pedestal was snapped by a hundred cameras. But it is a question in my mind whether the New Yorker's sense of personal loss for the beloved landmark amounted to more than a mental interrogation as to where on earth he was going to attend political conventions, six-day bicycle races and prize fights in the future, and when there would be another place large enough to accommodate the biggest show on earth! I am compelled to admit that nostalgia, not architecture, was responsible for that bit of publicity. Architecture got on the front pages through the back door.

Forty or fifty years ago the youth who avowed his intention of taking up architecture was regarded as a distinctly peculiar fellow. Not so bad, to be sure, as the scapegrace who chose the primrose path of painting, but bad enough in all conscience. He usually came from one of the better families in an older city like Boston, and had been surrounded from birth with Faneuil Hall, the Old State House, spinning wheels, Duncan Phyfe highboys and Paul Revere silver. When, in his second year at Harvard, he began mooning over prints of the Parthenon in the university library he earned a disapproving parental frown. If by senior year he persisted in making furtive sketches of old Cambridge doorways he was considered almost a lost soul.

An Early American Architect

But the blue blood of Back Bay makes the best of its misfortunes. A thin Puritan mouth is proof against even the bitterest disappointments. If our young scion of Mayflower stock, whom we will call William Aaron Wheelwright, must pursue the arts in preference to the law or the ministry, then he shall have the best the arts can offer.

Paris and the École des Beaux Arts are then in order. In the Latin Quarter William spends five of the most carefree and delightful years of his life and, with moderate attention to orders and style and design, he finally receives his diploma and is ready for the wide, wide world.

When he sails into Boston Harbor his hair is likely to be longish, and he may even have gone so far as to affect a flowing tie.

But the stern frowns of his family and his act rapidly divest him of these unconventional insignia of wastrel days on the Boul' Mich', and he soon becomes one of his own again.

Thanks to his social connections, there is work to be picked up from time to time. There is an occasional country home or city house to be designed. And a summer colony of wealthy Bostonians has voted the staggering sum of $100,000 to build a casino, with pavilions in the Renaissance manner. With a flourish of his beribboned sheepskin, our hero from the Beaux Arts submits his sketches.

Eventually he sets up in New York, and his studio, with its artistic plunder from the antique shops in the Rue des Saints-Pères—Louis Quinze chairs, an Aubusson carpet, bits of old *gros-point* embroidery, with here and there a pewter plate or a Sheraton sideboard for old times' sake—becomes the rendezvous for the *beau monde* of the city.

A typical day out of his life forty years ago might be scheduled as follows:

9 A.M. He rises and draws his bath—with imported bath salts—very invigorating for the arduous day ahead. The barber arrives at half-past nine.

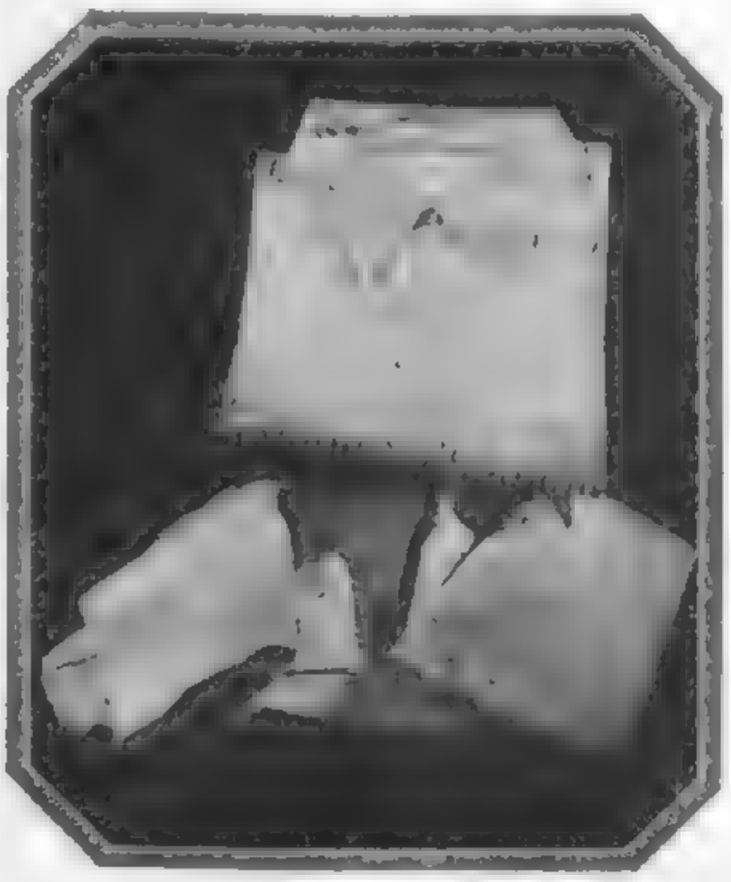
10 A.M. He adjourns to the little Jacobean dining room off the studio, where he breakfasts on *café-au-lait* and a *croissant*, with a concession to the more rigorous American climate in the way of a soft-boiled egg.

10:30 A.M. Conference in the studio with his assistant—a promising young draftsman, but a bit difficult socially—on the detail of a Florentine chimney corner in the

(Continued on Page 157)

Six places where a shirt *to give*

THE SAME sort of colorful patterns that gave such a dash to your fine imported woolen socks are found in these novelty lisle, silk and silk-and-lisle hose for Spring. Appearance is not all, however. Both the imported and domestic Wilson Brothers Hose are full-fashioned and seamless for trim fit and comfort; stoutly woven for the wear you would expect from them. The prices range as widely as the patterns—from 50 cents to $4.00 the pair.



NO LONGER need a man be fully dressed to be well dressed. You may lounge as well as sleep in these smart collared pajamas. They are made up in fancy checks, figures and stripes from fine-count percales, madras and broadcloth Being made by Wilson Brothers, they assure you perfect fit and fine workmanship as well as materials. Priced at $3.00 to $8.00—silks to $15.00.

WILSON
BROTHERS
Haberdashery

SOLD BY OVER 10,000 MEN'S STORES

BRIGHT CHECKS in madras or broadcloth mark the favored shirts this Spring. More and more, men seem to appreciate the comfort of Wilson Brothers pre-shrunk collars, attached. Your haberdasher can also show you a wide variety of Wilson Brothers Shirts with neckbands or collars-to-match, in plain and striped fabrics, at prices from $2.00 to $5.00. Whichever style and material you choose, you will enjoy the comfortable cut and perfection of finish found in all Wilson Brothers Haberdashery.

must fit ❧ ❧ *you satisfaction* ❧ ❧ ❧

YOU know what collar size to ask for, of course. But can you tell the sleeve-length of the shirt you have on? Do you know the four other places where a shirt *must* fit, or be uncomfortable? Then remember these few, simple facts to take all the guesswork out of your shirt buying forever.

Wilson Brothers Shirts fit your neck from the day you put them on. Their collars are pre-shrunk. Their neckbands are made of a specially woven fabric that has done *all* its shrinking before it left our factory. Moreover, they remain neckbands . . . not neck-saws.

You will never have to wonder what the laundry will do to your sleeves, either, if the shirt was made by Wilson Brothers. The printed marks on these shirts tell you the truth about the sleeve-lengths after two washings.

We've all worn shirts that made us wish for balloon trousers . . . but they weren't Wilson Brothers Shirts. Wilson Brothers cut them amply long to prevent creeping and bulging at the belt line, but the tails are trimmed away to fit neatly into ordinary trousers.

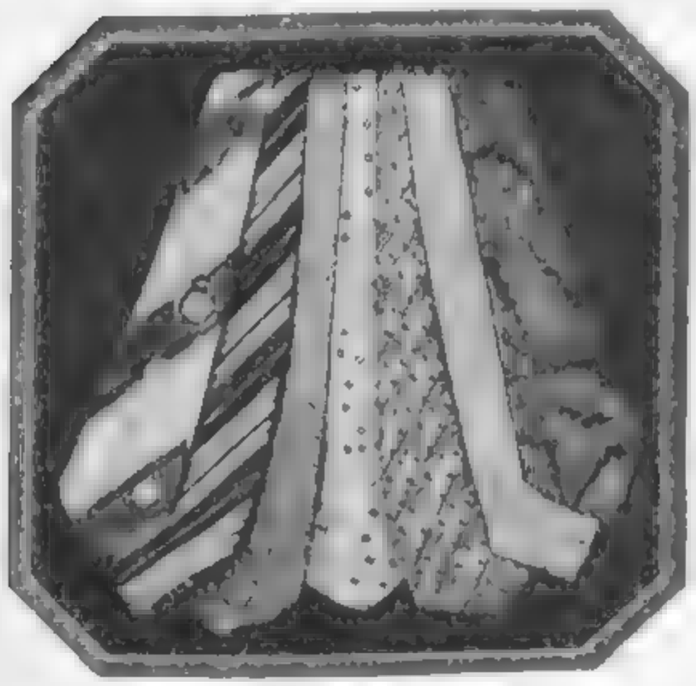
And a shirt that is too snug across your manly chest, or cramps your style around the armholes, is only good to take up drawer space. Wilson Brothers Shirts are made to be *worn*, however. Hence they are cut roomy and full at these important points.

Style? You will always be safe if you leave that to Wilson Brothers. Simply suit your own good taste in pattern and fabric. If you are properly particular about your haberdashery, notice the skillful matching of pattern on the pockets, collars, fronts and cuffs of these shirts.

Long wear is sewed right into every Wilson Brothers garment whether it is a shirt, union suit or pajama. Note how close the stitches are together. Remember, eighteen stout threads hold every button fast.

Wilson Brothers have been making men comfortably and smartly fitted out for more than sixty years. Take advantage of this experience next time you buy *any* article of haberdashery.

Wilson Bro's CHICAGO
NEW YORK — PARIS
FACTORIES AT SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



THE POPULAR neckwear is light in both coloring and material this season. Some of the most interesting developments in design are the modified cubistic and futuristic patterns offered by Wilson Brothers in contrasting soft pastel shades. Figured effects in light colors in both imported and domestic silks will be more worn than the popular winter stripes. You will want several of these new Wilson Brothers Cravats at from $1.00 to $5.00.

WHAT MAN with an eye for the niceties of dress would deny his breast pocket one of these bright handkerchiefs? From Ireland come fine woven colors and hand-blocked printed patterns at from 50 cents to $2.00. The latest French designs are hand-blocked on fine hand-loomed linen with hand-rolled hems, at $2.50. And the popular new pastel shades lend color to hand-woven silk and lisle French handkerchiefs at $3.00.

LIGHT WEIGHT, spring needle knit, ribbed union suits such as this insure real underwear comfort at this time of year. Wilson Brothers knit them in fine combed cottons, lisles and mercerized yarns in all styles, sleeveless, quarter-length and long sleeves, regular, three-quarter and knee lengths. Priced from $1.50 to $3.50 a garment. Ask for the correct "trunk" measurement in a Wilson Brothers Union Suit and know how well underwear can fit

WILSON
BROTHERS
Haberdashery

SOLD BY OVER 10,000 MEN'S STORES

GUARANTEE

Should the inner combustion tube of the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner burn out within 10 years from date of purchase, replacement will be made free of charge.

From That Day to This—

FOR nearly fifty years the Divisions of American Stove Company have made cooking appliances for America's homes. Grandmother probably owned a coal stove made by one of the companies listed below. Mother used one of their gasoline or gas stoves. And you should own a gas range with Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, or, if gas is not available, then an Oil Range with Lorain High Speed Oil Burners.

Lorain Burners are easy to operate. A patented wick-stop halts the wick at the correct lighting-point. After lighting, no further adjustment is necessary.

The intensely hot, clean, blue flame comes in direct, wide-spread contact with cooking-utensils, or oven, giving quick, economical service second only to gas.

Inner Combustion Tubes Guaranteed

Inner Combustion Tubes are made of "Vesuvius Metal" which will not burn-out. *Read the Guarantee.* Combustion tubes are tapered to prevent "boil-overs" from reaching wicks.

Wicks Do Not Stick

The unique construction of the Lorain Burner prevents wick-sticking. You can slip a new Lorain Wick into place in a jiffy. Lorain Wicks last for months.

Write us for name of dealer nearest you.

IF GAS is available you'll find no cooking appliance to compare with Lorain equipped Gas Ranges. One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Sole Manufacturers of Gas Ranges Equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator

World's Largest Manufacturers of Cooking Appliances

1926

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

Many famous makes of Oil Cook Stoves are now equipped with the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner, including.

Direct Action—National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio

New Process—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

Quick Meal—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

Clark Jewel—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

Dangler—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 153)

new Amos Whittaker mansion on Beacon Street, Boston. He produces a mass of illustrated French and Italian works, as well as sketches from his notebooks, to correct the line of the cowl.

11:30 A.M. Seated at his drawing table, he attacks the floor plan of Mr. Sputen Van Schuyler's new residence on upper Fifth Avenue at Thirty-ninth Street.

11:55 A.M. Mr. Van Schuyler's man calls with the request that Mr. Wheelwright join Mr. Van Schuyler at luncheon. Proceeds with the knotty problem of the disposition of the servants' hall in the ground-floor plan.

1–3 P.M. Luncheon at the Union Club. Mr. Van Schuyler suggests the use in Mrs. Van Schuyler's boudoir of two Fragonard panels, which it had been his good fortune to pick up the preceding summer in Paris.

3:30 P.M. Back to work at the studio, but the light is waning and gas is very trying on the eyes.

4:30 P.M. Guests begin to arrive for tea. His elevation for Sir Roderick MacPherson's country estate on Staten Island, tinted with water color, is greatly admired. Mrs. Pyke-Jones compliments him highly upon the artistic rendering of the foliage and shrubbery.

7:30 P.M. Dinner with the Roderick MacPhersons on Gramercy Park. Talk runs a great deal to the interesting developments in the telephone, but the consensus of opinion is that it can never be of much practical value. Over the cordials they discuss the new Staten Island mansion. Mr. Wheelwright estimates at least two years for its completion.

8:30 P.M. Tristan und Isolde at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Lilli Lehmann in the rôle of Isolde.

12:30 A.M. Supper with the Tewsons at Delmonico's.

1:30 A.M. Back to the studio and to bed, ready for the next day's labors.

The Modern Grind

Now let us look into the life of the new ninety h. p. architect, 1926 model. John Sparks hails from the Middle West. He works his way through the state university, where, after two years of academic, he switches to the architectural school. Perhaps it is the ugly brick façades of his natal Main Street, with their false pediments and their opportunist air of doing well enough for the time being, contrasted with the dignified collegiate Gothic at the university, that give him a yearning to have his fling with T-square and ruler. Or maybe it is the haphazard, smoke-begrimed pile of a near-by shoe factory, which probably started in a small way but by clever advertising and modern selling methods has grown to be an amorphous blight on the landscape, that spurs him on to see what he can do about industrial plants. At all events, if the desire is strong enough, he fights through six years of schooling, sets out for New York and finds a modest berth in an architect's office.

Perhaps his superiors see possibilities in him, realize that he has energy, ambition and real vision, and help him to get abroad for two or three years at the Beaux Arts, with the assurance that his place will be waiting when he has drunk his fill of the architectural wonders of the Continent.

From then on it is a long grind. Business is steadily booming. There are buildings and yet more buildings crying for birth, and the American business man has begun to realize that he cannot intrust the making of an office building or a railroad station or even a warehouse to the building contractor and the engineer alone. John Sparks grows up with the firm, and when the elder members die off he is taken into partnership at forty.

The war comes and building operations languish and die. He gets valuable practical experience on the board of some war-transport commission. For the first time in his life he looks up from his blue prints and gets a bird's-eye view of the vast resources of the United States, the magnitude of its rail system, the splendor of its harbors. He sees how the population is constantly being sucked up into the big cities, and suddenly the phenomenon of the skyscraper, which before had had no particular significance in his eyes, becomes a thing of infinite possibilities for beauty as well as utility. The vision of a great city takes definite shape in his mind—a city reaching toward the clouds, literally scraping the sky. A city teeming with life, with struggle, disappointment, tragedy, too, but chiefly life.

When the war is over he pleads with business men for a chance to build them something new, something better than the packing boxes set on end, whose fake cornices and masses of gingerbread scrolls only emphasize their structural ineffectualness, that everywhere do duty as commercial buildings. And if he is an artist at all he will keep his vision steadfastly before him in spite of the thousand obstacles, the myriads of annoying details that stand in his way.

An Architect's Day

And so he finds himself with his day mapped out about as follows:

7 A.M. He rises and swings into the daily dozen by the radio.

7:15 A.M. Warm shower followed by cold needle douche and a brisk rubdown.

7:30 A.M. Breakfast. Scans the morning paper for news of real-estate purchases and building-investment securities.

8 A.M. Motor arrives to take him to his offices on the twenty-fourth floor of the Prudence Accident Insurance Building.

8:10 A.M. Goes over calendar for the day.

8:15 A.M. Correspondence.

8:45 A.M. Meeting with department heads to plan the day's work.

9 A.M. Conference with directors of Cosmopolis Bank, who are discussing new building. He demonstrates his familiarity with financial affairs to such good effect that he returns to the office with signature on the dotted line.

10 A.M. Supervises model for the $10,000,000 President Jackson Memorial at Bunker Hill.

10:25 A.M. Arrives at Board of Foreign Charities to discuss project for new building group. He discloses a surprising grasp of the whole foreign situation and demonstrates the necessity of larger administrative buildings. He manifests such sympathy with the work that the board is convinced that he would have been a welfare worker if he hadn't become an architect.

11 A.M. Solves placing of fireproof stairway in new Undergarment Union Building, at present on the boards in the drafting room.

11:10 A.M. Chairman of zoning commission arrives to discuss new aspects of traffic problem in the financial district.

11:25 A.M. Irate construction engineer arrives to protest the steel work called for in his plan layout for the new thirty-two story triduplex apartment development.

11:30 A.M. Construction engineer departs less irate, convinced the architect knows something about stresses and strains.

11:30 A.M.–12:15 P.M. Interviews two sketch artists with perspectives of Bunker Hill Memorial, and disposes of one fond mother who thinks her son has a flair for architecture; dictates short article for technical journal on Some Aspects of the Housing Problem; makes notes for ten-minute radio talk on appreciation of architecture, and turns down three applicants for drafting jobs.

12:30 P.M. Joins professional group at club for lunch.

1:15 P.M. Begins rough sketches for proposed stadium at Northeastern University. O. K.'s final specifications for railroad terminal.

1:55 P.M. Meeting Fine Arts Commission.

8 P.M. Conference with jury to judge competition drawings for Peruvian Parliament Building.

This inviting enclosed porch shows the complete harmony between its furnishings and the Blabon floor of Marble Tile Inlaid Linoleum—pattern 2100.

Outdoor beauty with indoor comfort!

An enclosed porch is such a cheerful, useful part of the house, with bright warm sunshine mingled with the pleasing atmosphere of the outdoors.

The practical utility of enclosed porches is now recognized by homebuilders everywhere. An increasing number of old homes are also having open porches transformed into rooms of usefulness at a moderate cost.

For such enclosures there is no better floor than some of the new stunning tile effects in Blabon's Linoleum.

The wide range of beautiful patterns and soft colorings in Blabon's Linoleum gives it a place in any room upstairs or down. And then Blabon floors require so little effort to keep them clean that they make housework easier; tracked-in dirt or cigarette ashes are brushed up in a jiffy.

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Hazel H. Adler, author of books on interior decoration, gives valuable suggestions on harmonizing furniture and draperies with walls and floors in our 36-page book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," handsomely illustrated in full color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

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BLABON'S Linoleum

"I'll bet they're having a good time at the Country Club tonight!"

In how many homes is this scene being re-enacted tonight? Hundreds of minor duties have filled this woman's day; and improper shoes have nagged her feet all day long. Now she is tired out. Her husband is discontented.

HOW about *your* feet, which are so important to you? Don't you want them to carry you through busy days, tirelessly, and to allow you to keep going in the evening when there's pleasure afoot? Then you will be interested in a shoe that is made with consideration for *your own two feet*—the Cantilever.

The Cantilever Shoe is fashioned along graceful, natural lines; it will fit your foot smoothly and comfortably *all day long*. When evening comes the Cantilever has not tired you out. It is a flexible shoe that harmonizes with every step of your flexible feet instead of working against you. The snug arch of the Cantilever fits accurately because it is flexible. This gives you restful, buoyant support, a springier step and real freedom to the circulation and the foot muscles. Closely fitted heels, nicely rounded toes and fine soft leathers are a few of the other reasons why Cantilever Shoes give such complete comfort.

For women there are graceful Cantilever pumps and trim oxfords. Men can also enjoy flexible comfort in good looking Cantilever Shoes. They are now being sold for schoolgirls and children, too.

Cantilever Shoes are sold from coast to coast, and are within shopping distance of practically all readers of this publication. They are sold by one Cantilever Shoe Shop or agency in each locality and in many cities you will find a Cantilever Shoe Shop listed in either the regular or classified section of the 'phone book. The Cantilever Corporation, 408 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., will be glad to advise you where you can most conveniently buy Cantilever Shoes.

Cantilever Shoe

Supports the arch, with flexibility

4–5:30 P.M. Drafting room.

6 P.M. Dresses for dinner.

7–9 P.M. Engineering Society dinner and humorous talk—if he has any humor left—on modern office buildings.

10:30 P.M. Radio talk at Station WIOU.

11 P.M. Arrives at Beaux Arts Institute in time to offer a word of greeting to student architects before adjournment of annual banquet.

11:45 P.M. Home at last. Personal correspondence and memoranda for the morrow's maelstrom.

12:30 A.M. Bed, dead.

During the day he has made and answered exactly forty-six telephone calls relating to such subjects as building regulations, construction materials, real-estate deals, traffic plans, hydraulic-elevator systems, fire towers, ice-making machines, interior decoration, garage heating, electric dumb-waiters, rock stratification, ventilation, office furnishing, indirect lighting, window spacing, coal shortage, coke substitutes for coal shortage, and so on, including the Scandinavian.

Such is the life of an architect in this year of grace, 1926. Perhaps it differs very little from that of thousands of big business men the country over, but it is a far cry from the dilettante existence of the architect in 1886. John Sparks builds more in one year than William Aaron Wheelwright built in his whole career. To be sure, he has upwards of four dozen assistants, for it would be physically impossible for him even to draw the plans for a modern city hotel in the time he is usually called upon to turn them out. John has a grasp of engineering problems that William never even heard of. His education is more protracted than a doctor's, his training more rigorous than an Olympic athlete's. Not only must he keep pace with business and commerce, but he must be ready at any given moment to sprint ahead.

Giants of the Old Days

There is no intent to belittle the architect of the past in these contrasted timetables. On the contrary, John Sparks could not have existed had it not been for the sound principles of construction and the genuine feeling for design handed down to him by that very William Wheelwright who absorbed the fundamentals of his art in five leisurely years on the Quai d'Orsay. Conditions have changed so much that the contrast seems more absurd than it really is.

Some fine figures emerged from that past age—towered far above the dilettante run of the profession, and made solid, practical and beautiful contributions to American architecture. Richardson, Hunt, McKim and Burnham helped American architecture to struggle out of the ugly morass of sheer utilitarianism at a time when help was sorely needed. Yet Hunt's masterpiece—the W. K. Vanderbilt house at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street—is about to be moved to Long Island, although it was thought when built to be forever beyond the northward march of trade. Like so many others it has succumbed to the crescendo of taxes. Only a business building can make that half block on Fifth Avenue earn its own living.

Nor do I mean in any sense to underestimate Beaux Arts training. The best of today's architects were Beaux Arts men. France has never lacked competent designers, for the simple reason that she has had systematic architectural training for over two centuries, whereas England and America discarded the antiquated apprenticeship system less than fifty years ago. It was only after we adopted the French *atelier* system that we were able to make any concerted effort toward a national architecture. But the problem that confronts the modern American architect, and which, if I read the signs aright, will continue to confront him, is no longer a problem of horizontal line and ornament and detail. It is a problem of vertical line and mass and silhouette. It is therefore highly probable that in a few years he will outgrow the French schools completely. Already we have our own Beaux Arts Institute, organized on a vast scale, dealing coöperatively with problems that hardly arise in the parent school at all. Our foundations are Old World foundations. Without them we should be lost. But upon them we are rearing a brand-new structure.

Greater New York Ahead

It is certainly a little premature to say that American architecture, taken as a whole, is beautiful. I will even venture to say that it is the most conglomerate, haphazard, heterogeneous hodgepodge of stone in the world. Take a boat down the Hudson River any day and except for a few beautiful bits—impressive groups at the tip and the center of the island—New York is drab, dull and hopelessly ugly. The Lake Shore of Chicago is no match for a Venetian lagoon. Any American city taken at random, from Tallahassee to Hollywood, presents the sort of disparity that makes the foreigner, born to the symmetry and gentle grace of the Place de la Concorde and the Tuileries, shake his head sadly and avert his face.

But try to visualize the future. With a few tantalizing bits of grandeur and mass as a starting point, think what it can, and surely will, be. Board a Staten Island ferryboat and as you draw swiftly out into the harbor look at the financial district. Start up Park Avenue from the Grand Central Station and observe the clean-cut elegance of its massive apartments. Go far up the river at sunset and see how the gleaming rose-and-white façades of the buildings lining Riverside Drive vie with the natural magnificence of the Palisades across the river. Then you may get a suspicion—just the faintest glimmering—of what the city will be fifty or a hundred years from now.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Corbett. The next will appear in an early issue.

CLOSET DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 17)

"Don't be a little fool," he said. They had emerged from the walk, into a grass square inclosed by walls and flowers.

"Oliver, come down week-end after next. I've asked Jim to bring down some friends. I'll put them off. Postpone Chicago."

"No, I can't," he said. He took her hand in his and pressed it. "Don't fret, Mona," he said defensively. "There's nothing wrong with me."

"I am sure of that," she said coolly. "There never is."

In two minutes he was swimming about the pool, his great body churning up the waves like a sea lion. Mona sat on a stone bench watching him. What had he meant? Was he trying to break down the barrier which had grown between them? Or was he, like so many giants, letting down into a middle-aged domesticity? If there was one thing she didn't want from him, it was that.

The sun sank with extraordinary violence, flinging beauty over the sky and earth, only to let it wane and die with supreme indifference. No matter how dull the day, a sunset gave it a superb end. If Oliver would only spring something dramatic, many-colored, upon her, like this sunset! If he and she would only quarrel vulgarly or punch each other hard some night in the drawing-room over a trifling issue! Anything was better than this temperate void in which they lived.

She walked away from the pool with anger in her heart. But even the anger seemed silly by the time she had entered the house.

(Continued on Page 160)

If That New Frock Could Talk— *What Would It Say?*

"Here I am, fresh from the band box, new and much admired. The question is how long will I last?

"Fortunately, my mistress has a car upholstered in C & A Plush. I knew that the minute I felt that soft, long pile. It holds me firmly and prevents that ruinous rubbing so fatal to clothes...."

Friction is the cause of more actual wear on clothing than any other one factor. For this reason, if no other, you should insist that your car be upholstered in C & A plush. Either a mohair, a velvet, a velour, but some type of plush.

C & A plush has won its place as the favored fabric for automobile upholstery because it is beautiful, durable and will, in addition, add real value to your car when you trade it in.

A great many closed cars now have the C & A label* sewed in the pocket —look for it and be sure of the finest upholstery that can be had.

Send for a free copy of "The Plush Primer". In addition to a list of cars upholstered in C & A plush it contains many reasons why upholstery is a vital factor in the selection of a new car.

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Eddie Collins

The Glove That's Modeled on Nature's Lines

EDDIE COLLINS gave us the idea. Eddie has had a lot of good ideas, but this is one of his best.

During a session of the old "stove league" last winter, Eddie asked us why it was just as hard to buy a glove that you didn't have to break in as it was to buy a pipe or a new pair of shoes.

"I'd like to buy a glove that was modeled on nature's lines. A glove that was made to be played with and not simply to be sold. No foolishness, no phoney stitching, no tricky lacing. That would be a *glove*," said Eddie

Of course we made what he wanted and we named it after him. This is it Put one on and stop a couple of grounders with it and spear a few hot liners And then you'll see what a good idea Eddie had—and what came of it.

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ATHLETIC GOODS

(Continued from Page 158)

There stood Jim in the hall, reading the evening paper.

"Say, what d'ye think?" he said. "Here's a horse named Chain Lightning licked by Out of the Blue."

"You don't say!" said Mona, with her air of awe. "Chain Lightning. What a perfectly darling name!" She started up the stairs. "It's all right about the week-end, Jim," she said. "Oliver's going to Chicago."

"He is? Splendid!" he said, laying down the paper.

"Tell your little friends," she said, moving on.

"Right! I will."

She disappeared around the landing and he stood looking after her for several minutes, lost in thought.

After dinner that night Oliver went off as usual to his study, and Mona sat down to play bridge with the three others. Whenever Townie was dummy he would go to the piano and pick out with one hand a Chopin mazurka. He murdered its rhythms.

"Oh, stop, Townie!" cried Mona finally. "I can't bear it."

Townie shrugged and came back to the table. "I forgot you played," he said. "I wouldn't dare do it next week."

"Why not next week?" she asked.

"I wager you'll have the Moronian Bank Commission down here."

"Not over the week-end?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Mr. Gore will be in Chicago over the holy Sabbath. But the Moronians arrive Monday week, and when Mr. Gore returns to New York he'll cart them down here that night, and I shan't dare play a mazurka in front of them, I bet my hat."

"Why spare Moronia?" asked Ownie. "Three spades."

"How horrible! Monday night!" sighed Mona. "I'll still be a wreck from Jim's party. Are they very Slavic? . . . Who made it three spades?"

"Your uncle's mother," said Jim disgustedly. "Three no trump."

"If you can't play serious bridge, young man, don't play at all," said Mona. "Pass; pass, I said. Pass."

Jim played it and made four, and wrote down his score. "Why don't you all come down for that same week-end?" he said. "Morons and all."

Ownie shook his head. "Can't," he said. "They are detained in Pittsburgh until Monday morning. I'm spending the week-end at Center Moriches with my dear sweet Aunt Lo."

Mona patted his arm. "How is that old hag? When is she ever going to die and leave you at least a thousand dollars?"

"Three hearts," said Ownie gloomily. "Aunt Lo is made of asphalt. She won't burn or explode."

The evening wore on. Townie went to bed, and Ownie to read clippings and stock-market reports to his chief. Mona sat down at the piano and played Chopin for Jim. She played inexpertly but feelingly, and she dared to play for Jim. That young man sat in a big chair near the open window, his eyes half closed, his lips faintly smiling.

All the next week she planned Jim's party. Thursday Jim wired a list labeled: "Guests—Ladies: Beryl and Rosy Garden. Men: Myself, the two Marrs can't come—prior engagement—so sorry. Have asked Nat Anthony, scene painter—gone on Rosy—and old Joe Gehring, clean young broker, for you. Arrive Saturday for luncheon. Please reënforce Rosy's bed. Always jumps in."

"The girls can share the south guest room," planned Mona, "and the men can have rooms in the wing. We must have sickeningly rich food. Whipped cream on all the soups, and peach mousse." She planned meals which outraged the cook's Gallic soul, ordered dozens of tennis balls, a jazz band for Saturday night, invited people in to dance and ordered all the Sunday papers.

"They'll want different papers," she said to May Adams, who lived in a near-by country house. "Is there anything worse than being given the Times when you prefer the World or vice versa?"

May bit into a meringue. "My dear, get tons of cheap cigarettes; the girls won't smoke good ones. Don't give them any decent towels. They rub rouge on everything."

That night Oliver came down and found Mona on the terrace blowing up a large rubber animal, which swelled to look like a horse.

"What in time is that?"

"Isn't it silly? It's a rubber horse for the pool. You sit on it in the water and fall off again. I ordered it for the children."

"They're too little."

"Oh, I mean Jim and his friends. You know this week-end. You're going to Chicago."

"Oh!" He looked at her doubtfully. The hoydens and the wild Indians for whom she was laying plans might miss all her charm. She was so smooth, so feline, so subtly mocking. "Would you care, Mona," he asked, "if I came home this week-end? Chicago has died on my hands."

She was put out, yet it was his home. "I wish I'd known," she said. "I would have put them off. I shall be awfully silly, with them, and you won't like that."

"I can't imagine that," he said. "But if I'm in the way of your second childhood ——"

She giggled. "Nothing can stop me now. I've ordered fireworks to go off at midnight. Paper caps and confetti. Won't it be a scream? No doubt we'll play sardines all over the house before going to bed. You'll get no sleep."

"I could climb a tree somewhere."

"No, they say this Rosy Garden is always chasing people up trees," said Mona. "Let's go for a swim and take this horse along." She led her husband down to the pool. "He's really got quite a good gait, this horse," she said. "I wonder who his mother was."

"You are a fool," said her husband ponderously.

Late Friday night, Mona was called to the telephone. It was Ownie.

"Mrs. Gore?" came his gentle, resolute voice.

"Oh, yes, this is Mrs. Gore."

"Mr. Gore asked me to tell you that he is forced to fetch the Moronian Bank Commission down to you tomorrow afternoon on the 5:34. He says it's impossible to avoid it."

"What?" shrieked Mona. "Repeat those words."

He repeated. There was an icy silence. "It can't be done, Ownie," she said. "Simply can't be done. I can't manage those crazy children and the Moronians. Why can't he take them to a club, or Asbury Park, or the Ritz?"

"Mr. Gore said," went on the relentless Ownie, "that he particularly wanted to see them at home. Can't they have separate meals?"

"Oh!" groaned Mona. "Does he think I run a zoo?"

"He went to Philadelphia this morning. He won't be back until tomorrow noon. He wants to come home."

"How many Moronians?" she asked.

"Only three. They've only just got him. He telephoned me a few minutes ago. They're sailing Monday, and must see him."

"Oh, my hat!" said Mona. She had a vision of Rosy Garden and jazz, fireworks and Moronian bankers. "I'll manage somehow," she said hopelessly. "I hope he knows what he's doing."

"Right!" said Ownie. "Good night."

The telephone clicked. Mona sat holding her face, juggling men around from bedroom to bedroom and wondering how the cook would take four more for meals. Sunday she would send Jim and his gang on a picnic. Let them rough-house on some mountain. Oliver enraged her, but she was more angry at Moronia, whose actions explained the Balkan Wars.

By Saturday noon, waiting in the hall, she had acquired that external calm which

Providence drapes over hostesses. In a delicate lilac frock, she felt and looked twenty-five, and she was sure she would be admitted uproariously into the League of Youth.

A car came up the driveway, a servant crossed the hall and went out on the steps. Mona followed him. Outside, all the dogs were lined up curiously, watching Jim extricate Beryl Bevier and Rosy Garden from a mess of luggage. They advanced gloriously to meet Mona.

"Tremendous swank," thought Mona. "How do you do?" she cried aloud, sizing them up and wishing she were younger. "How splendid you could come! Aren't you dead with the heat?" She took a hand from each of them. It frightened her to face them in the bright sunshine, where their baby faces could be seen beneath their make-up. "It's cooler indoors," she said. "Let the men fuss over the things."

Inside, they were not so terrifying. Rosy Garden was a babbler, who eased off any situation with a flow of words such as "How perfectly gorgeous!" and "What a ripping pair of puppies!" and "Good Lord, I do believe I've lost a bracelet!" Already she was casting her eyes around, looking for little places upon which to stand on her head, sizing up the banisters, keeping in training for the evening. She was small and skinny and dark; her black eyes transfixed Mona's expectantly.

Miss Beryl Bevier was another kind of toy. Tall and reedy, she fell naturally into romantic attitudes, so that everyone said "How graceful she is!" She dressed dangerously, in greens and golds and stealthy blacks. Her mannerisms and her poses suggested passionate adventures, so that men flocked to her side. Always she had a favorite, and now Jim was the captain of her guard.

"You splendid fake!" thought Mona, sitting down beside her. "It must be frightfully hot in the city," she said. "Are you rehearsing now?"

Beryl lifted her eyelids and waved a hand despairingly. "If one calls it rehearsing."

"What do you call it?"

"Various names. Most actors are so moronic."

"So what?" gasped Mona.

"Beryl's a bit of a lily, Mrs. Gore," said Rosy Garden. "So superior mentally."

"Are you an actress too?" asked Mona.

"Heaven forbid!" cried Rosy. "My artistic soul revolts ——" She broke off and came to attention. Jim and his two friends came through the doorway and the babel of introductions began.

"This is Nat Anthony, Mona." Mr. Anthony was blond, stocky and highly charged; at once he was standing over Rosy Garden, whose slave he was. Mr. Gehring was tall, saturnine and smooth. He was a broker, rumored to be lucky; he held Mona's hand for more than a moment and gave her the benefit of his experienced regard.

"You're frightfully good to have us," he said. "How can you take such risks?"

"Risks?"

"Risks—the approaches, the onslaughts of smitten young men."

"Don't be a nut," said Mona. "You don't talk a bit like a broker."

"Even brokers are human. We all cut loose Saturday after twelve."

"Perhaps you'll feel better after luncheon," said Mona kindly. "Now if you will all go to your rooms and wash your faces," she announced, "we'll lunch, and then we can plan games for the afternoon."

Mr. Gehring was the first one down, and so she began to learn the story of his life even before luncheon. She wondered whether Jim had told him to devote himself to his poor old hag of a married sister.

"You don't need to flatter me," she said.

He regarded her appraisingly. "You're a strangely modest woman. Don't you realize that some men are staggered by unexpected beauty?"

Mona giggled; she felt thin, young and deliciously irresponsible. Her last compliment had been one from the English bishop who had said she made a picture with her two children. She beamed upon Mr. Gehring, the expansive broker, and led him in to luncheon.

During the meal they did not behave too badly because they were too hungry. There was a vast amount of argument and almost everyone who spoke got called a liar. Carloads of soup, lobster, soufflé, mousse, and what not, were consumed. There was a tremendous fight over the divorce case of an actress known as Teenie. Rosy Garden insisted that she had never said that Teenie was too stupid to manage any husband. Through it all Mr. Gehring discoursed lightly of Paris, London and New York, flattering Mona with the insinuated assumption of their mature superiority.

As they left the table, Mona suddenly remembered the Moronian Commission. A pang shot through her heart. This idiotic meal could never be repeated. A curse upon the Moronians, who would lay over this insouciance a heavy layer of finance, currency and spoliation!

"Children," she said, as they drank their coffee, "I have a sad announcement."

Jim laid down his coffee cup and turned an excited face. "Proceed," he said.

"Tonight the Moronian Commission is dining here. They will all withdraw after dinner to an upper room, there to talk about money, but if the prospect bores you, you can go to the club."

"The Moronian Commission!" sighed Beryl rapturously. "How perfectly thrilling! I've always wanted to intrigue a commissioner. May I sit next to one with a secret?"

"Would you stay here or go with us?" asked Gehring.

"Oh, dear, I suppose I should have to stay here."

"Well, then we must stay too. Anywhere else is a desert."

"Of course we'll stay," said Rosy. "And we'll behave. No feet on the table tonight."

"We mustn't be too formal," said Jim. "Moronians are human. The gayer we are, the better their mood." He looked about and it seemed to Mona that a little message passed between them. They were still for an infinitesimal second.

"But I thought they weren't coming," Jim cut in, tremendously interested.

Mona explained: "One of those unavoidable jams. Inevitable after marriage."

"I think it's perfectly rich," gushed Rosy Garden. "Do give me their names on a piece of paper, dear Mrs. Gore. There is nothing more comforting to a Magyar than to have his name properly mispronounced."

"Oh, shut up, Rosy," said Anthony, rising. "Let's go out and exercise."

At five o'clock Mona left the tennis court with Gehring in her train. At any moment the Moronians and Oliver would arrive, and she must give them tea. She knew now all about Gehring's youth, his success at college, his flair for finance, his misunderstood heart. He had successfully captured her as an audience and she was ready to kill him.

"This is a normal young man," she thought. "I must not be hard on him. How lucky I am, perhaps, that Oliver is too busy to give me his attention!"

They were at tea in the garden when Oliver came out from the house. He looked at Gehring curiously as he was introduced.

"A friend of Jim's?" he asked briefly.

"Yes, sir," said the humbled Gehring. Oliver was a rather magnificent person, thought Mona. Most men became aspiring boys in his presence.

"Where are the Moronians?" she asked.

"They're in their rooms. Are you having a good time?" he asked Mona.

"Oh, splendid," she said. "I feel like Marilyn Miller." She handed him his antiseptic tea, very weak, no sugar, no lemon, perfectly horrible tea.

"We're staying here to dinner," she said. "We'll give your Moronians a good time. Then you can go to work."

"They may not want to work," said Oliver. "They're young except Baron Kapp, and he's not fifty. They are lively

(Continued on Page 165)

Is *there a measure for watch chain value?*

You cannot judge an automobile on horse-power alone, nor a watch on merely the number of its jewels. These are the days when the name and reputation of the manufacturer give true index of worth.

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EVERY house or apartment for which you furnish building materials this Spring is a prospect for Lupton Steel Casement and Basement Windows. Your sales effort devoted to building materials will easily carry this line and enable you to render a valuable service to home owners, architects and contractors in your community. The rapid increase in the use of Lupton Windows of Copper-Steel proves the growing demand for them, and calls for active representatives in every open territory. Write for attractive dealer proposition.

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Perspiring is the best thing you do. Every day, if your skin is normal, the body gets rid of over a quart of waste and poisons through your pores.

You *must* get rid of these poisons to keep well. Yet pores are constantly being clogged by greasy dust in the air and by poisonous salts, acids and fatty wastes secreted by skin glands.

Lifebuoy, because of its antiseptic, and because of the amazing penetration of its lather, cleanses the pores thoroughly. That's the scientific reason why a Lifebuoy bath acts as a real tonic—gives you a wonderful feeling of pep. And best of all, it keeps you sweet and odorless for *hours*.

Bathe with Lifebuoy tomorrow and know such cleanness as you never felt before.

Dad caught his cold *right here*

Perhaps that strap is still warm from the hand of a "germ carrier." Or contact with those crowded against him may have been the trouble. The invisible cause probably got on his hands and he romped with the youngster when he got home before washing up with Lifebuoy... Both came down with colds... The danger is real and constant—why trifle with it when protection of self and family is so easy and pleasant? You *know* by its pungent, antiseptic odor that Lifebuoy safeguards. It gets your hands antiseptically clean—makes them *safe* hands. It makes you feel so good, you *know* it's good for health.

Then the health odor vanishes—completely... Lifebuoy is the orange-red color of its pure palm fruit oil. Its pure, bland lather keeps skin in great condition—its constant use keeps you fit. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Use LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

(Continued from Page 161)

people, these Moronians. They want some tennis."

"Too bad we can't hunt boars," said Mona.

"Aren't they the people who do the czardas?" asked Gehring brightly.

"Baron Kapp is taking home a saxophone," went on Oliver. "Seems strange, doesn't it? The country bankrupt, and the chairman of the bank commission taking home a saxophone."

"That's the nicest thing I've heard about Moronia," said Mona delightedly. "Here they come. Aren't they too sweet? So young and Slavic."

"They're not Slavs," hissed Oliver. "Don't make that mistake."

They advanced in single file across the sward to the tea table. One was tall and slim, another medium, and the last quite rotund. Mona had an impression of gay Continental costuming. They took their tennis wrapped in blazers, choked with scarfs, garbed in trousers striped and penciled. The last of the procession, Baron Kapp, the chunky, rotund man, wore a monocle.

"Mona, let me present Mr. Andrassek, Mr. Kalin and Baron Kapp." Her hand was held, bent over, kissed by the commission. Mona smelled bath salts, perfumes; she was conscious of dark skins and eyes and miraculously shining hair.

"Now you must have some tea," she said. "One cup before your tennis."

They sat down, delighted and alert. Oliver was stirring his tea, listening to Gehring, who was talking about a power company in Tennessee.

Baron Kapp was ravished to have the opportunity of spending this, his last weekend in America, with Mr. Gore and on this charming estate.

"It is easy to see, madam, whence the charm derives." Mona deprecated this.

"You are an American, madam?" asked Mr. Kalin, tall, incisive, with fierce rolling eyes; he envisaged himself perhaps as a dictator.

"Oh, dear, yes—pure New England."

"New England. That is where Boston is. But you might be Russian. I have seen such fair types in Moscow."

"Never so fair as Mrs. Gore," put in Andrassek. Mona gave him a look and decided he was dangerous. He had darkish eyes, heavy-lidded, dreaming, the flirt of the commission.

"Lemon or cream," she asked sweetly. For a financial commission of a country on the verge of ruin, they were very fussy about their tea, very sensitive about climates.

"In Chicago," said Baron Kapp, jabbing his monocle back into his skull, "I became ill from the heat. The extremes of your climate are terrifying. Are they not, madam?"

"We are a violent intemperate people," said Mona, feeling as if she must explain America in one breath. "Our climate therefore ——"

"Have you seen those new iceless refrigerators?" asked Kalin abruptly. "Now I should like to take one back to Chidnek."

"Chidnek? Where is that?" she asked.

"The chief industrial city of Moronia. It is there we extract the iron from the mines—the iron Rumania and Hungary have tried to take from us. Chidnek is hot in the summer."

"Why not take over an agency for the refrigerators?"

"An excellent idea," he said. "But the people of Moronia are too poor to buy refrigerators."

"Our country has suffered," pronounced Baron Kapp, giving his monocle another push, "at the hands of the peacemakers."

He had another cup of tea on this.

"Do have a cake," said Mona. "They're so cooling. It must be dreadful to have one's country buffeted about from pillar to post."

Oliver was looking at her strangely. "He thinks I'm making a fool of myself," she thought. "But I'm doing it for his sake."

"More tea, Oliver?" she cried gayly. "Mr. Gehring, do come over here and let me talk to you."

Oliver had risen and picked up his expensive, hand-carved, specially constructed racket.

"Come along, gentlemen," he commanded the Moronians. "Let's get some exercise."

With one accord they leaped to their feet, stuffed morsels of cake into their mouths, laid down their cups and strode away.

Mr. Gehring looked at Mona. Why was it so much easier to talk to this woman than to her magnate husband? Oliver Gore was about as cozy as the inside of a safe-deposit vault.

"Aren't the Moronians amusing?" asked Mona. "So theatrical!"

Mr. Gehring looked alarmed. "Theatrical? Whatever makes you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know. They're so gayly costumed. They have a word for every occasion, like people in a play. Do you mind if I go on up to the house? I've got a few things to look after."

Devastated, he walked with her to the stone steps of the terrace, where Mona strolled into the house. What a relief it was that the Moronians were not a lot of pompous old sticks! There would be no difficulty at dinner now; perhaps they might come down, after their conference with Oliver on the Moronian loan, to join in the dance.

Now Mona Gore, although so charming and so fond of pleasure, was a meticulous hostess. Once a day she made a tour of her rooms, counting ash trays, sizing up the flowers, rearranging *objets d'art*. Tonight she was standing in the living room, which had been cleared for dancing, wondering whether the floor would bear up under the Charleston, when a servant entered.

"Mrs. Gore, there is a party on the telephone asking for a Mr. Marr. He insists Mr. Marr is here."

"Mr. Marr! But he didn't come."

"That's what I said, madam. He asks if he can speak to you."

"Oh, bother! Why must he speak to me?" She went to the telephone in the hall closet. "This is Mrs. Gore speaking," she said icily. "Mr. Marr wasn't able to come, and I don't know where he is."

"That's all right, lady," said a voice from Broadway. "This is Mr. Marr's manager, A. Smedberg. You just tell Mr. Marr I wanna speak to him, or tell his friend Jim I wanna speak to him. It don't matter which."

"I'm sorry. Mr. Marr isn't here," she answered, and hung up. Of all idiotic nonsense!

She went through the hall and upstairs. On the first landing she picked up a man's handkerchief—a large hand-blocked piece of silk. It was a nice handkerchief, and quite clean but for some pink stains. There was a name printed in tiny capitals in one corner—Charles Marr. She took it to her room, and shutting the door, examined it. Jim was always borrowing things. Those strange pinkish stains held her eyes, her nose; they had a familiar look and odor. She sniffed, and a rush of memories came over her. Oh, the times and the places where she had smelled that smell before! A dressing room, a thousand make-ups, lost voices, ghostly words—those stains were grease paint. Sniffing the handkerchief again, she caught a faint fresh whiff of violet. The Moronians! Had this handkerchief lain lately in one of those bathed and scented hands which had pressed her own at tea time?

"Now I understand Othello," she said, stowing the handkerchief into a drawer of her dressing table. Why should this handkerchief, Charles Marr and the Moronians make a little pattern in her suspicious mind? For five minutes, perhaps, she sat on her bed, thinking. Then she went to the door and looked into the hall. Not a soul in sight. About to do a dishonorable and dangerous thing, it was necessary that she be unobserved. She went down the broad main hall of the house and around into the wing. From the nurseries upstairs, the high sweet voices of her children sounded, deciding this and that over their bread and milk. Through the open windows floated in the murmurs, sounds and sighs of an expiring summer afternoon. It was an hour for rendezvous, for gay inconsequential talk. Mona knocked resolutely at Baron Kapp's door, the first room of the suite of three allotted to the Moronian Commission. She knocked again. Not a sound broke the stillness. She turned the knob stealthily and entered the room.

It was in the most astounding confusion. Some men are neat, some men are untidy; some men are trained by their mothers. Baron Kapp, Mona decided, must have been born in an orphan asylum and raised in a barracks. On the floor, on the bed, in and out of the chairs, were flung shirts, trousers, neckties, shaving kit, shoes, socks. There were several theatrical magazines, and on the floor lay a disheveled newspaper opened at the racing news. This was queer intellectual fare for a Moronian baron.

"Just what does their valet do?" thought Mona. Ownie had said something about a valet. She advanced daringly to the dressing table, and her eyes widened. She took one hand and held it tightly in the other, as if to brace herself against the shock of the fact. On the dressing table lay a wig, evidently discarded, jars of cold cream, grease, lipsticks, a false mustache—all the armament of a man making himself a disguise. Wide open to the unintrusive eye lay a typewritten letter, bearing the letterhead of a famous theatrical firm.

Mona read the letter. Who wouldn't have? It ran:

"Charles Marr,
"College Club, N. Y. C.

"*Dear Old Bird:* The second verse is better than the first, but the third is rotten The lady says it will crack her voice unless you write it lower. Come in Monday and we'll sing a duet.

"Yours truly,
"AXEL."

Mona saw the entire plot. She took the false mustache and the letter and stole from the room. As she walked down the hall, a blond young man, in the clothes of a manservant, but his face strangely reminiscent of so many faces seen at Harvard-Yale games, came around the corner and passed her.

"A fraud too," thought Mona. No doubt he had been sleeping in his room. Perhaps he had refused to work for his bogus masters. "Pick up your own shirts." He was one more person in this plot to make a monkey out of Oliver. The audacity of Jim's creation of an entire foreign commission, while it impressed her, did not amuse her. For she was seeing the spectacle of Oliver, her important, impressive, grand Oliver, the butt of this mirth-making joke.

She stood in the middle of her room, marshaling her thoughts. This was what it was to be married. This ridiculous joke, with all its possibilities of pain, had been brought about by her discontent with Oliver as he was, her rebellion against her rôle as his wife. Now that she saw his dignity threatened, she was all on his side, like any primitively mated partner. She saw, like a woman who had laughed atrociously in the wrong place, the painful aspects of a caprice. Not for one instant would Oliver not be fooled. He was too unused to jokes. Never in his life had he dreamed that one might be staged to mock him.

Three-quarters of an hour later, when Mona went downstairs, her mind was clarified. She had decided what she would try to do, and she had no nerves about trying to do it. This new gown from Yvonne Sœurs was an exquisite ally; Rosy Garden or Beryl Bevier could don nothing to touch it. Her body felt light as air; she was quickened by excitement as an imaginative woman is when she sees ahead of her a highly unpredictable evening.

There was no one downstairs. She went on into the dining room, where a servant

FREE: At your drug store. Tube containing 7 free cool shaves. Accept this at our expense. Today.

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Actual microscopic view. Torn pores have had chance to partly heal.

HERE are actual photographs—*unretouched*. Notice the skin before shaving. It has had a chance to partly heal from the effects of shaving 24 hours ago.

Now notice the other photograph. After shaving (torn open pores. Nicks! Hair spikes!) Men—that's what makes your face smart. Burn! And men—that's why there's a demand for this new kind of shaving cream:

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And in just a little dab, you get *thousands of tiny bubbles* that take the fight right out of stubborn bristles.

Be sure of this cream. Let it prove itself to you as it has to thousands of other men. *Don't buy—accept it.* Your sample tin containing 7 free cooling shaves is waiting for you at the drug store. Get it today—and see.

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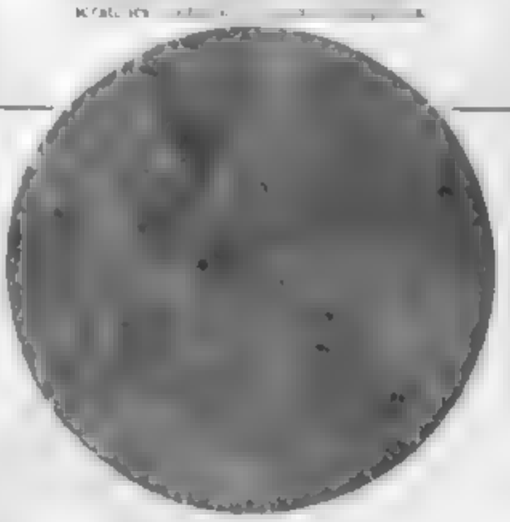

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If your drug store can't supply your 7 FREE cool shaves, write your name on the margin of this ad and send it to me. I want you to try this cream.

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The Stag
4518—Tawny Tan Calf
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Fashioned by Master Craftsmen

was lighting candles in the sconces, and she sent her out to find the butler. A great silver epergne filled with roses crowned the table and the room was languorous with scent. Outside, the lawns and the tall trees were glamorous with sunset; this lovely room was like a gracious stage, waiting for these unworthy players.

The butler came through the door, as dignified as an archbishop. Mona spoke to him firmly, for he would think her mad: "Remember, slightly stronger on the second round. Offer the first variety to the young ladies, the second to the three foreign gentlemen especially."

The butler regarded himself as the most perfect thing of his kind on Long Island, but he respected his employers because they were constantly entertaining personages.

Tonight the house was filled with foreigners and ragamuffins, to whom he would gladly have offered poisoned cups.

"Very good, madam," he intoned.

The dining room was in the right wing of the house, running the width. To its right lay the kitchen and pantries. To its left, through one door, one entered the drawing-room, whose long windows looked out upon the garden and terrace. But on the left wall, on the other side of the fireplace, was another door, which led into a passage connecting the dining room with the library. In this corridor were several large closets—one devoted to linen, another a tiny office where the housekeeper kept her books and supplies. Mona went into this passage, opened these two doors and looked within contemplatively.

She tried the keys, shut the doors firmly and went away. Upstairs, she looked into her linen closet, a fair white room, without windows, smelling of lavender and fresh white linen. She shut that door, too, and came downstairs again, smiling.

In the living room, her husband was standing, his black-ribboned eyeglasses on his nose, peering into a political quarterly. He looked up to see Mona, and, holding the book open, came toward her.

"You look charming, my dear."

"It's a new gown. I hope I don't look too mature."

"You never could be as mature as Miss Bevier, who seems to have lived through everything."

"Isn't it a scream," said Mona, sitting on the edge of a chair. "She's twenty-three. My dear, don't the Moronians amuse you? Struggling beneath an elephantine debt, but so chirpy!"

Her husband put down his book, removed his glasses and pointed them at her. "Do they strike you as strange?"

"Oh, no; merely operatic."

"It's an operatic country, of course," went on Oliver. "Opera bouffe. Kapp seems clever. Knows finance. He has an uncanny facility for waiting for the other man's lead, without seeming inept."

"Really?" said Mona, with great interest. She went close to him and touched his face with an unwontedly tender hand. "Poor Oliver, don't you get weary of this old finance?"

She could hear feet coming down the stairs, gay voices in the drawing-room. Nevertheless, Oliver Gore, international banker, seized his wife and kissed her hard on the lips.

"Oh, Mona!" he muttered, releasing her.

"These Moronians have gone to his head," she thought, tearing herself away in time to meet Baron Kapp, advancing through the door. Yet it was pleasant, after ten years of marriage, to be kissed like that. What had got into Oliver?

The dinner was a riotous success. Mona had Baron Kapp on one side of her and Andrassek on the other. She put Rosy Garden and Beryl one on each side of the table, with an admirer on each side. She gave Kalin to Oliver. The din was terrific. There were bursts of laughter, shrieks of mirth, sallies of scintillating talk. Oliver, who never drank cocktails, sat at the end of the table, listening to an impassioned talk from Kalin, out of whose mouth flew words like "roadbed," "cutthroats," "assassins," and "inherent rights." It seemed to Mona that the stress of inner excitement had softened the edge of his Balkan accent.

Mr. Andrassek and Baron Kapp were delighted, illuminated, ravished by the pleasure of sitting beside Mona. Baron Kapp hardly touched his soup, so struck was he with Mona's resemblance to a famous Hungarian actress, Madame Zinka.

"What a wonderful memory you have," said Mona, "for faces and that sort of thing."

"One never forgets, madame, a beautiful chin line. Now when I was in Budapest last summer, Zinka, she say to me ——"

At this point a small segment of his mustache moved visibly. Mona considerately looked away; her eyes slid to Andrassek, only to look away again. Andrassek's eyes, fixed on Kapp, were terrified. Mona looked down the table at her husband, who smiled at her. Evidently he was enjoying himself, and well he might.

"What do the Hungarians really think of Molnar?" she asked brightly, looking sideways at Andrassek. He was himself again. Turning to Kapp, to include him, she saw that the mustache had been arranged. After that, the poor young man ate mincingly. Both he and Andrassek drank a great quantity of champagne. They grew gayer and gayer, less Central European, more and more Nordic.

"Let me tell you," finally announced Mr. Andrassek to Mona, "that any bird who gets up and says that the Continental stage feeds the American stage, that art here in America does not exist, that we have not our own roots—why, my dear Mrs. Gore, such a bird is a cuckoo." Whoever he was, he cared about his national theater.

"Andrassek can get in a heat about things he has never heard of a month before," put in Kapp, coming to the rescue. "He is the defender each day of a new faith. One would never take him for an expert on wheat exporting." He gave Andrassek a dirty look.

But Andrassek was past saving. He looked wearily away from Kapp, into Mona's blue eyes, exquisite patches of blue in the dancing shadows of the dinner table.

"Mrs. Gore," he implored, "understand me. The American drama is so close to my heart. I care for all drama—international drama. Art knows no boundaries. I am an internationalist."

"I knew you were," said Mona cheeringly. "Isn't it perfectly splendid to burst all the national borders?"

Once again Mona caught Oliver staring at her, but now she didn't care.

After they had had coffee on the terrace, which was illuminated with half-colored electric lights hidden in the vines and shrubbery, exactly like a pleasure park, Mona looked around for Oliver. In a dimly lighted corner, she could see him, seated at the foot of a chaise longue, his huge unbending body braced to meet the shock of Rosy Garden's persiflage. Rosy was curled up in a heap, her gown a patch of flame-colored chiffon, her black hair shining even in that light. Jim strolled over toward them, and Oliver rose quickly to escape through an open French window. In his flight he caught Mona's eye.

"Will you excuse me while I speak to my husband?" she said to Gehring. As she went, she called to Jim: "Someone called you before dinner—Mr. A. Smedberg. He wanted to speak to Charles Marr, but of course he wasn't here." She tossed it off lightly, but she could see Jim start.

"What's the matter, Oliver?" she said, in the hall where he stood waiting.

"Nothing. I'm merely fed up with youth. Look here, I'm going up to my study. If those Moronians can clear their heads, I'd like to see them. I counted on settling their affairs tonight."

"They're frightfully silly."

"You shouldn't have had wine, Mona. They lapped it up like college boys."

"That's what ——" She put her hand over her mouth just in time. "Go on, dear.

(Continued on Page 168)

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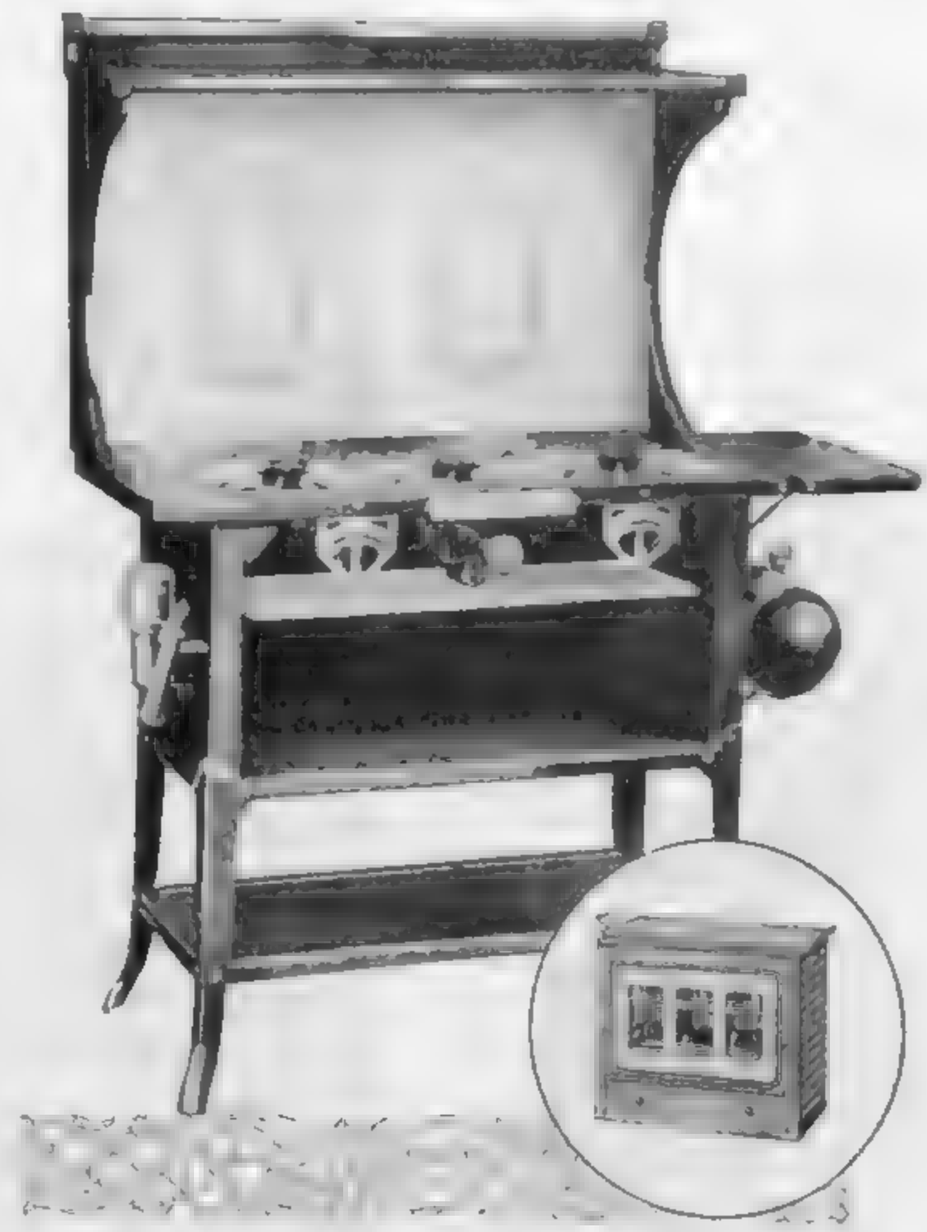

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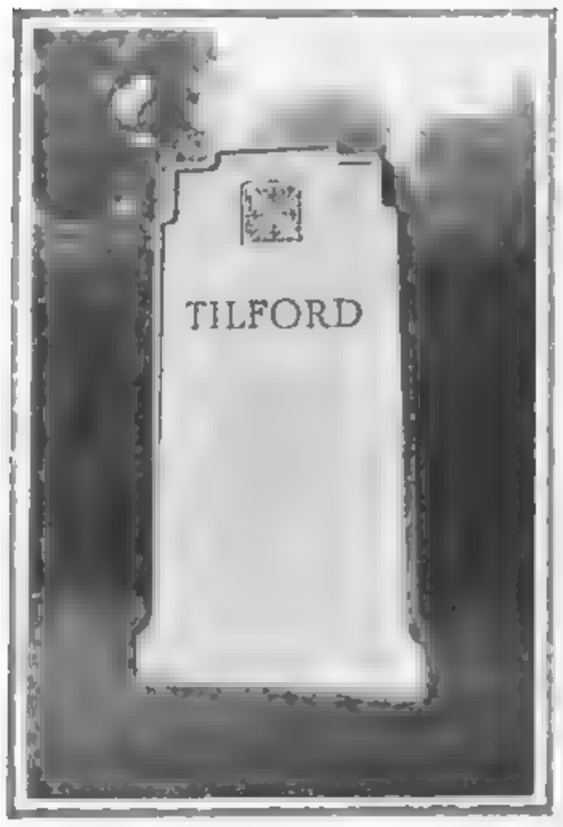

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Mark every grave

GUARDIAN MEMORIALS
of Everlasting Beauty

(Continued from Page 166)

I'll collect them for you. The band is here already. If they hear the jazz, they'll start dancing."

The big moment had come. As she went through the living room, Jim burst through the door, beating it for the telephone.

"When does the dancing start, Mona?" he asked abruptly.

"At ten. Will you keep your eye out for the guests? I've got to be upstairs for a few minutes, seeing after some things. Particularly be nice to May Adams. She's almost as old as I am."

"What damned rot!" said Jim encouragingly. Mona went out to Andrassek, who leaped to his feet, all agog.

"Mr. Andrassek, won't you come with me while I speak to the orchestra?" she said. "One feels so helpless alone with all those saxophones."

Mr. Andrassek was overwhelmed. He followed her, bending down to beam into her sapphire eyes as they crossed the long room to the groaning orchestra—Bill Moreno's Society Boys, who were tuning up their preliminary discords.

It did not take long to decide how long the dances should be, how often the lights should be toined off, and what time was supper.

"Now be sure you have plenty of room. Are you sure this is the best place? Please don't drop cigarette butts on the floor. See, you can drop them nicely in these perfectly huge ash receivers."

It was settled. "You are marvelous with men," said Mr. Andrassek.

"Don't talk nonsense. Have you ever seen Mr. Gore's Picasso—the one he bought at the original Paris show?" Wide-eyed, she waited. Mr. Andrassek showed excited interest.

"Is your husband a collector too?"

"Oh, dear, no! But he has a few little things, mostly moderns."

She led him through the library and out into the passage which led into the dining room. On the walls to the left were windows, to the right the two doors. Mona paused at one of these.

"Step inside," she said casually. "You'll find the light switch just inside the door. I want to look into the dining room."

She stepped on, and as he opened the door and entered, she stepped catlike behind the door, which swung toward her, and flung it shut. It took but a moment to turn the lock. Andrassek was locked up with the Picasso.

She returned to the terrace. Several guests had arrived; May Adams was sitting on the wicker chaise longue now, with Baron Kapp at her feet.

"It is an extraordinary sensation. Each section of America is a separate thrill," he was saying.

"Another is coming to you," reflected Mona. She bent over and kissed May, her oldest friend.

"How sweet you look, dear," said May. "You are a dream to come. You have met Baron Kapp. I am afraid, baron, your playtime is over. My husband wants you in his study."

The baron rose, shrugged, bowed, made a thousand little gestures, implying that this was a damnable shame, but Europe being what it was——

"Perhaps later, madame, I may have the pleasure of a dance."

Mona led him off, through the living room to the hall. Their progress was slow, because people were coming in.

"No, wait, baron. I want to show you something before you go to work." At last they were free, and moving toward the stairs, she paused. "Have you ever seen the Renoir that my husband bought in 1904 when he was a young man, taking a plunge in art?"

Naturally, he hadn't. Neither had anyone else. He was entranced. They went on through the hall and into the library, and through the door into the passage.

"My husband keeps his Renoir and a few other things in this little study, where he does some of his work. It's remote from the rest of the house, but a darling room. No, not that door—this door."

He put his hand on the door of the housekeeper's *cul-de-sac*.

"Now if you'll find the switch inside the door, I'll open this window."

Mona's voice, casual, disarming, floated into silence. It was harder pushing Kapp in; he was pudgier. As the key turned in the lock, Mona heard a groan, and a hard American "Hell!"

"That fixes you, Charlie Marr!" she thought.

Mona sent Martin to detach Mr. Kalin from the side of a young thing named Felicity Blinn, a ferocious charmer. She was waiting for him in the hall.

"It isn't the telephone at all," she said sweetly. "Do you think me a brute? But your compatriots are with my husband, and they're simply in a mess about taxes, and they want you. Come along, I'll show you the door."

The linen-closet door looked like any other door. Kalin opened it with a gesture of renunciation, and with tremendous manner stepped in. He was one to make an entrance, even into a darkened closet. And Mona slammed the door tight and snapped the key.

Now for Oliver. Oliver's study was in a wing, away from babies, motor cars, hired jazz bands. It was a book-lined room, with windows overlooking the garden. Mona thought it the sweetest room in the house. When Oliver was away she spent a lot of time there; when he was at home she rarely entered it. He started, therefore, when he saw her enter and close the door behind her. He hung up the telephone receiver and stood up angrily.

"I have something to tell you," she whispered. She was suddenly frightened; it had never occurred to her that this would require explaining.

But Oliver didn't listen. He slammed down a telephone book upon the floor and snapped his great fingers.

"My God, what a foolish performance! Do you know what's going on in this house tonight, Mona?" he shouted.

"What?" she whispered.

"I've just had a call from Antoniakin, the Moronian minister in Washington. I know him well, I know his voice. He asks me to meet the Moronian Commission tomorrow for breakfast. He says he's putting them on the midnight from Washington. Of course, I knew this bunch were fakes this afternoon, and this proves it. But will you tell me the why of it? What can these hounds hope to get out of it? Do you suppose they think they can blackmail me?" He was walking up and down. "Blackmail? Bah!" A great man in rage.

Mona's clenched hands held each other; if he would only laugh!

"You mean you know they're fakes?" she asked.

"Of course I know. I didn't until teatime, when I heard one of them talking about iron at Chidnek. Well, there's no iron at Chidnek—it's zinc. Then at dinner Kalin got awfully mixed on currency. You see, Mona, I'm a pretty dull sort as men go, but it's just this kind of thing I know about—little things like a country's resources and currency. I wish I knew what was back of it. Look here, ring that bell and get them up here, and I'll ask them."

She didn't move. "No, we won't, Oliver." She walked toward him and felt the better for moving. "They can't come. I've locked them all in closets—all over this house."

"You what?" he gasped, too excited to notice that her voice was trembling.

"I knew they were fakes, too," she told him, in a quick short sentence. "So I locked them up. I couldn't bear to have you made a fool of."

"Fool? Why, I've made monkeys of them!"

"Yes, isn't it perfectly splendid?" she said, terrified. "If you would only laugh!"

"Laugh? What is there to laugh at?"

"Because it is a joke," she said funereally. "One of Jim's jokes. Jim and I made a bet." Now it had to be told. "He bet me five hundred dollars he could fool you, and I bet him he couldn't. He got all his actor friends to impersonate this commission. I suspected them this evening before dinner; I searched Kapp's room. I saw his mustache almost fall off at dinner. That's why I gave them so much to drink. After three cocktails, they all talked like college playwrights. Now do you see?"

Oliver was looking at her. "But how did you come to make such a bet with Jim?"

"Oh"—she shrugged her shoulders—"we were just talking here one day about the fallibility of any great man. I argued, and I put my money on you. I've won. But I was so afraid I wouldn't. That's why I locked them up."

"But why were you and Jim talking about me?"

"Because you are my husband. Don't you suppose a woman ever analyzes her husband?"

"I hadn't ever thought of it," said Oliver, looking at her as if she were Niagara Falls and he were seeing her for the first time. "Although——" He hesitated.

"Go on," she prompted.

"——although lately I've been thinking about you." He hesitated. "I've been thinking I scarcely know you any more—what you think about. What you say so often, Mona, isn't what you think." He was overwhelmed with embarrassment.

"Often my words are only signals of distress," said Mona tremulously.

"And now there's this analysis, and this bet, and this joke," he went on, walking fiercely up and down.

Mona struggled to her feet and watched him amazedly. She hadn't seen him so worked up since the night of the big inter-European loan.

"But Oliver, don't you know——" she began.

"Look here!" He stopped and faced her demandingly. "Have you stopped loving me? Do you prefer those other idiots? I know you're younger than I am; perhaps you need society like those young people down there." He pointed to the floor and stood glaring at her.

Mona walked over to him, smiling. "My darling Oliver," she said, "I've been sick of boredom since three o'clock this afternoon, when Mr. Gehring launched out upon his love affairs. I prefer you to any man living. Must I tell you again that I put five hundred dollars upon you in this wager?"

"I suppose a husband can ask no greater tribute from his wife. But I wasn't fooled for more than an hour. It takes more than that push to fool me," he boasted, crushing her to him.

Then he began to laugh. He was a big man, and he laughed with his mighty and powerful body.

"Don't!" cried Mona. "You'll suffocate me."

"It was certainly funny at dinner," he roared. "A piece of Kalin's mustache fell into his soup." He was convulsed.

"Don't be disgusting," she said, trying to extricate herself. "What are we going to do about these people locked in closets?"

"Leave them there for the rest of the summer," he said. "What are they to us? Look here, I'm going straight in to town to meet the genuine Moronians. You're coming with me. We'll ride through the night and spend tomorrow together in New York incognito. You can ask May Adams to stay here and chaperon these kids. At midnight she can let the false Moronians loose. What do you say?"

Mona beamed. "You know," she said, sitting on his knee, "I have always wanted to steal away into the night with a very prominent banker."

At midnight, three rumpled, wretched, besmeared young men were let out to face a riotous mob of dancers. Even at that moment, Mr. and Mrs. Gore were driving romantically through the ash piles and dump heaps of outer Long Island City, holding each other's hands and smiling together for the first time in years—over the same joke.

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BOOM-DE-AY

(Continued from Page 21)

And I remember seeing Ma Bigler at work in her garden, barefooted; a thin, wiry female with stringy, yellowish hair and a wart on her chin. I suppose she doesn't ——"

"Look!" exclaimed Mrs. Sinclair Jenks. "Lady Bigler in person, entering her limousine!"

Chauncey looked. And across the scarlet blooms of the hedge he caught a glimpse of a slim, middle-aged woman in a rather strikingly figured morning dress and a dashing hat. She spoke briefly to the chauffeur and was whirled away down the palm-lined street.

"And if I wish to be driven marketing," added his mother plaintively, "I must wait until Sinclair is in the mood to get out the old coupé."

Chauncey was still staring. "Blessed be muck land that gets itself sold by the front foot then. Isn't that the answer? But what about all the youngsters? There was a tall, gawky girl with sun-faded hair and odd-colored eyes."

"That must be Miss Edina Bigler. Her picture was printed on the society page of the San Gloria News last week. A coming-out party, I believe, was the occasion."

"One of our popular debutantes," suggested Sinclair Jenks. "Formerly she brought vegetables to our kitchen door. Fancy that!"

Another chuckle from Chauncey. "I hope something brings her to our front door. I'll be Johnny on the spot."

"Chaun-cey! Don't be ridiculous!" And there was almost panic in his mother's tone.

"But why not, mother? The belle of the boom, a real-estate heiress! Listens good to me. I must unpack and array myself for conquest."

He finished his coffee, lighted a cigarette and hurried from the room, leaving Mrs. Sinclair Jenks with a troubled look in her brown eyes.

"You—you don't imagine, Sinclair, that he meant that seriously, do you?" she quavered.

Mr. Jenks spread the fingers of his right hand, as though releasing something of little importance. "If so, it is a rare mood. Being serious is not one of his characteristics. And you must know by this time, Ethel, that almost anything may be expected of your son—save the right thing. As I have frequently pointed out, he is a most casual young man—extremely casual."

Mrs. Sinclair Jenks sighed. She could not deny a marked uncertainty about much of Chauncey's career. Twice he had run away from prep school; once as assistant to a traveling patent-medicine faker, once to turn up as a soda-water clerk in a Boston drug store. At college he had distinguished himself by becoming editor of an unofficial weekly which the faculty had suppressed, and by having an affair with a blond cashier in a quick-lunch room. Also, as he was supposed to be finishing his sophomore year, he had appeared on the Riviera, having come over in the steerage of an Italian steamer. Since then several opportunities to find his place in the wide field of big business had been offered him, with the results as noted.

Yes, Chauncey was a problem. But he was a dear boy, just the same. His father, Willis Boyd, had been a dear boy, too—for a time—but dear to too many others as well. She had had no better luck with Lee Palmer, only Lee wooed the decanters. However, he had made a generous prenuptial settlement and the old Palmer mansion was in her name. And he had taken that fatal tumble from a hotel window before the decree could be granted.

So she was wearing her widow's weeds—if such smart and becoming costumes from the Maison Noire can be so described—when she met Sinclair Jenks. He was judging hunters at the Roaring Rock annual horse show and looking very much the sporting gentleman. The attraction was mutual and neither disguised the fact. The courtship began at once—on both sides, some said—and slacked not. At least five wholly disinterested women friends of Sinclair found occasion to mention to him, in confidence, that the charming Atlanta widow was thirty-five if she was a day—not the twenty-five that she tried to appear; that she had divorced one husband and was separated from her second at the time of his taking off; and that somewhere in the background was a half-grown son who was said to be rather difficult. But nearly as many feminine well-wishers whispered to the then Mrs. Boyd-Palmer that there had really been some question, at the time of the trial, whether Sinclair Jenks would be awarded his freedom or the first Mrs. Jenks hers, and that he was on the outs with several important members of his important family; also that he had a knack of saying disagreeable things in a disagreeable way. But who heeds friendly warnings, disinterested or otherwise? Not experienced lovers, nor novices at the game.

As for Sinclair Jenks, he was charmed by her soft drawl and her soft brown eyes, and he understood that this bibulous Palmer person had left her very well off. Ethel Boyd-Palmer, on the other hand, had always admired tall, distinguished-looking men, such as Mr. Jenks, and the fact that his Aunt Mildred might some day leave him a great deal of money in no degree tempered her admiration. Anyway, he was one of the Long Island Jenks family, and his sister Sylvia had married a count. The Atlanta papers, in reporting the wedding, printed a two-column half tone of the countess, who had cabled her congratulations, but had remained at Biarritz.

Eventually Sinclair admitted to himself that drawled vowels might become rather tiresome, that a half-grown stepson who had been overpetted was rather a nuisance; and that Ethel, for an unbusinesslike person, had a strong penchant for keeping her property in her own name; also that he had overestimated the extent of the Palmer fortune; at least, her share in the same. But on Ethel's side this was balanced by the discovery that, in the throes of an asthmatic spasm, no man can look distinguished, and that Sinclair's chances for inheriting any of Aunt Mildred's half million were quite remote, due to his knack of saying disagreeable things in a disagreeable way.

Yet in spite of all this, having made the usual compromises, they had learned to bear and forbear after a fashion. They were not occupying quite the social position which seemed to be their due, but by means of little economies here, small personal sacrifices there, and some rather ingenious window dressing now and then, they were getting along fairly well. At Cannes, for instance, they had been able to ignore the American colony completely and make some quite useful friends among the French and English villa set. True, Sinclair had been unlucky at roulette, but not so unfortunate as when he was in closer touch with Wall Street.

It was when Chauncey was with them that differences arose most frequently. Mrs. Sinclair Jenks was an indulgent mother. She always had been. She was conscious that Chauncey had his faults, but she was unwilling to acknowledge them to anyone. And, in her mild way, she resented Sinclair's habit of pointing them out, especially with such caustic phrases. She could not reply in kind. She could only answer by biting her upper lip and brimming her brown eyes with tears.

Chauncey himself, when subjected in person to his stepfather's satire, seemed merely to find it amusing. It rolled off his back, either from sheer callousness of soul or from blunted sensibilities; Sinclair was unable to determine which. Extremely irritating in any event. But long ago he had detected a streak of coarseness in the boy's make-up which he was confident would lead to unpleasant complications; inherited traits, no doubt. That Willis Boyd who had married Ethel when she was barely twenty was, he had heard, a newspaper person of no particular family, no background, irresponsible. Probably it was from him that Chauncey had this taste, or lack of it, for getting mixed up with such ordinary people. His selection of friends was haphazard, without discrimination. Instead of improving his opportunities for becoming identified as one of the Jenks connections—the Long Island Jenkses—he was apt to choose the most commonplace characters as intimates—office clerks, stenographers, a vaudeville actor, even a Subway guard and a saxophone player from a night-club jazz band. No, he was satisfied that Chauncey would never amount to much, would always be a liability, if not worse. Once he had tried to discuss the matter with the young man, urging on him the necessity of settling down to some respectable business, of making respectable friends.

"You mean cultivating the notice of first vicepresidents, doing the nine-to-five stuff?" asked Chauncey. "No, thanks. Adventures to the venturesome, you know."

"And to the casual—casualties," retorted Sinclair.

But shortly after leaving the breakfast room Chauncey proceeded to be more casual than ever. He had gone up to his old room, planning to celebrate his return to a summery temperature by donning white flannel trousers, white shoes and a lightweight sport coat; perhaps a straw hat.

In furtherance of this plan he put on the white flannels, but in searching for his white footgear he came upon his rubber-soled golf shoes, which led him to wonder how it would seem to swing a club once more. Five minutes later he was out on the lawn swishing a brassy head over the closely cropped Bermuda. Yes, his back swing was still there, his timing seemed right. But one never can tell without actually hitting a ball. And next to the vivid house of the Biglers was a vacant lot, just about the right distance away for a mashie-niblick pitch.

Why not try a few? Another moment and he was at it.

Ah! That first one was neatly topped into the hedge. Must keep the left arm straight. There! That was more like it; only sliced a bit. Hands ahead a trifle. Now to wait for the club to do the work. Click! Not so poor, eh? Smack in the middle of the lot. And another! Sticking 'em right on the old pin. Two more balls left. Now this one right where the last dropped. There she goes! O-o-oey! Hooked that one.

Cr-r-r-rash!

A hook indeed. For the ball had risen with a wild left curve, high over the street, but veering directly toward an upper window of the Bigler atrocity. The awning should have bounced it off, but, perversely enough, the spinning missile struck the window ledge, glanced off the grille, smashed through the pane.

"Now I have done it!" commented Chauncey, not without a certain cheerfulness. "And it's a case of the reparations committee to the front. Very well, here goes."

By the time he had crossed the street, two members of the Bigler household were out viewing the disaster and speculating as to its cause. One was a frightened darky maid, sputtering the story of her narrow escape from being shot; the other a slim young woman with very pink legs and very pink cheeks.

"Ah was makin' the bed, Miss Deena, an' Ah was singin' Rockin' on de Wave, jess as happy as ——"

"Yes, yes, Lulu. But what was it? Where did it come from?"

At which point Chauncey broke in with abrupt confession. "It was a golf ball, Miss Edina, and it came from across the street. I did it with my little mashie niblick."

"Oh! You?"

There was surprise in her tone, of course, and her eyebrows lifted as she turned to regard him. He noted that they were quite symmetrically penciled eyebrows, such as may be achieved in any beauty parlor, and that the eyes under them were of an odd shade, like artificial amber—no, like honey; strained honey. Also he became aware that she was being quite calm and looking at him with what might pass for cool indifference.

He inferred that she had recognized him, that her manner was intentional. Rather good, that. He was being upstaged by the Bigler girl. The frank smile which he employed with so little discretion flickered about his lips.

Somewhat of a winner, that smile of Chauncey's. It had got him out of many a scrape, and into not a few. Young women of much more sophistication than Miss Bigler had found it pleasing.

Her attitude softened perceptibly under its influence and he promptly pressed his advantage.

"I am Chauncey Boyd. I live across the way, you know."

"Yes, I remember you. I'm Edina Bigler." She suppressed a nervous little giggle, started to give him her hand, then drew it back.

But Chauncey was not missing that cue. Stepping closer, he took the hesitant palm in both of his, as they do in the movies, and cut back to the frank smile. A fast worker, you see. Edina was playing up somewhat shyly, but playing up.

"I hope you understand that I wasn't deliberately shooting at your bedroom windows. I just hooked one. Silly thing to do."

There was a friendly quality in his voice, almost a caressing tone, which was not unwelcome to her. She was smiling up at him in return, her hand still in his, when she saw a smart roadster—robin's-egg blue with canary-yellow disk wheels—swing up to the curb. Behind the wheel was a young fellow dressed as modish as a youth in a collar ad, but wearing his obviously new outfit with much less self-assurance. In fact, having caught the picture, smiles and all, he seemed painfully embarrassed. Evidently he had meant to stop, but the intimate pose of the two on the front walk must have changed his mind. His stare turned to a scowl. Throwing in the gear, he was off. Chauncey, too, had seen. He was conscious that Miss Edina had snatched away her hand.

"I'm afraid I've scared someone off. Was it—er ——"

"It was Billy Murck, if you want to know." Her lips tightened as she spoke. They were ruddy lips, and where Nature had failed to mold them in a perfect Cupid's bow, art had stepped in.

"Sorry. And I'm sorry about the window too. I came over to pay for the damage, and if you could tell me how much ——"

Miss Bigler stopped him impatiently as he produced a slim bill fold.

"You needn't be insulting about it, even if you are Chauncey Boyd." And nothing in her voice suggested strained honey—an angry queen bee, perhaps.

"But I say!" protested Chauncey.

"You've said enough. It was in father's room anyhow. He's the one you ought to be talking to. Lulu, go fetch Mr. Bigler—in the libr'y, I reckon."

"Anything to make the proceedings strictly official," agreed Chauncey. "Meanwhile I shall consider myself under arrest."

Miss Bigler sniffed. "It's very funny, I suppose, knocking golf balls through people's windows. I don't think father will see it that way."

"I shall not expect him to, and I shall apologize very humbly."

(Continued on Page 178)

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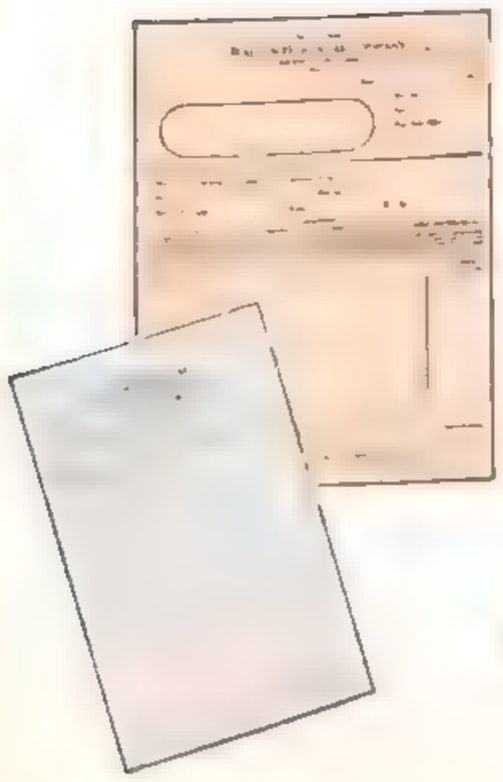

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(Continued from Page 170)

"Huh!" She turned and entered the mullioned doorway with as queenly a tread as narrow-heeled satin slippers would allow.

A moment later appeared a stoutish man wearing exactly the sort of golf suit Chauncey had refrained from purchasing because of its great cost—an imported fabric with a silky sheen. Mr. Bigler, however, had elected to wear the wrong shade of golf stockings, with fancy tops rolled outside, in the obsolete fashion of two seasons ago. Aside from this, he was bald in a peculiar way, the deforestation halting abruptly at the cranial summit; he had a sandy mustache which bristled, rather fierce eyebrows, and a long nose which seemed to have a joint near the middle. Chauncey dimly remembered having seen him sitting on the vine-shaded veranda of the Seminole Road shack, smoking a corncob pipe. Now there jutted beyond the bristly mustache a gold-banded cigar.

"What's all this fuss about?" he demanded.

"I was practicing golf and broke one of your windows. Sorry, Mr. Bigler."

"You are, eh? Ought to be. No place to be whackin' golf balls around anyhow. This ain't open country any more, young feller."

"You're quite right. But I'd just come off the train, you see, and I hadn't sense enough to wait until I got to the golf course to try out my mashie niblick. I am willing to ——"

"Eh? You put a ball through my window from across the street with a mashie niblick?"

"Unfortunately. Rotten shot, wasn't it?"

"It's what I'd call a dog-gone good one, young feller. That the club? Say, lemme see that a minute." He stepped out on the new lawn and executed an awkward swing which sent a shower of sand and grass roots flying about. "Dog-gone! That's what I do every time I try to h'ist one. Don't git nowhere."

"But you drop your right shoulder. Mustn't do that," cautioned Chauncey. "You try to scoop it instead of letting the club do the lofting. And you must get your wrists into the shot. Here, something like this."

"That'll h'ist 'em, will it?"

"If you get the ball first."

Mr. Bigler shook his head doubtingly. "Say, I'd jest like to see you do that once. Hey, Lulu! Oh, Lulu! Fetch me that ball down from upstairs."

So, half an hour later, Miss Edina Bigler, who had been listening in vain to hear stern words of reproof, saw her father and young Mr. Boyd in earnest but friendly discussion, punctuated by frequent exchanges of a golf club; and she noted that another pane, this time in the garage, had been sacrificed.

But it was not broken window lights which caused Miss Bigler, standing behind the protecting draperies of a bookless library, to nibble nervously at her highly manicured finger nails.

Nor was she the only person who had been disturbed by the casualness of Chauncey Boyd. In the correct drawing-room of the dignified Georgian house across the street, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Jenks, their notice attracted by the crash and the subsequent excitement, had watched Chauncey's encounter with the Bigler girl as well as his shifty interview with her father. Of the two, perhaps Mrs. Jenks was the more agitated. She was clasping and unclasping her hands.

"With those dreadful persons!" she exclaimed. "I can't imagine what Chauncey can be thinking about!"

"But does he ever think?" Sinclair managed to put much sarcasm into the query. "Anyway he has achieved in half an hour all that we have carefully avoided for two months. He has become more than neighborly with the Biglers. It's because of the girl, I presume."

"Oh, Sinclair! I—I can't believe it! I must have a serious talk with Chauncey, directly he comes in."

"I wish you luck, my dear." And Mr. Jenks betook himself to the east terrace with the morning paper.

She did begin seriously enough, too, when her son at last strolled in. How could he be so thoughtless? Giving those perfectly terrible people such an opening! Why—why had he done it?

"Surely, Chauncey, you must realize how impossible they are."

And he replied, chuckling, as though her panic was something to be amused over: "Impossible? Why, I shouldn't say so. No, they're real enough, and rather interesting. Besides, how could I help going over, after breaking one of their windows? It has turned out to be a lucky hook for me though. I've been asked into a foursome with Pa Bigler this afternoon."

"Chaun-cey!"

"Democratic game—golf; the great leveler. He wasn't a bit snobbish about it. Wants me to play with some of his cronies. Big butter and real-estate men, I expect. It's going to be good fun."

"But can't you see, Chauncey, how embarrassing that makes it for Sinclair and me? These people have thrust themselves into this neighborhood just for that purpose—to show us they're as good as anyone, to force us to recognize them. Of course we have utterly ignored them. Why, as we drive out I never even so much as glance in their direction for fear some of them will try to bow or speak. We have done our best to keep them in their place. And now ——" She sighed and fluttered her eyes. "Well, the first thing you do is to rush right over and treat them as equals, almost as friends. It—it is most disturbing. Sinclair is very much upset over it, and so am I."

She might as well have been protesting to the palmettos, asking them not to wave their fronds in the southerly breeze, or forbidding the blue jays to chatter in the live oaks. Chauncey persisted in being frivolous.

"There, there, mother! The Biglers aren't going to bite you. I'll tell 'em not to. Down, Biglers, down! Not even tail wagging as your betters pass by! And, after all, they haven't adopted me into the family as yet. I'm only going to play golf with Pa Bigler, you know."

"Was it quite necessary for you to hold that girl's hand, Chauncey?"

"Oh, that! Just force of habit. But, I say, she has stunning eyes, you know. Like strained honey. Don't worry about her though. She snubbed me good and plenty before she was through."

Mrs. Sinclair Jenks gasped. "She did! The little upstart! But it only served you right."

"I suppose so. I didn't quite get what it was all about. I mean to find out, though, next time we hold hands."

So his mother's anxiety was by no means lessened and she was obliged to admit to Sinclair that her talk with Chauncey had done no good at all.

"Did you think it would?" asked Sinclair. "Ah, well, I suppose we must be prepared to make the best of the situation. Shall we start by entertaining the Biglers at dinner, or do you think a formal tea and reception in their honor would be the proper manner of establishing the *entente cordiale?*"

Mrs. Sinclair Jenks retorted with tears.

"Unless," went on Mr. Jenks, "you could persuade Chauncey to return to New York. Or we might sell out and return to Cannes ourselves."

"I—I wish we could," sobbed Mrs. Jenks.

For an affair so casually begun, Chauncey's entanglement with the Biglers progressed with alarming celerity. He not only drove to the golf club in the Bigler limousine but returned to the Bigler home after the game and joined the foursome in highballs.

At dinner he recounted the events of the afternoon with keen relish.

"Wish you could have been in on that game, Sinclair. It was a wow. Know who the two others were? Pete Murck and Ben Krulls. You remember; one used to be a grocer and the other ran a barber shop and pool room. Well, they're both simply rolling in it now—real estate of course. Murck's a partner of Pa Bigler's, and Krulls is on his own. And they've all got to be golf fiends within the last couple of years. Don't play such a poor game either. Pete can whale 'em a mile, and Ben's regular deadly on a run-up or a putt. Seems they've been trimming Pa Bigler at dollar syndicates and he framed this up to get even. Rung me in as a dark-horse partner at five-dollar Nassau. Say, we got to 'em, all right. They paid up like good sports, though, and Pa Bigler was as tickled over winning that fifteen as though he'd made another half million. Tomorrow, though, they're going to spot my ball four strokes."

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Jenks exchanged glances.

"You—er—intend to continue this sort of thing, do you?" asked Sinclair.

"Why not? I haven't had so much fun since my first circus. You ought to hear those old boys razz each other, and listen to Pete Murck cuss when he slices one out of bounds. He's got a vocabulary, I'll say."

Mr. Jenks was offering congratulations on finding such congenial companions so convenient when Chauncey, looking through the dining-room windows, saw a slim figure in white pass in the twilight. Dropping his dessert spoon and napkin, he got up.

"Pardon me, will you, mother? I must catch the fair Edina on the fly."

When he had gone, Mrs. Sinclair Jenks sobbed despairingly over the pineapple mousse. "I—I can never bear it, Sinclair. Anyone in the world bu-but that girl!"

Mr. Jenks signaled Yoshi for the coffee, lighted a cigar, mused at a smoke ring he had blown.

"For the altar decorations I should suggest scarlet poinsettias; anything else would be paled by the bride's facial color scheme."

"Don't be brutal, Sinclair. Suggest some way to stop it."

"There's the heroic method—old-fashioned, but usually effective." She eyed him questioningly, snuffling. "You might try cutting him off, turning him out."

"But, Sinclair!" she cried.

"Quite so. The alternative seems to be a marital alliance of the houses of Bigler and Jenks. Some of the members of my family will be delighted to hear of it. On their honeymoon the happy pair will doubtless expect to be entertained at the Villa Canzoni. She's an enthusiastic gardener, my sister. The fair Edina might give the countess a few pointers on raising green peas and lettuce, and how to market the same."

The debate went on like that, until Sinclair's asthma triumphed over his flow of satire. For, each in characteristic manner, the Sinclair Jenkses felt keenly the imminence of a blow to pride, a shattering of family tradition, an undermining of social standing. Yet the mother's indulgence was too firmly seated to allow her even to consider the harsh measure suggested.

"Chauncey is just a willful, heedless, silly boy," she maintained. "It is possible he's only doing this out of sheer mischief. I can't imagine what he could see in that Bigler girl anyway."

"He was quite definite about her eyes, wasn't he? 'Strained honey' was his term, I believe."

"Yes, I know, I know! And that girl in the cafeteria had eyes of primrose blue. He's always seeing their eyes. But perhaps he'll get over this. If he shouldn't, if he should announce that he really meant to —— Sinclair, I simply could not stay here through it. No. We must sell and go away before it happens."

"Very well, my dear. I've never as yet been able to sell anything, but I will see what can be done tomorrow."

In matters of business, Sinclair Jenks always used the word with a Spanish significance. *Mañana* was what he really meant.

(Continued on Page 177)

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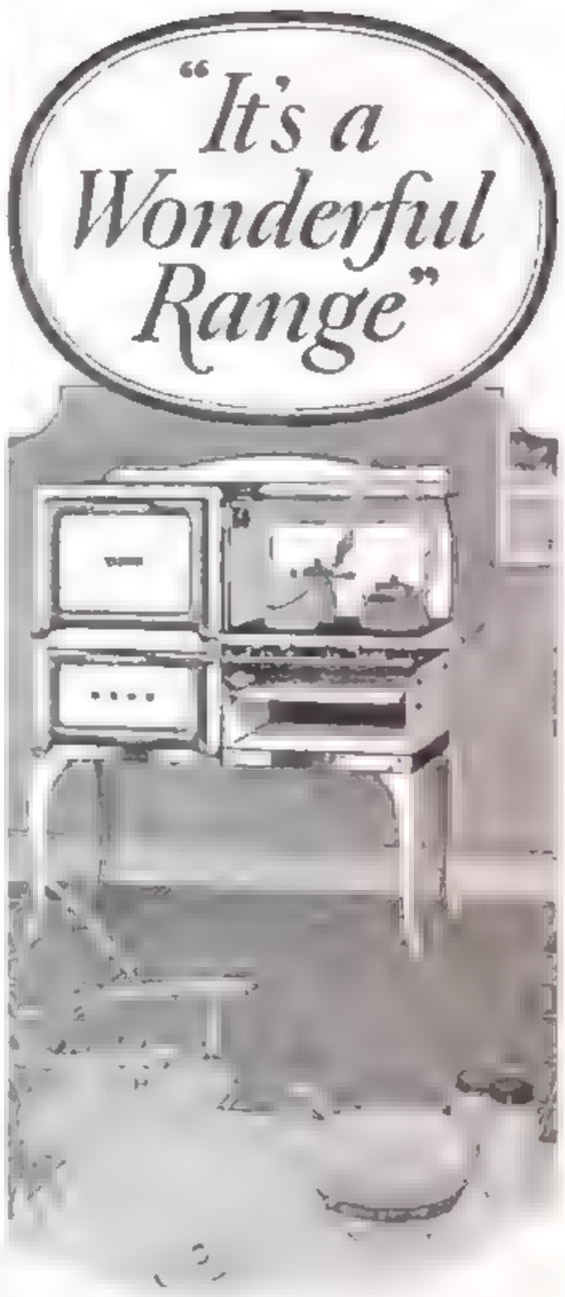

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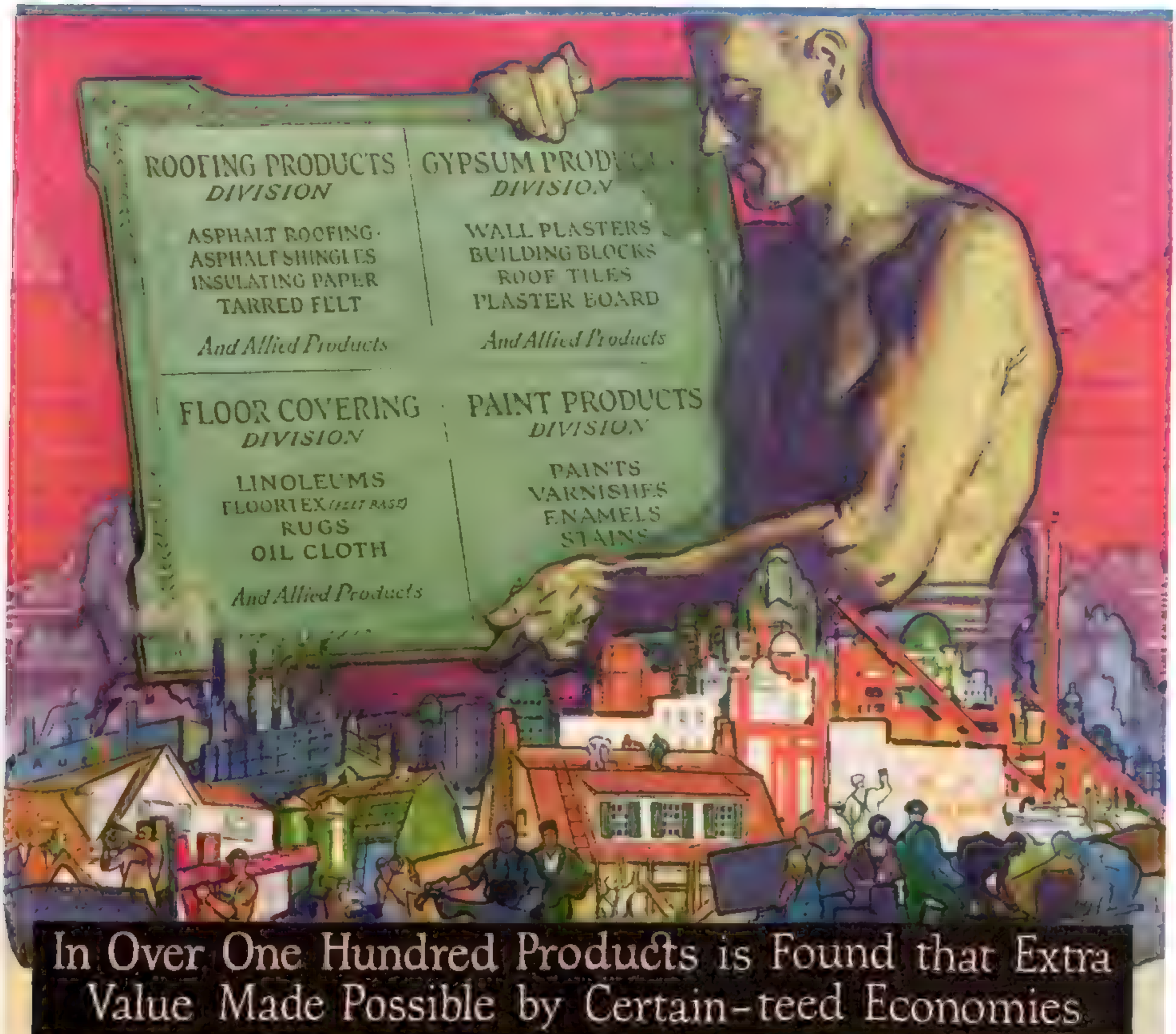

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OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS

(Continued from Page 175)

At breakfast he remarked that he must go down and see a real-estate agent. At luncheon he recalled the fact again. But by dinnertime he had done nothing. Nor had he at the end of the week.

Meanwhile Chauncey came and went, played golf every afternoon with Pa Bigler, and was in and out of the vivid house across the street several times each day.

"It's a riot, that house," he told his mother and Sinclair. "Purple and blue draperies in every room downstairs. Some interior decorator must have let himself go on it."

"And may I ask," put in Sinclair, "if Miss Edina employs an exterior decorator?"

Chauncey grinned. "Not so bad, that. No. She's been away for two terms at a boarding school for young ladies somewhere in Alabama. She took dancing, deportment and self-decorating. Does a good job at it, eh? Seems to come natural. Deena's clever, though; don't forget that."

At which his mother's eyes suddenly became brimming. But Chauncey failed to notice. He was hurrying through the meal because there was a dance on at the San Gloria Country Club. It was little relief to Mrs. Jenks to note that he drove off in company with Miss Bigler and a young man who had called for them in a smart blue roadster with yellow wheels.

"If we had only never left the Riviera!" she moaned. "Sinclair, you must see an agent tomorrow."

It was about ten days after Chauncey Boyd's arrival in San Gloria that he came breezing in to them more smiling than ever.

"What do you know?" he began. "I've done gone and horned in on this real-estate thing. Yeauh! Tomorrow morning bright and early I make my debut as a full-fledged, officially licensed field agent for Murck & Bigler. How's that, eh? Who knows but what I shall yet carve out fame and fortune with a mashie niblick? For that's really what did it, that back-spin pitch of mine to the pin. Pa Bigler says anyone who can learn a trick like that can do anything. Besides, he thinks I have a real-estate face—the smile that sells, he calls it. Anyway, I'm to have a chance. Not just as a common bird dog, you understand."

"Pardon me," interrupted Sinclair, "but I do not. Did you say bird dog?"

Chauncey nodded. "That's what they call these chaps who hang around the streets and flush prospects. All they can do is steer 'em to the office and get a 2 per cent split. But I'm to be the real thing; an authorized selling agent, with full commission. And, say, next Saturday we're going to pull something big. Absolutely! That's the day we open our Paradise Estates development. It's going to be done in style, too; grand free barbecue, twenty-piece brass band, and free busses running buyers in from every town within a radius of fifty miles. I've just been out making a tour of the property, and if it isn't gilt-edged stuff, then I'm blind in both eyes. Haven't seen it, have you, Sinclair?"

Mr. Jenks admitted that he had failed to visit Paradise Estates; had never heard of it in fact.

"Well, it's only about two miles west of town; the old Mulligan Grove property, it used to be. But we've had East Seminole Avenue paved clear out there, sixty feet wide; we've graded two miles of streets, all ready for walks and curbing; we've got nearly four hundred lots plotted, the Roman Pool and Pompeian Gardens all staked out, and inside of a year we'll have city water and electric light ready for any home builder to hook onto. Yes, sir! Biggest thing ever cracked in this section, and I'm mighty lucky to be in on it. They're good people to be with, Murck & Bigler."

"Really!" commented Sinclair. "I must confess that thus far the personal charm of either has escaped me. But then I have not had your advantages of intimate contact."

The barbed shaft, as usual, glanced off. "I mean, you know, that it isn't every young fellow they'd take on this way. Most of their salesmen are old-timers at it, experienced, wise to all the quirks. But here they turn me loose at a drummed-up field party, with a straight 5 per cent on every lead I land. I ought to be able to sell a few lots, anyway."

Sinclair shrugged his shoulders doubtfully. "Considering that there are said to be almost as many building lots staked out in Florida as there are people in the whole United States, I shouldn't be too optimistic about that."

"Bunk!" said Chauncey. "Why, the brokers' agents are standing in line out there now, a forty-eight-hour wait ahead of them. And about Pa Bigler and Murck, and the rest of these native or near-native plutes. They're not so bad when you get right next to 'em. Honest. Maybe they're not quite parlor-broken yet, but they're getting there fast. Strikes me they're doing mighty well, seeing where they started from. Why, Bigler tells me that when he had to knock off work on account of his weak heart, five years or so ago, he used to go down to the dock and catch fish so his family wouldn't go hungry. They were up against it hard. Then Ma Bigler turned to, hired a little patch of land and started to raise vegetables and flowers. She made a go of it, kept 'em all alive, and finally did so well that she bought the land. That's what I call pluck."

"And now," suggested Sinclair, "they live within purple walls."

"Some like 'em purple. He said he'd always wanted to paint the old shack, but couldn't afford it, and he's as proud of this new home of his as we would be if Aunt Sylvia should leave us her Villa Canzoni. He's proud of everything in it, from the purple hangings to the pink-tiled bathrooms. He's shown it all to me. And, say, they must be having a whale of a time, buying the things they want, things they never dreamed they could have. They're having their big adventure—a bigger one than most of us have ever had or ever will. We may smile at 'em, but their luck and what they're getting out of it is something we can't laugh off."

"In other words, Chauncey, long live the Biglers. Perhaps I might share the sentiment if it were not that we are obliged to live opposite them. I wonder, by the way, if your firm could help me to sell the Jasmines?"

"I'll list it at once." And Chauncey made businesslike motions with a notebook and fountain pen.

When he had gone, his mother shook her head. "He seems to have become their champion. I suppose he has gone over to see that Bigler girl again. And he'll be so disappointed, Sinclair, if he makes another business failure."

"Selling Florida real estate, my dear, is not a business; it is the practice of hypnotism, and the weak-minded are becoming scarce."

So they were unprepared for Chauncey's Saturday night home-coming. He did not return with his usual light, shuffling step, but strode in, walking firmly on his heels. And his face was radiant.

"Am I, or am I not, a real A-1, super-het real-estater—I ask you?" he demanded. "And the answer is that I am. Whe-e-e! Did I make a killing? I'll say I did! Ten prospects I towed to the tent, and eight of 'em got hooked for a sale, with a grand total of twenty-five thousand six hundred dollars for the day. Figure it out, folks. Mighty near thirteen hundred coming to cheerful Chauncey with the smile that sells, which is more than I'd ever make peddling bonds if I lived to be as old as King Tut. I got patted on the back by Pete Murck and Pa Bigler, and I'm to have a desk in the front office with my name on the stationery. How's that for a flying start?"

Sinclair Jenks did not try to conceal his amazement. For once he forgot to be sarcastic.

"Do you mean you are to get that amount for an afternoon's work?"

"I've got it right here." He displayed his commission check.

"Why Chaun-cey!" exclaimed his mother. "How utterly clever!"

"Well, it wasn't so stupid of me, was it? Oh, yes! And I might turn another little deal before I pull down the shutters. What's your figure on the Jasmines, Sinclair?"

"Why—er—I had thought of asking fifty thousand."

"Fifty! Say, why be a cheap skate? Of course, this isn't strictly ethical, but I'll tell you something. Young Murck wants this place—Billy Murck. Thinks of getting married, and the Jasmines strikes him as sort of quaint and old-fashioned. Different from the Spanish type, you know."

"How condescendingly kind of young Mr. Murck!" said Sinclair.

"Maybe," admitted Chauncey. "But I told him I thought I could get it for him for seventy-five and I have his check for one-third that sum right in my pocket. Of course, there'll be my 5 per cent out—I could stick you 10, you know. Well, what do you say? Here's an agreement form all made out. There's the dotted line."

Sinclair Jenks took the fountain pen urged into his fingers and looked somewhat bewildered at his wife.

"I—I suppose it would mean our own villa at Cannes, my dear," he suggested.

"If it does, Sinclair, why hesitate?" And Sinclair signed.

"Good work!" Chauncey was blotting the signature. "I must run over and tell Deena of this. She'll want to know."

"Oh, Chauncey!" wailed his mother. "Does that mean that you and—and that girl are to be ——" The sentence ended sobbingly in the air.

"Deena and I! Why, not a chance! She and Billy have been sweeties ever since they were kids. I nearly crashed their little romance just by accident that morning, but as soon as I found out I got busy and patched it up. Billy's taking no more risks. He's going right to it as soon as he finds a house that suits him, and now he has that."

"Oh, Chaun-cey! You are a dear, dear boy! Sinclair, find a New York paper and look up the next sailing of the Roma. Perhaps we can get one of those B Deck staterooms."

Chauncey, in his casual way, drifted across the street to carry the news to a highly tinted young lady who was entertaining in a purple-hung living room a young man attired very much as a collar ad, if not more so.

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THE GREAT CARBOLIC SPEECH

(Continued from Page 13

instead of proceeding in the haphazard manner that has hitherto characterized our actions and our voting.

This is one of the many advantageous features of the Permanent Publicity Commission. The Permanent Publicity Commission will not let us be fooled into thinking that all the people wish a certain measure, when in reality only a small part of them want it. With this powerful government agency keeping a careful and constant watch on the thoughts of the people, every senator will be thoroughly aware of what his constitutents are thinking, and should therefore be able to retain his seat in the United States Senate for an indefinite period.

MR. KNOWSES: Of course the senator understands that there are a great many people who are not thinking about anything. Some of them never think about anything at any time, and some of them do not start to think until something has happened that makes them sore.

MR. CARBOLIC: I will say to the senator that this state of affairs will be admirably handled by the Permanent Publicity Commission; for a part of the duty of this great commission will be to give them something to think about, and then to see that they think about it. When they begin to think, the Permanent Publicity Commission will make their thoughts public, and the United States Senate may then take action in accordance with their thoughts.

MR. WHEEZE: If the senator will suffer an interruption, I would like to say to the senator that while it is possible that his constituents do not think the thoughts that the senator thinks, owing to the senator's thoughts being a very high grade of thoughts, I think that it is unfair for him to think that any great number of them, if indeed there are any, do not think. If the senator will suffer me to say it, I feel safe in saying that my constituents in the progressive and far-flung commonwealth of Califlorida will be found to think as freely and effectively as any people anywhere have ever thunk. And oh, Mr. President, if I thunk ——

MR. CARBOLIC: I cannot suffer any longer, Mr. President; and while I have the deepest respect for the ability and eloquence of the senator from Califlorida, I must insist that any further suffering inflicted by him be inflicted out of his own time, and not out of my time. *(Applause.)*

MR. BLEFFLING: If I understand the senator correctly, the Permanent Publicity Commission will tell the people what to think about, and the people will then go ahead and do their thinking; after which the Permanent Publicity Commission will tell us their thoughts, and the Senate will then vote in accordance with their thoughts.

MR. CARBOLIC: The nimble brain of the senator from Indissouri *(Mr. Bleffling)* has caught the meaning with admirable thoroughness.

MR. BLEFFLING: Then, Mr. President and senators, the very existence of the Permanent Publicity Commission will act as a gag on the Senate of the United States; because if the Senate votes without argument in accordance with the people's thoughts, there can be no effective debate; and an absence of effective debate means nothing more or less than the gagging of everyone concerned.

Oh, I know, Mr. President, that there has been a great deal of gagging in other legislative bodies, but in this body we have never gone around gagging one another; and I have repeatedly said, and I repeat, that freedom of debate has kept this body ungagged in the past, and that upon its maintenance, in my judgment, depends the welfare of the republic to a large degree.

I know, Mr. President, that the wolves of Wall Street and the great predatory interests of this country would like, in order to further their own evil and nefarious ends, to see the United States Senate thoroughly gagged; and it is only over my dead body that any such gagging can take place. When I want to say anything on the floor of this Senate, I want to be permitted to talk until I have satisfied myself that I have said what I want to say; and there is no man and no group of men that is able to say to me that I have said what I want to say; because nobody on earth, including myself, knows what I want to say on any subject until I have finished saying it; and even then it is difficult, because it is sometimes impossible for me to find out whether when I stop talking, I have really finished.

MR. FLOOSE: I would like to ask the senator about the freedom of debate concerning which he speaks, because it is something that has been bothering me a great deal. I find that it is impossible for me to talk longer than two hours on any subject in which I am interested. I want to be free to talk as much as I wish to talk, but there are very few subjects that are worth more than two hours of talk.

What I would like to have the senator explain to me is whether or not I have freedom of debate, or whether I have deliberately gagged myself by being unable to talk more than two hours on any subject, and consequently destroyed my freedom of debate. If I have done this, it is my belief that steps ought to be taken to remedy the situation.

MR. BLEFFLING: I will say to the senator that he is unquestionably throwing away a great opportunity. There is no doubt that his inability to talk more than two hours on any subject amounts, in effect, to a self-imposed gagging; and if the senator will permit me to advise him in this matter, I strongly advise him to learn at once how to speak freely on any subject.

It is not so much that any votes will be changed by the added length of his speeches or that any additional light will be shed on the subject that is being debated; but every hour that is added to a given speech may see some great, far-reaching change that will have a marked effect on the unfinished debate. One of the opposing senators may fall down and break a leg; or two great European nations may go to war because somebody accidentally knocked over a boundary post; or the cold, stern, silent man in the White House may forget himself and say something about something. In such an eventuality, the senator who is on his feet is in command of the situation and in a position to deliver an historical utterance that may go echoing down the corridors of time. Consequently, every senator should keep on talking as long as possible.

I will say to the senator that he needs only a little practice to speak for days on end concerning the most trivial matters. Oh, Mr. President, I remember my shyness and awkwardness when I first came to the great city of Washington. In those days, Mr. President, when any person said to me that it was a nice day, I replied simply that it was indeed a nice day; for that, in my ignorance, seemed to me to be the only thing to say.

But now, sir, when any person says to me that it is a nice day, I can reply to him in a fitting and senatorial manner; for I have learned that even such a small remark as this opens up all the great vistas of climates and temperatures in this and every other country in the world, and permits one to go into the climates and temperatures of other ages and other planets.

Oh, Mr. President, who knows what great good may not emerge from a chance remark on such a thing as the weather; and so, Mr. President, when anyone says to me it is a nice day, I say to you that it would be a crime against humanity, against the republic and against the free and independent citizens of the fair commonwealth of Indissouri if any person should attempt to force me to reply to that question in two hours or two days or two weeks.

MR. CARBOLIC: I decline to yield.

THE VICE PRESIDENT: The senator from Massaconsin *(Mr. Carbolic)* declines to yield.

MR. KEELICK: I have been greatly impressed by the able and eloquent remarks of the distinguished senator from Massaconsin *(Mr. Carbolic)* and he has made clear to me a great many things that I had not previously understood; but it has occurred to me that if the Senate of the United States should establish a Permanent Publicity Commission with powers to investigate everything in this country and in Europe, and to publish their findings, then the Senate of the United States would be robbed of one of its most valuable and interesting prerogatives. I refer, sir, to the prerogative of investigating, by means of a senatorial investigating committee, anything that strikes a senator's eye and arouses his interest or annoyance.

I would greatly dislike, Mr. President, to be unable to request an investigation of newspapermen's salaries, or the length of young women's dresses, or the increasing expense of lap dogs, or the price of men's neckties, or the cooking methods used in the White House kitchen, or the origin of the propaganda against Santa Claus, or any of the other numerous matters that are constantly being investigated by senatorial investigating committees.

If I thought, sir, that the Permanent Publicity Commission would take from this august assemblage the right to investigate anyone or anything at a moment's notice, sir, then it would be only over my dead body, Mr. President, that such a commission could come into existence.

MR. CARBOLIC: I will say to the senator from Connectabama *(Mr. Keelick)* that I deeply sympathize with his attitude in this matter; and the masterly manner in which the senator conducted the great cheese investigation during the last session of Congress is sufficient to cause his opinion to be treated with the utmost consideration. *(Applause.)*

I will say to the senator, however, that the Permanent Publicity Commission, instead of making it more difficult for the Senate to conduct investigations into anything that it would like to investigate, makes it easier for the Senate to institute and carry on investigations, as the senator would know if he had read the protocol of the proposed Permanent Publicity Commission. *(Laughter.)*

MR. KEELICK: I have studied the protocol carefully, of course, but I did not see anything in it that had any interest for me. *(Laughter.)*

MR. CARBOLIC: Possibly the senator had the protocol to something else, or had got the pages of the protocol stuck together, or something; for anyone who is able to read the protocol must inevitably realize that the Permanent Publicity Commission is obligated to investigate everything.

What, then, is the natural corollary of this fact? Why, Mr. President and senators, the natural corollary of this fact is that whenever the Senate of the United States wishes to investigate anything, it merely has to investigate that section of the Permanent Publicity Commission which has been investigating the particular organization or activity that the Senate wants to investigate.

Cannot the senators see the multifarious advantages to such a state of affairs? Public interest, instead of being attracted by a single investigation, will be doubly attracted by a two-ring investigation. Instead of investigating, let us say, the great cheese trust, a senatorial investigating committee of the future will be investigating the Permanent Publicity Commission's investigation of the great cheese trust. This will mean that a senatorial investigation will get twice as much publicity in the newspapers as it used to get in the old days of one-ring investigations.

Oh, think, Mr. President and senators, of the blessings that this commission will bring to us, and of the burden of attacks that it will lift from us. The senators know full well that the labor of preparing for investigations is very great, and that the cost of carrying them on is very large, and that the results obtained from them are frequently productive of loud yells of anguish from the taxpayers when they learn about them—which they seldom do.

I ask the senators to recall the great investigation into the scenario-writing business. As the senators know full well, this investigation has been in progress for seven years and is not yet finished; and the first six years of the investigation cost the Government $1,604,826.72; but all the evidence gathered during the first five years is now valueless because conditions in the scenario-writing business have changed so rapidly.

There is a tendency in some quarters to blame the Senate of the United States for the large expenditures and the small results in this investigation, because many ignorant persons, Mr. President, think that when the Senate of the United States spends a lot of money, it should always be able to produce some results.

We also hear complaints, senators, because the expense of the great cheese investigation was $864,932, and because nineteen tons of cheese-investigation testimony have been carefully stored away in the basement of the Capitol, without anything being discovered as a result of the excitement. The public does not know that practically all investigations end in this manner, senators; and so they kick and complain, and the Senate is obliged to take the blame.

But all this will be changed, senators, under the régime of the Permanent Publicity Commission; for while the Senate

Kettle River, Washington

(Continued on Page 182)

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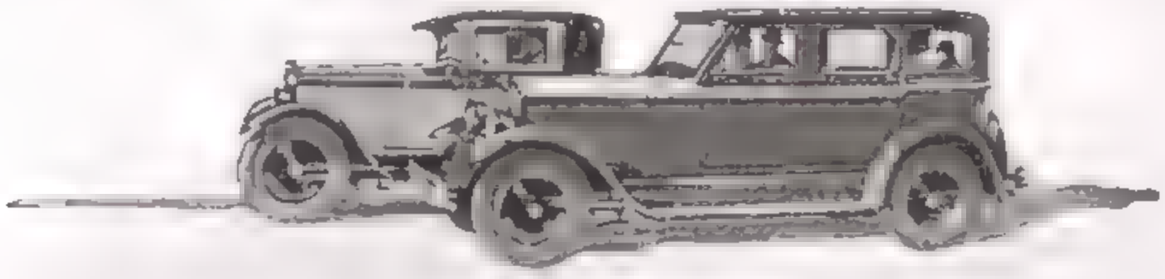

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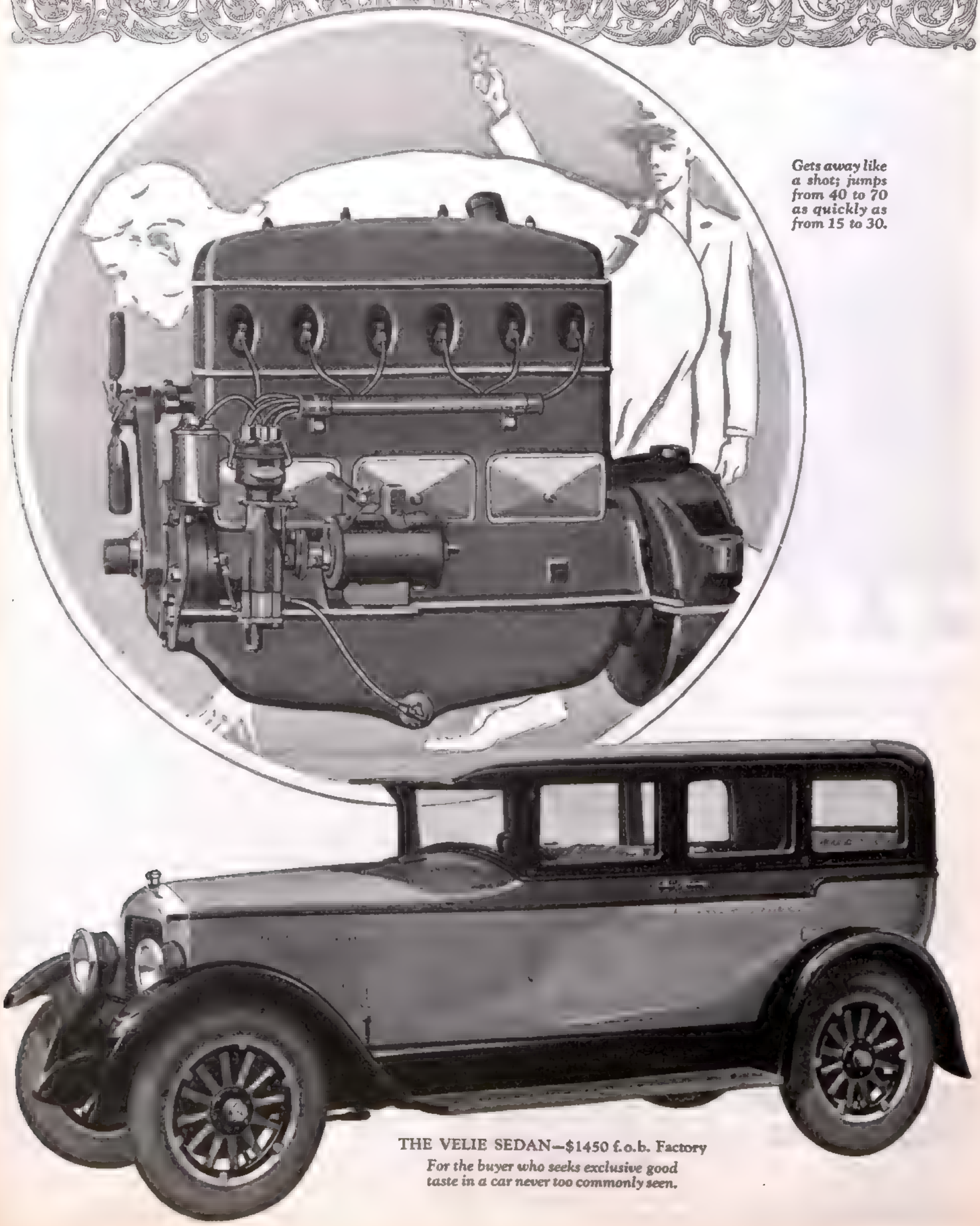

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For the buyer who seeks exclusive good taste in a car never too commonly seen.

Continued from Page 178

can still investigate anyone that it wants to investigate, the real cost of the original investigation and the expense of printing the testimony will have to be borne by the Permanent Publicity Commission; and consequently any blame that results from any investigation will fall on the commission instead of on the Senate, as at present. *(Applause from the Senate floor and groans of distress from the Visitors' Gallery.)*

MR. WHEEZE: Will the senator yield to me for a question concerning the advisability of appointing a commission to study the results of embassy liquor on the fairest flower of our land?

MR. CARBOLIC: I cannot make any public statement at this time to the senator from Califlorida *(Mr. Wheeze)* or anyone else concerning the results of embassy liquor on anyone, or a commission to study it; but I will say to the senator that as soon as the Permanent Publicity Commission comes into existence, the work of investigating the results of embassy liquor and everything else will at once and automatically be attended to by the commission.

In fact, I will say to the senators that this commission, if created, will save the United States Senate, together with the President of the United States, the trouble of creating a number of new commissions and bureaus to investigate and regulate everything that is not now regulated by a government commission.

Oh, Mr. President and senators, nobody can estimate the amount of time that would be wasted in creating these new commissions; for every form of endeavor, and every business and profession and vocation, is insisting that a commission be created to supervise and meddle with every rival form of endeavor, and with every rival business and profession and vocation. It would mean endless days and nights of commission creating, Mr. President; and since each commission would be separate from every other commission, it would have to have separate office room or a separate building in which to live.

But the Permanent Publicity Commission, senators, will stick its nose into every activity on earth, so that no other commissions will need to be created.

And since it is one great commission, all its different branches and subcommissions will be content to live under one roof, or one set of roofs, thus saving money for the taxpayers.

All that we will need to do, senators, is to come to the Senate floor and indulge in the freedom of debate, and permit this great Permanent Publicity Commission to watch the things that are coming up in this and every other country, and to coördinate the different things as they come up, and deliver this coördinated information to the Senate of the United States, which will automatically become the most perfectly informed and the most infallibly correct as well as the most brilliant and most powerful deliberative body that has ever been known in the history of the world. *(Loud applause and cheers.)*

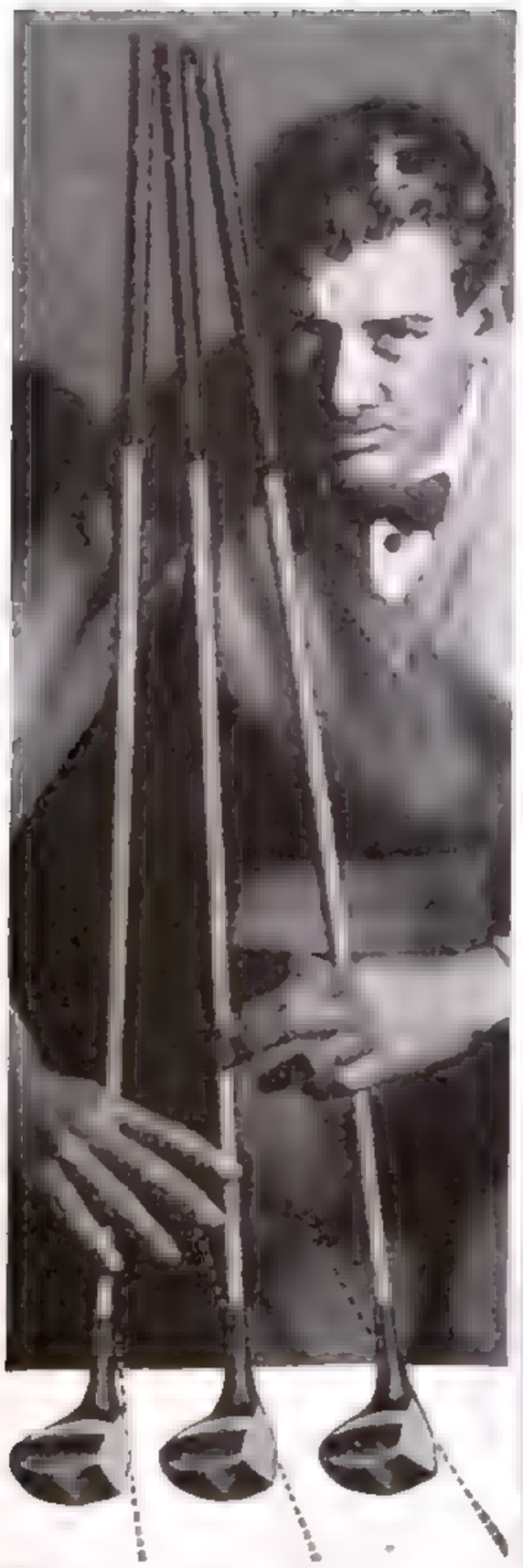
THE VICE PRESIDENT: If the senator from Massacons.n *(Mr. Carbolic)* has concluded

MR. CARBOLIC: I ask that the fourth, ninth and eleventh volumes of McWhorter's History of Coördination in Bureaucracies be read into the record as a conclusion to my remarks

Mr. Carbolic therefore sent to the desk; and the chief clerk, after spraying his throat with disinfectant, started to read Volumes IV, IX and XI of McWhorter's History of Coordination in Bureaucracies, which will appear in the special 7000-page appendix. After he had read 188 pages —

THE VICE PRESIDENT: A motion to adjourn is in order, after which the senators will form in line for treatment by public-health physicians, as required by the Act of April 1, 1952. Those suffering from delusions of grandeur will form on the left of the chamber, as usual; and those suffering from Sverdrup's talkative fever will form on the right.

The Senate then took a recess until tomorrow at twelve o'clock noon.



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SUNRISE

(Continued from Page 5)

"You are not implying that it was intentional, are you?"

"Certainly not. There was no possible motive, and it was a terrible disgrace to an axman to have his tree fall wrong."

But Mayne could not share Don Mario's belief on this point. He felt a little shiver, not of fear but of excitement, pass over him, as if threatening shadows had begun to steal upon him from behind.

He followed his own thoughts for a moment and then asked, "And Mannering—what did he die of?"

Don Mario considered. "I think he died of a snake bite," he said; "but I'm not sure."

"And what has become of his farm?"

Don Mario looked at him quizzically. "Oh," he said, "are you in the market for farms? If so I can tell you a dozen better properties than Mannering's—all conveniently mortgaged too."

Do what he would, Mayne could not bring him back to what had become of the Mannering farm. He did not wish to appear too eager for information, since within a few hours of landing he could certainly find out for himself. The more he thought over what Don Mario had told him, the more suspicious he felt. His own experience in the tropical jungle had probably been more extended than Don Mario's, and he knew that there was no excuse for a tree falling the wrong way. As to Mannering—well, there, too, he saw some improbability. Barefooted laborers die now and again from snake bites, but for the European, who wears shoes—for the Englishman, who usually wears high riding boots—it needed an explanation. He had no further talk with Don Mario before they landed. Mayne went straight to the capital.

Coronada is a gay and beautiful little city, lying sufficiently high on the slopes of the volcanoes to assure a pleasant climate, especially in the dry season. Its low red-roofed houses of those agreeable blues and cream colors to which adobe lends itself are grouped about two towering buildings, which seem to smile at each other, defying earthquakes, across the central park—the cathedral and the opera house. Coronada has a distinct and extremely gay social season, which culminates in the week before Lent; but now, in the middle of December, it was already in full swing, owing to the fact that an Italian opera company, on its way back from a season in Buenos Aires, had stopped in San Sabado for a few weeks' engagement. The result was that all the aristocracy of San Sabado had come into town from their coffee plantations and mines and fruit farms.

The capital was crowded and Mayne had some difficulty in getting a room at the best hotel—the only hotel from the foreigner's point of view—the Hotel de Paris. In the days before the independence of San Sabado the large three-story building had been the palace of a Spanish governor. It occupied a whole block, running round four sides of a square, with a flowery patio in the center. The proprietor showed hesitation in offering Mayne a room on the top floor—in the first place, in earthquake countries even a second story is looked upon as a danger; in the second place, the top story had been in old days devoted to servants' quarters, and instead of a corridor the rooms were connected by an outside balcony. This, as the proprietor pointed out, was no disadvantage in the dry season to those who had the good sense to keep their windows shut against the vapors of the night air; but the English, and now even the Americans of the north, insisted on opening their windows at night.

Mayne confessed to this bad habit, but he did not mind the balcony. Having no valuables, he had no cause to fear thieves; and, as a matter of fact, he preferred upper rooms, for he could get a glimpse of the peak of Erata, the tallest of the volcanoes.

His coming had been heralded by the State Department, and he found a letter from the American minister. It contained a ticket for the opera on the following night and an invitation to the president's annual ball, which was taking place at that very moment. Ordinarily he would not have dreamed of attending such a function—ordinarily he would not have had the proper clothes. But the lateness of Mrs. Farnham's dance on the eve of his departure had necessitated his taking evening clothes with him. So, after a late dinner, urged on by that spirit of adventure which comes over lonely people in foreign countries, he dressed.

It was after midnight when he entered the Palace of Congress, in which the president's annual ball is always held. There could not have been a better room for a ball than that magnificent salon. It was thirty feet high, all gold woodwork, crystal chandeliers and long scarlet velvet curtains. The arms and crossed flags of San Sabado were over every one of the enormously long windows. All the officers were in uniform, and all the ladies in their best new Paris dresses. Two great military bands were playing alternately, so that there was no pause between dances.

There was great variety in the music. After a tango, a sobbing waltz by Waldteufel, and then a wild jazz measure—the fact being that the president, who regarded the relaxation of his people as a function of government, had sent the leader of the band to New York some years before to play in the orchestra of one of the motion-picture houses so that he might become familiar with the American jazz.

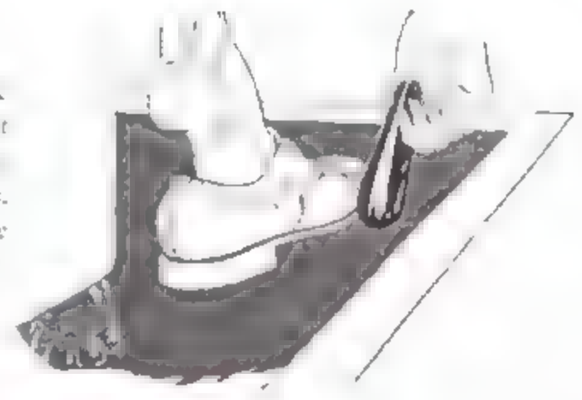
Mayne stood there with his arms folded He knew not one soul in the room, and though by a process of exclusion he could probably have picked out the American minister—and was sure the man with sandy mutton-chop whiskers was the British envoy—he felt suddenly disinclined to make himself known to them. Many dreary rounds of dancing and talking with their female relations would inevitably follow.

Round-eyed, round-faced women, black as to hair and almost lilac as to powder, many of them very handsome, passed before him; but being himself of a dark saturnine type, he was not stirred.

Then, across the room from him, in a window which opened upon the patio of the palace, he saw a tall blond girl standing, with her hand not exactly on her hip but halfway to her knee, where her flounces began to flare. Her long throat was stretched and she was looking out at the room with an expression which seemed to him to indicate the utmost contempt for the whole proceeding. Her hair was sleek and a pale yellow, like good old silver gilt. Now Mayne knew that there are Spanish blondes, splendid red-gold creatures left by the Goths in the northern provinces; but this girl was different—a pale translucent white and pink. Across the room her eyes looked black, but he said to himself that that was quite impossible. As he watched her he saw a man approach her—a man he knew by sight, an American salesman of mining machinery—and ask her to dance. She did not even turn her head in his direction. Her eyebrows shot up, her lips formed the syllables "*Gracias, no.*" and she continued to stare out into the room.

(Continued on Page 184

HERE is one reason why Walk Overs are called the shoes with the personal fit. Next time you have your shoe off, look at your foot. See the broad bottom and narrow top it has. Now look at the bottom of this page, and see how Walk Overs fit when ordinary shoes do not



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Choose at least two pairs of shoes when you buy. That is easier on your feet, your shoes and your pocket book. Shoes wear longer when you change them at least every day—and here is why: As you walk, sit in warmly heated winter rooms, or in sun-warmed summer outdoor air, the moisture given off by the pores of your feet escapes into the pores of the leather in your shoes.

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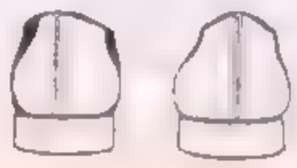

At the left is shown the ordinary shoe heel. The black space shows you where ordinary shoes gape. The diagram on the right shows how the Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits. You get this pear-shaped heel only in shoes with this trade-mark Walk-Over *on every shoe*

(Continued from Page 182)

Mayne found himself thinking, "I wonder if she would dance with me." It was a thought with a strong motor impulse behind it. But he did not at once act on it. He saw two more unfortunate aspirants repulsed in exactly the same manner. She never moved more than her eyebrows and her lips.

He had every intention of asking her to dance, but he was in no hurry, for he found intense amusement in watching her; but as he waited fate forced his hand. He saw, as clearly as if he had heard her speak, that she had enough of the whole thing. She was going away. She turned on her heel, so that her bluish-green skirts flirted out about her feet, and with a quick shake of her head would have disappeared into the darkness of the garden if Mayne had not plunged across the room, threading a ruthless path among the dancers. He reached her just as an old Indian woman had wrapped a shawl about her.

The Chinese shawls which have lately become the fashion in the north have always been the fashion in Spanish America. They are passed down from mother to daughter, sometimes for generations. They are worn alike by great ladies and their maidservants; both can clip them to their sides with their elbows, showing the same fine line of shoulders and back; both raise them to cover their heads on entering a church. All the shops in Coronada kept them in shelves running to the ceiling—the best ones in black-and-gold lacquered boxes smelling of the East; the less expensive in flat cardboard boxes with bright flowers on the rice-paper covers.

The one being wrapped about this girl was of a deep maroon color, heavy with the weight of its embroidered pink roses.

"I beg of you," said Mayne in his excellent Spanish—"I beg of you not to go. Permit me to ask you to dance. I know no one here, and you are the only lady in the room with whom I wish to dance."

Not a muscle of her face moved, but she looked him over, from head to foot and up again. Her eyes, he saw with a shock, were actually black—black with a dark-blue line round the iris where it melted into the bluish white. As she looked him over he felt a sensation which he recognized, though he was a brave man, as fear. If she treated him as she had treated the others ——

"Do you dance well?" she asked.

"There is nothing in the world," answered Mayne, "so insolent as an English gentleman—except a Spanish lady."

His instinct had not misled him. She swung the shawl off her shoulders and moved toward him.

"*Bueno,*" she said gravely. "I am the combination of the two."

With a gesture as sudden and simple as that of a child who wants to be lifted up by its nurse, she put up her arms, and the next instant they were dancing together.

Modern dancing is a continual question: Shall we try this? Can we do that? If a friend is someone who can finish our sentences for us, a dancing partner is one who always answers in the affirmative. Mayne, as he danced with this girl, found himself thinking of an absurd anecdote of his childhood. He had heard his mother tell it and he remembered her telling it, but not the incident itself. She told it as an example of the perfect understanding that had always existed between them.

She had once said to him, "Oh, Lewis, I just saw ——" And he had interrupted: "Yes, I know, a white kitten, with ——" There she had come in: "with one eye blue ——" And he had triumphantly finished: "and the other one brown." Their conversations had always been a good deal like that.

And now this dance seemed somehow much the same. She knew almost before he did what he meant to do. There was no step, no swooning hesitation or irrational syncopation into double time that did not appear to have been the settled plan of both of them from the beginning of the ages.

Dance followed dance. He lost all sense of time. In countries of Latin culture a man does not with impunity make a young lady conspicuous by his attentions. Duels have by no means gone out of fashion; and more alarming perhaps to Anglo-Saxon nerves, the direct paternal question as to intentions is still customary. Mayne knew this well, but it made no difference to him. If he had actually seen an irate brother in the bright-blue uniform of the San Sabadian army, twisting a long black mustache in the doorway; or a square-bearded father with a red ribbon in his buttonhole —— No, not if a husband's hand had fallen upon his shoulder would he—could he have interrupted the dance, which seemed to him the most completely satisfying sensuous experience of his life.

But no one scowled, no hand fell. Nothing occurred to interrupt their dancing—not even their own speech—until the inevitable moment came when she disengaged herself from his arms and moved without any explanation toward the door. He followed, protesting, but she did not stop or turn or speak. In the hall the old Indian woman was waiting for her, and at once approached and wrapped her in the dark embroidered shawl. Instantly it clung to her, molding the tips of her shoulders.

She turned and would have walked away without even bidding him good night if he would have allowed it. But he stopped her.

"And when may I see you again, señorita?" he said, with a firmness that approached a command.

She laid a long beautiful hand on her breast. "*Yo?*" she asked, as if he could not possibly be speaking of her. Then, seeing that he really meant it, she replied succinctly, "*Nunca.*"

"If you have English blood," said Mayne, "you will probably understand an English word—'nonsense.'"

"Do you imagine," she answered in English, "that I would have danced with you like that if I ever intended to see you again?" Her English was excellent; taught to her, a discriminating ear might have guessed, by a graduate of Oxford—only it was not often used; her *r*'s rolled a trifle, her *d*'s and *t*'s were exhaled and her *l*'s softened and prolonged.

"You must know," he said, "that I am not going to be content with any such reply as that."

For the first time she smiled. "I did not say you were to be content. I am leaving town in a little more than twenty-four hours."

"Give me some hope that before you go ——" Mayne began, but she cut him short.

"Shall we say a year from tonight, at the next ball of the Señor Presidente?"

She turned away and he saw her get into one of the ramshackle high-hung coaches which may be hired in Coronada. The driver stood up and shouted, the horse's hoofs clattered on the cobbles, the carriage swung to and fro, but the pace at which it progressed was not rapid. Mayne could have followed it if he had wanted, but something kept him from doing so—perhaps an impression that there would be no great difficulty in finding her the next day within the limits of the small city.

He walked home amusing himself with theories as to who she might be—a stranger evidently, for she knew no one—the only men who approached her had been foreigners like himself. None of the smart young officers, neither of the president's aides nor the young general in command of the police had taken the least notice of her existence. She might have drifted in on a tourists' steamer or on a yacht if it had not been for the old Indian woman; one did not pick up that kind on a day's stay.

The streets of Coronada were deserted as Mayne walked home, except for the short, solidly built policeman, leaning on his rifle, who stood at the corner. On a hook of a neighboring building his caped overcoat hung, for the winter nights were getting cold.

"*Buenas noches, señor.*"

"*Buenas noches, amigo.*"

No bandits in Coronada with those little figures on guard.

"What a piece of work is a man," thought Mayne, annoyed at the emotional turmoil in which he found himself. He had never done this before—not, at least, with a serious piece of work on his hands. He knew he wasn't in love with the girl, yet how troublesomely the thought of her obsessed him.

The night air of the tropics carries odors as it carries sounds. Mayne was passing the park, and the sweet heavy smell of flowers and of damp fertile earth came to him, and the steady rustling in the night wind of the palms. What an infernal climate! A man was at its mercy. The idea occurred to him that in civilized conditions primitive emotions bring with them their own antidotes; physical passion brings with it caution and loyalty to other relations, and the threat of disgust. He deduced the comforting theory therefore that this girl roused not so much a tremendous emotion as that her remoteness and coolness and delicacy failed to stimulate the antidotes, and therefore it appeared as if the emotion she roused was overwhelming. The idea comforted him immensely. He promised himself to wake up the next morning indifferent to her and her dancing and that smooth little blond head not two inches from his shoulder.

He was waked the next morning by the cathedral bells. They rang first very slow, like a knell, and then faster and faster and faster, until they were just a wild jingle; and then they grew slower and slower until they stopped, only to begin again. Mayne sprang out of bed. His passion of the night before seemed to him as incredible as the terrors of a nightmare. It was gone—gone except for that general stimulation and sense of freedom and power that it left behind it. This would have been a fine time for an infatuation, he said to himself—the most important work of his life ahead of him. He was not of a susceptible temperament, but he had had some experience of what a sudden love affair can do to a lonely man.

He would make no effort whatsoever to find the girl. "*Nunca*" was right.

It was a magnificent cool clear morning. Altitude in the tropics, he thought—there's nothing to compare with it. The band burst out, playing as it did every morning at eight o'clock in the neighboring Parque de la Republica. Everyone would be there, walking in the bright yellow sunlight—officers and ladies; and their cooks, going to market with their baskets on their arms and their bright shawls over their shoulders; and barefooted peons, with their machetes, and their wide and gay sashes wound tightly about their slim waists.

Mayne bathed to the time of The Beautiful Blue Danube—one-two-three—popping out from the deep mouth of the tub. He shaved to the Quartet from Rigoletto, with a cornet solo; and when he came down to have his coffee in the patio the band was marching home to its armory to the tune of the quickstep from La Fille de Madame Angot.

He had a busy day ahead of him. Offices and even shops close during the sacred period of the second breakfast—from eleven to one. Government offices there as elsewhere close a little earlier and open a little later than other offices. Mayne went to the Department of the Interior. He wished to study their maps and determine the position of a rocky range running across the back of the Mannering property. Also he must obtain a permit to dig.

The office was on the second floor of the Palace of Congress. As he crossed the main hall on his way upstairs he caught sight of the ballroom, its scarlet curtains looped up so that barefooted men in white trousers could scrub the floor. What a fool he had been not to ask her her name or where she was living!

In the State Department, he ran across a pretty boy with a neat black mustache, who turned out to be a son of Don Mario's, and knew all about him.

"A permit? Yes, you can get a permit; but you are on what you call a goose chase. There are no temples in this country—no architecture. They were always wild, our Indians, and they are wild today. Ask the bishop, poor chap. They tear to pieces one of his priests once in a while."

Mayne, who had heard that the bishop was a cultivated Italian, expressed a polite wish to meet him. The boy shook his finger at him.

"*Hein, hein!*" he said. "Then you must behave wiser than you did at the ball last night. Very pretty thing, I know, but *défense de toucher.*" He smiled up into Mayne's set face. Seeing that he had not pleased along these lines, he tried another: "If you want to meet some smart gals ——"

He must have learned his English from a cockney. It was very different from his father's educated tones.

"Thank you," said Mayne in a tone of ice. "But I shall be going out of town before long."

"Of course you're going to the opera tonight. Aida—and the contralto ——"

Young Milano launched into a technical description of her voice. He was a trained musician.

They made an appointment to go to the bishop's that afternoon at five.

Early in the afternoon Mayne paid his official visit to the legation. He found the American minister—an enormously fat man living as remotely from the country of San Sabado as if he had never left his native town in Iowa. He had been at his post five years and did not speak one word of Spanish. The climate was killing him and he knew it, but his vanity made him prefer to die a diplomat rather than return to his Iowa newspaper. Yet he was not very diplomatic, for he made it clear to Mayne that he had never heard his name until the State Department wrote about him.

He apologized for offering Mayne no set entertainment. The little woman, he said, preferred the old home town, and in her absence he had no facilities. He hoped Mayne would use the legation box at the opera, if he liked opera. The minister himself got more interest out of a good picture, though subtitles in Spanish —— He shook his head.

Mayne was more fortunate in his reception by the bishop. He and young Milano presented themselves at the palace behind the cathedral at five o'clock. They rang, although the door, according to the trusting custom of Coronada, was wide open, showing a red-tiled corridor and a particularly crowded and flowery patio with a fountain in the center. A voice called "*Entre,*" and they went in, to find the bishop himself, in a purple gown, engaged in feeding his birds. He was a bird fancier. The patio was full of them—canaries in cages, gaudy macaws on perches and parrots on the branches of the tall pink camellia trees which grew in the four corners. The canaries, as the sun sank and the yellow tropical light grew yellower, were singing continuously, wildly.

The bishop received them courteously—a heavy dark man, with grizzled crisp hair and a charming smile. Mayne spent a stimulating hour with him. He did not say that no architectural remains could be found in the country. Like most imaginative people, the range of possibilities seemed to him enormous.

"In the years I have been in this country," he said, waving his fat handsome hand with the episcopal ring on it, "I have seen men come here looking for everything imaginable; and they usually find it—gold and silver and love, and poisonous snakes and orchids and oil—oil they did not find. And now you, Mr. Mayne, I think you will find your temples. A people that had developed their art as highly as these have their gold ornaments, their pottery, their statues, they must have built ——"

He talked enthrallingly. Unlike the American minister, he knew all about

(Continued on Page 189)

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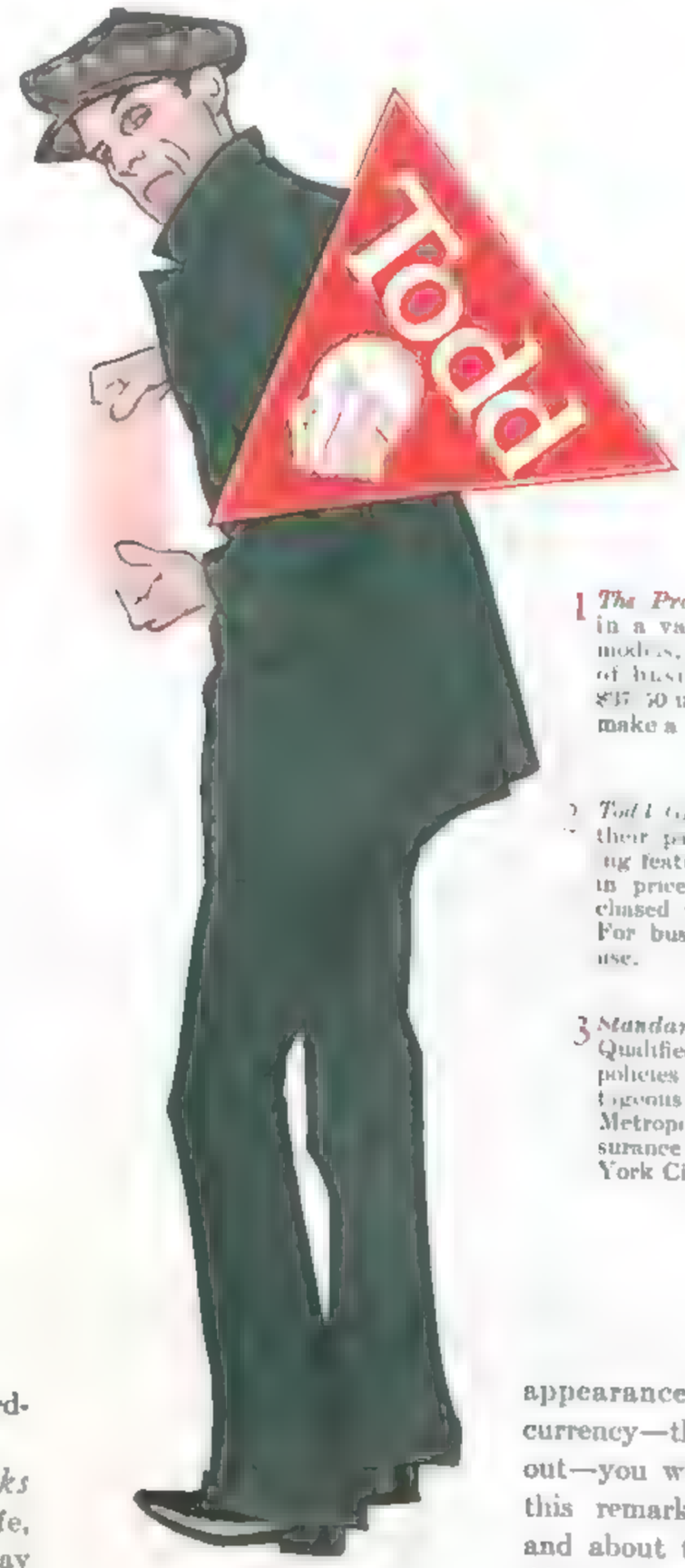

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Mayne—had even read some of his books. Young Milano became impatient, and inventing an engagement, left them. They talked on and on.

As he rose to go Mayne summoned courage to inquire whether the bishop had had any reason to distrust the faith of his Indian flocks. The bishop had much to say on this subject. They stood long as they talked of the heroic life of Jesuit priests in North America, among these Indians; of the church's relation to paganism. Yes, it was true that in 1857 Father Pablo, a Jesuit, had been murdered by a wild tribe of Indians living along the Rio Azul.

"What has become of them?" asked Mayne.

"Oh, they have long ago lost their tribal organization and have become good San Sabadians—and even better Catholics," said the bishop.

Mayne noted the name of the river. He had seen it on a map that morning, bounding the southern side of the Mannering land.

"And you send your priests out among them without fear nowadays?" Mayne inquired.

"We have always gone without fear," said the bishop proudly; and added more humanly, "but I may tell you, Don Luis, that we have always had more trouble with one of you heretics than with the whole pagan world."

They smiled at each other, and the heretic accepted an episcopal blessing with excellent grace.

Mayne arrived a little late before the pale-yellow opera house with its clustered rows of statues as white as the icing on a birthday cake. It was his idea to stay only a short time, unless —— His mind fell back from the supposition, leaving it vague.

He made his way up the red carpet of the great stairway, to the box of the American minister. He found it occupied by no one but the secretary of legation—the first, indeed, the only secretary of legation—a smooth-faced New England boy named Woodfield. He was sitting there with his knees crossed, leaning his elbow on his crush hat, a gardenia in his buttonhole and his opera glasses dangling from his hand. The Paris Opéra, the Metropolitan, Covent Garden could not have produced anything more finished.

This was his first post and he was immensely happy in his work. The diplomatic career, which seems to many people so hampering and conventional, was to him a widening of point of view—a release. There was nothing he enjoyed more than the experience of being suave and untruthful, of being obliged to be well versed in old liaisons and modern love affairs, of discriminating between shades of social importance and nice questions of etiquette. He took it all as seriously as in old times he had taken the moral code of his native New England.

Mayne found that he was instantly taken care of from the point of view of the social life of Coronada. First he was escorted to the great central box and introduced to the president in Woodfield's careful Spanish, every word of which you felt was attained by a conscious mental process:

"*Permitaseme de tener el honor de presentar a usted un caballero muy distinguido* ——" On and on he went, slowly and surely. Mayne bowed. The president expressed a hope—wholly fallacious—that Don Luis would do him the honor of making him a prolonged visit at his country place. The three little daughters of the chief executive stared in silence at this tall stranger—stared as if they were sucking him in through those huge apertures, their eyes. They had long shiny black ringlets, white dresses; their thin little legs were clad in white cotton stockings and white kid boots with gold buttons.

As the two Americans walked back to their own box Mayne observed, in an idle and somewhat insincere spirit, that the only person in the house he really wanted to meet was the old lady with the white hair slicked back from her face who was in the box next to the president. It was true that he had noticed her. She was like a breath from home. Woodfield gave a slight cough and slipped his arm through Mayne's.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you put me in a very awkward position. I cannot do what you ask me. That lady is the mother of the English clergyman, Dr. Sefton Briggs. A splendid fellow, but—but ——"

"Come, Woodfield," said Mayne, "don't tell me you don't think me fit to meet the mother of a clergyman." He imagined that he was making a mild sort of joke, but he soon found his mistake.

"Oh, my dear fellow, I know what you did was in complete ignorance. I know you meant no harm," returned Woodfield, "but I must say you have made it a little difficult for the legation—for me, since the minister does not concern himself about such points."

"What in thunder are you talking about?" asked Mayne.

They had reached the box and Woodfield opened the door, drawing back with a slight click of his heels to allow the older man to enter first. When they were seated once more he explained:

"You were rather conspicuous at the ball last night, Mayne. And the lady—Miss Antonia Mannering—is not received here."

Mayne felt the surprise and shock of that name run through his whole body. Mannering—fate—to have come so far—— He was silent a moment.

"Oh, I meant to ask you," he said casually, "is she the daughter of an Englishman who died five or six years ago and had a farm down on the Rio Azul?"

The lights were going down now, but Mayne caught a glimpse of Woodfield rolling his eyes, raising his shoulders and making himself look like a white owl.

"Yes, I see you've heard. She stays down on the banana farm all the time. She seldom ventures up to the capital. I've heard about her, of course, but I'd never seen her before. It makes an awkward situation for my colleagues in the British legation. It's sad, isn't it—such beauty, such breeding; very sad, very sad."

"I wanted to ask you the truth of all that," said Mayne, ashamed that his voice took on the same solemn diplomatic tone; but he knew he was stalking shy game.

The opera was now in full swing; the princess, dressing for the great reception, was about to play that extremely malicious trick upon her unfortunate handmaiden. Someone from the orchestra hissed at the Americans for talking, for San Sabadians are intense lovers of music.

Mayne rose to his feet. "Come into the anteroom," he said, "and tell me all about this. It affects my work," he added.

Woodfield hesitated. "Is it quite courteous to the singers?" he debated. He pursed his lips in thought. "Well, perhaps, for a few minutes." He followed the impatient Mayne into the anteroom and they sat down.

"I would not repeat this sort of story to everyone," said Woodfield. "It is our duty—we diplomats—to know everything, but not to tell everything. A terrible story like this about a girl of good birth—her father was a connection, you know, of Lord Mannering of Tennyloo."

"Indeed!" said Mayne. He had never even heard of Lord Mannering or of Tennyloo. He folded his arms to control a desire to take Woodfield by the throat and shake the story out of him.

"Well, in the first place," Woodfield went on, "little as you would suspect it from her appearance, she has Indian blood in her veins."

"At home," replied Mayne, "the people who claim descent from Pocahontas are extremely proud of the fact."

Woodfield frowned. "At home it's very different. There is no menace of a complete Indian influx. But here the whole west coast is halfbreed. The pure-blooded Spanish descendants are strict—very strict—on the subject. But as I see the situation, Mayne and a man in my position is really obliged to think such matters out—as I see it, these strains, these taints, are forgivable only if the blood is royal blood."

"Liberality could go no further," answered Mayne. An extreme distaste for his compatriot was coming over him.

"Well, this is royal," Woodfield went on; "a direct descent from a reigning princess of the time of the Conquest, through the mother—a Spaniard."

"Then that isn't the reason for the prejudice against the girl?"

Woodfield shook his head sadly. "Ah, no," he said. "Unfortunately there's more. The story is that since her father's death six or seven years ago, the girl, surrounded as she is by Indians, has reverted to Indian worship—the ancestral religion."

Mayne found himself breathing too fast. His emotions were both intense and confused—joy that his prize seemed nearer, horror for the idea of Nature worship in connection with the lovely young creature who had stirred him so much, desire to believe—to disbelieve it.

"I suppose," he said aloud, "that the idea of a primitive religion is shocking to a good Puritan like yourself, Woodfield."

Woodfield stiffened. "I," he said, "am a complete agnostic. But really, Mayne, paganism—orgies and human sacrifices—that is going rather far, I think, especially for a young girl who comes of nice people. You don't know the stories of what goes on down on that farm—at festivals only. Not all the time. I've known people who put up there for a week at a time without seeing anything but a very well-run farm. There are certain dates, it seems, when their ritual calls for it; sometime in the spring, I believe, and early in the wet season."

"The summer solstice," said Mayne.

"Exactly," replied Woodfield, who had forgotten all he had ever known of astronomical seasons. "Well, at those times no outsider is ever permitted on the property. . . . Human sacrifice—imagine it, Mayne! And that girl sits across the house as calm and elegant ——"

"Where?" said Mayne, and this time his voice was not perfectly under his control.

"Oh, she has a box over there—all alone, of course. No one of any social importance goes near her, for it means social ostracism. And she won't speak to any of the riffraff. She's insolent, Mayne. If she were humbler people might have been less disposed to believe the worst—might even have forgiven her."

"But I shouldn't," said Mayne.

The whole long act was over. Rhadames had been received as a conqueror should be received and had been led away by the king and the princess, with many a longing backward look toward Aïda. The lights had gone up again; and Mayne, stepping into the front of the box, looked about the semicircle of boxes. There she was, straight and blond and utterly alone. At his elbow Woodfield was sweeping the house for the people of the next grade of social importance.

"I think," he was saying, "that we should visit Don Mario and his daughters."

"I'm going to speak to Miss Mannering first," Mayne replied quietly.

"I wouldn't do that, Mayne—really, I wouldn't."

Mayne did not answer; he could not think of anything to say. He left the box and followed the curving corridor to the door of Miss Mannering's box. He noticed his hand was not perfectly steady. Princess—pariah—priestess—and above everything else a pretty woman.

He opened the door, and as he did so the bulky form of the Indian woman blocked his entrance. She said in Spanish that he was in the wrong box. Over her shoulder he could see the girl leaning in the opening beyond. She was standing with her hand low down on her hip, wearing the same icy blue-green dress. She watched him and her servant in silence, though a word to either would have cut the situation short.

Mayne was in no humor to stand any nonsense. He argued a second or two with the old woman, and then taking her by the shoulders moved her out of his way and entered. Even this action did not destroy the calm of Miss Mannering's pose.

"*Buenas noches, señor.*" she said, quite as if his entrance had been uneventful.

"You did not tell me you would be here tonight," he answered in English.

"I did not tell you anything, as I recollect," she returned.

"Did you really want your servant to prevent my coming?"

Her shoulders moved ever so little upward. "I wanted to see what you would do."

"You will find people nearly always do what they want to do, and I want most earnestly to see you again."

She looked at him with those blue-fringed black eyes of hers.

"Not cowards," she said. "Cowards do not do what they want."

The observation impressed him. "No," he answered, "that is quite true. But I do not think that I am a coward."

"I do not think so either," she answered. "Let us sit down. It is not often I have an opportunity to speak English."

"From now on you will have a great many. I only hope you will take advantage of them all."

She looked at him and smiled very slowly. First her lips parted a trifle in the center, and then her mouth curved in a generous bow, and then her little regular teeth appeared, beautifully even and white, and then something for which he could not find any words happened to the corners of her mouth—not dimples, but something sweet and trembling.

"But," she said, "I am going home tomorrow. We start early. It's a long journey to the hacienda."

"Don't go tomorrow." He had learned the recklessness that comes to intelligent people, not in youth, but in maturity; the courage to look at facts exactly as they are and then to speak of them. "Don't run away from this thing because it is rather large and alarming."

"This thing?" she inquired.

"This emotion we arouse in each other."

Her eyebrows went up. "I seem to you emotional?"

"Yes," he replied reflectively; "yes, you do. Even when you sit there looking like a beautiful blue icicle, I see that that small blue flower on your shoulder trembles a little—it has good reason to tremble. Something took possession of us last night when we danced together, for good or evil; something for which there is a word, but it is a word which has become as meaningless as a blank check. It may mean everything or nothing—something like that fabled keynote, which, persistently played, can make buildings fall down. I've always thought that if it did not make the building fall it must have sounded like a mere noise."

"The word you mean is 'love'?"

"It is."

She looked round the house, turning her head from one side to the other.

"The house is still standing," she observed.

The *entr'acte* was over. The lights went down and the curtain rose upon the banks of the Nile, the moon shimmering on the green water. He moved and sat down behind her. The strictness of Coronada's love of music necessitated his whispering close to her ear.

He had never known a woman to receive a declaration quite in this spirit. She did not express surprise or alarm; she did not stop him or encourage him; she merely bent her head and listened, and once she murmured in Spanish, "*Es muy interesante.*"

"You bet your life it's interesting," said Mayne. "It's the most interesting thing in the world—worse luck."

She shook her head. "No, there is one thing more interesting still."

"What?"

"Death," she whispered gently.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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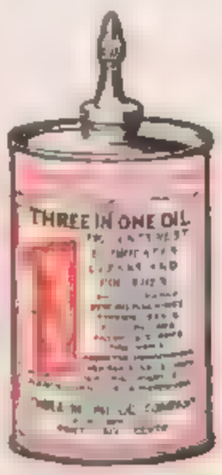
3-in-One prevents rust and tarnish on all metal parts of machine, cleans and polishes the wooden case.

More than 79 uses for 3-in-One in the home, alone, are explained in the Dictionary of Uses wrapped around every bottle. Use coupon at right to get free sample, Dictionary, Oil Up Chart, and Furniture Polish Circular.



3-in-One is sold in good stores everywhere in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The half-pint bottle is most economical. Contains most for the money. Ask for 3-in-One by name. Look for the Big Red "One" on the label. Good dealers will always give you exactly what you ask for.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130-OB William St. New York, N. Y.
Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal

3-in-One

The High Quality Sewing Machine Oil

Oilsense and Nonsense

Who Else Wants $5.00

The response to our offer to pay $5.00 cash for original 3-in-One jokes, epigrams and 6-line-or-less verses published in this column, has been almost overwhelming. The offer is still open Oil up your thinking machine with 3-in-One and see if you can beat the signed contributions below:

A Conspiracy of Silence

The flapper discovered her father sneaking up the stairs with the can of 3-in-One one afternoon.

"What are you doing, dad?" she asked

"Looking for that creaking step," he answered

"I'll help you," she said fervently

FLORENCE KINGSLEY,
Heading Ave., R. R. 8, Peoria, Ill.

Dad's car groaned for it,
Mother's "vac" moaned for it,
Sister, she phoned for it,
3-in-One Oil

SARA M. YAGER,
329 Elmhurst Ave., Detroit, Mich

Up To Time

According to *Life*, a teacher in one of our High Schools saved himself from being driven crazy with questions by placing on the class-room clock, which had stopped, the following notice:

I know the clock has stopped
The clock needs oil
It will be oiled Saturday
I use a regular oil for clocks
Yes, 3-in-One oil would do
The clock was bought in March, 1921
The clock has been running ever since
The clock cost $17.50.

PROF. SMITH

In the average household, the item of oil is only a drop in the budget. Use the best—3-in-One Avoid substitutes

A "hole-in-one" is often due to a golf ball treated with 3-in-One

J. SUTTON STEFFAN,
530 So. Whiteworth Ave
Brookhaven, Miss

"Spring" tonic! Squirt 3-in-One along the leaves and ends of your auto springs once a week Still the squeaks and avoid a breakdown.

Shoot!

I wasn't fit to shoot," mourned the gun
My joints were stiff as could be
Then the boss came along with his 3-in-One
And he got the drop on me.

Try 3-in-One on corks and stoppers which are inclined to "stick."

A little saving is a dangerous thing if it leads you to buy inferior oil.

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Co., 130-OB William St., N. Y.

Please send sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses.

Name_____

Street Address or R. R. _____

City _____ State _____

THE JUSTICE OF THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from Page 37

cannot buy or sell that stock himself at that price until after his customer's order is executed. This rule applies to all members and, underlying as it does the very existence of fair and equitable dealing in any free and open market, it is rigidly enforced. Violation means the member's expulsion, permanent disgrace—the abrupt termination of his financial career. A Stock Exchange trial of one of its members, a specialist, for violation of this fundamental rule will be described later on

The specialist may execute orders for other members which are above or below the market price, stop orders as they are called, and also limited orders; that is, orders to be executed at a certain designated price and good for a certain limited time. Sometimes these orders may be twenty points away from the current market price, and it is evident that the regular commission broker, with dozens of orders at the market, cannot stick around a certain trading post waiting to execute these orders; to do so would not be dealing fairly or equitably with his other customers for whom also he is bound to get the best possible prices; so he turns over these orders to the specialist, sharing the commission with the latter, who holds them in his book until the market coincides, when he leaps yelling into the crowd.

The New New York Stock Exchange Building, the Financial Heart of the United States, on Broad Street, at the Corner of Wall

Two-Dollar Men

The commission broker may also hand over to the specialist orders which are at the market price; and this he does because, with the numerous orders already on hand and scores of others constantly flowing in, he cannot be in a half dozen different spots on the floor at once, and yet he cannot afford to miss the market for his customer, which might justly cause the latter to complain. So the specialist handles these various orders above, below and at the market, and is also in trade for himself. But he must not favor buyers or sellers; his customers' orders at the market price always take precedence over his own private trades in those stocks; and he is bound to deal fairly, equitably and publicly in all his transactions. The specialist, therefore, is an important pawn on the chessboard, often at the core of a yelling, struggling, gesticulating mass at an active trading post. He cannot welsh or renege on a contract or alibi out of a trade by saying, "I wasn't nodding at you; I was nodding at Smith over your head." For him, as for all the rest, a word, a nod, upraised fingers or a tap on the arm is an inviolable contract which he must stand by, even if it wipes him out.

Another type is the commission broker, partner of a brokerage house, who executes orders for the customers of his firm. Still another is what is called the two-dollar broker, so called because that sum used to be his commission on buying or selling 100 shares of stock, though now the commission is $2.50—and he earns it too. The two-dollar man is not connected with any firm; his customers are the other brokers, whose orders he helps to execute in heavy markets. He is thus a free lance, particularly active on big days when commission brokers are rushed off their feet. Like all free lances, he is a highly mobile unit, on the jump every second of the day, full of drive, swift in judgment, nimble of wit, supposed to be a mine of information, a little tin god who knows everything that is happening every second of the time on every inch of the floor—and the successful ones do. One of these two-dollar brokers, a governor of the exchange, a man of cool judgment, experience and ripe wit, related to the writer the tale of his activities—no lunch—for a day from ten to three. It is a job which requires a good heart, good lungs, good legs, good voice and a supergood headpiece. He declared it was more like poker, deuces wild, than anything else he knew.

A still different type of broker is the odd-lot dealer, who handles orders of less than 100 shares. The New York Stock Exchange, the principal security market of the world, in order to handle its vast transactions swiftly and efficiently, uses 100 shares of stock as its unit for ordinary trading on the floor; but as this would practically eliminate the small investor, the odd-lot machinery has gradually evolved to serve his needs. In the old days, when America was young, dealings in odd lots of less than 100 shares were few and far between; but now the small investors have increased so mightily in numbers and prosperity, and furthermore have become so educated in the direct benefits to be derived from employing their surplus funds to buy seasoned securities, that the aggregate volume of these small transactions is astonishingly large.

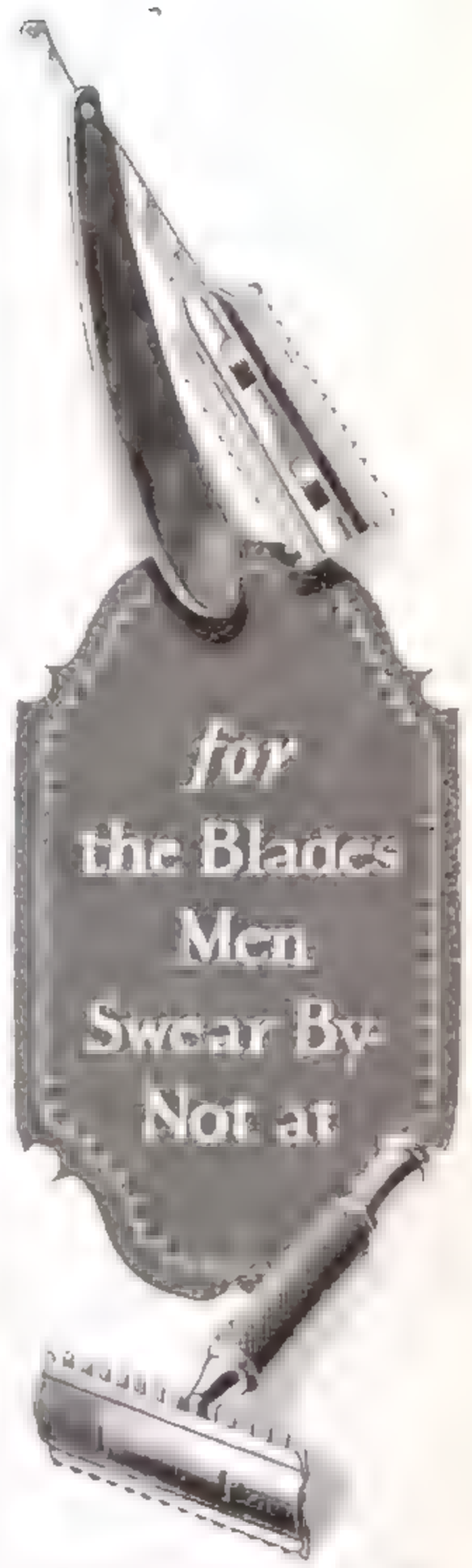
"These odd-lot dealers," said Mr. J. E. Meeker, economist of the New York Stock Exchange, "today stand always ready to deal in any number of shares from one to ninety-nine, and thus make it possible for the small investor to purchase or sell odd lots of listed stocks at all times. Their only customers are the commission brokers, who, as middlemen, bring to them the orders for small lots which originate from small investors and traders all over the country.

"The odd-lot dealer is able to perform his useful function by purchasing shares wholesale in 100-share lots from commission brokers and traders, and then splitting up the 100-share certificates into certificates of lesser denomination and selling them to commission brokers to fill such odd-lot buying orders as may have come into the market from the general public."

Odd Lots

"On the other hand, the odd-lot dealer stands equally ready to purchase at any time such odd lots of stock as may be offered by customers through their brokers. When his odd-lot purchases have aggregated 100 shares he can readily sell them out as a round lot to some broker or floor trader. Thus the odd-lot dealers act as jobbers for the execution of buying and selling orders involving less than 100 shares which commission brokers receive from the public. Owing to the extensive equipment and efficient operation of the odd-lot houses, these small orders, whether for a purchase or a sale, can be placed by a customer in a commission broker's office and then be executed almost instantly on the floor."

In short the odd-lot process is the retail business and the round or 100-share lot is the wholesale business; and both processes for little and big investors are handled on the floor with the same efficiency and marvelous speed. The great increase in prosperity of the odd-lot brokerage firms and the vast volume of their business, demanding in some cases the services of twenty exchange members on the floor—which, since a seat on the exchange costs more than $100,000, means the investment of more than $2,000,000 in this department alone—reveal clearly how fully all classes in America are participating as security buyers in the industrial development of this country. And as the overwhelming majority of these small investors are not buying for speculation but rather to salt down something in their strong boxes for a rainy day, the great and steadily increasing volume of this retail business on the floor of the exchange is one of the healthiest signs of the widespread and solid prosperity of Uncle Sam's citizens.



ONLY razors built like these are worthy of the famous long Durham-Duplex Blades. Hair-trigger balance and a finish that laughs at rust. Choose whichever type you prefer; both offer a shave that you'll swear by forever.

NEW DURHAM-DUPLEX SETS
Including two 50¢ packages of 5 Durham-Duplex Blades—$1.50
Interchangeable Blades—50¢ for package of 5

JOIN THE DIOGENES CLUB

Formed by Diogenes for men who want Honest Shaves. At your dealer's or send a quarter and get your credentials—a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor and one blade.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
I enclose 25¢ for razor and blade (S.E.P.)
Signed .....
Address .....
1 prefer Long Handled type "Safety" type

DURHAM-DUPLEX
The Blades Men Swear By-not At

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France; Toronto, Can. Sales Representatives in All Countries.

We come now to another type of broker, the floor trader, a small group comprising about fifty men. These are interesting and picturesque gentlemen, direct descendants in point of time from the traders of ancient Babylon, Nineveh and Tyre. They are accounted a hard-boiled lot—thirty-minute eggs at the least. Sometimes they have been pages or floor employes who have come straight up from the bottom, without social or cultural backgrounds, and by sheer brains and financial genius have achieved their seats on the exchange. The floor trader has no outside customers; he is a Simon-pure speculator, in business strictly for his own profit; he has no firm connections, reports to no chief; he jumps in and out of the market, grabbing a small profit where he can, a bull one minute, a bear the next; he rides the market up and he rides it down, loses his shirt one day and wins it back the next. No man knows better the true values of stocks. Of his activities, Mr. Meeker, the Stock Exchange economist, says:

"It must be remembered that the floor trader's calling involves large risks and necessitates the constant taking of losses. There is no magic and infallible formula available to the floor trader as he stands about the posts on the exchange floor and makes his trades. Years of experience and the highest degree of natural aptitude and ability in the business do not prevent him from incurring heavy losses. His aim must be, therefore, not so much to avoid losses absolutely—for this would be utterly impossible—as to overbalance his losses with his profits."

Bulls and Bears and Sheep

It is said that during the recent strong bull movement many bear hides were nailed to the barn door when these gentlemen, bad guessers, were caught on the wrong side of the market with hell to pay and nothing to pay with. But, as a rule, the floor trader is an excellent guesser; he has to be in order to survive. For what with the present stringent rules of trading on the floor, and the state and Federal tax stamps amounting to four dollars on every sale of 100 shares of stock of $100 par value, he has to guess right three out of four times in order to make an even break, with the result that those who have not been exterminated by the grim conditions are extremely skillful performers, efficient and swift; geniuses, in fact, with a kind of sixth sense which warns them when a big block of stock is overhanging the market and prices will decline.

A few of these hardy adventurers in risk are what might be termed cultural illiterates. At a large and formal dinner one night, a lady turned to her neighbor, a floor trader, and asked:

"What do you think of Balzac?"

"I don't know," said the floor trader. "I don't deal in curb securities."

It was not such a bad shot, at that; for in his salad days Balzac was regarded by his confreres as decidedly a curb security; it is mellowing time which has placed him among the gilt-edge securities at the cultural trading post. And such cultural illiteracy is not more appalling than the economic illiteracy displayed by another lady at a dinner who exclaimed, "Why not abolish the Stock Exchange?" or by the school-teacher who, viewing the floor of the exchange from the visitors' gallery while the guide explained, suddenly cried out, "Why, I thought this was the Aquarium!" Illiteracy is a relative term.

The fact is, the floor traders, a few of whom, it is true, cannot parley-voo in the higher branches of art or name their ancestors back to the anthropoid stage, nevertheless have a right to trade for themselves in a free and open market as long as they deal fairly and equitably and observe the rigorous rules of conduct binding upon all. Moreover, they perform a valuable economic service by keeping the market stable, liquid and close, for, knowing true values, they are the big buyers of inactive stocks for which the owner could not otherwise readily find a market. By buying heavily when for some reason the true values of stocks are depressed, they create a stronger, stabler market; and conversely, by selling heavily when securities are soaring far above their intrinsic worth, they drive the market down toward normalcy and thus act as a kind of balance wheel, preventing wide and violent fluctuations, which are dangerous alike to outside investors and to industry. For the public, say the brokers who execute their orders, are like sheep; they are dumb Doras; when one buys, all buy; when one sells, all sell; they all run speculation-mad or they all get cold feet at the same time; and wave upon wave of frenzied buying or selling drives the market up to dangerous peaks or to equally disastrous sharp drops. Thus, the floor traders may not all be personality-plus men, but they stand in the breach and take the risk, bucking the public stream, for a profit. Risk is their job.

Watching the Big Clock

These groups—the specialist, the odd-lot dealer, the two-dollar man, the regular commission broker and the floor trader—make up the 1100 members and are the pawns pushed to and fro on this mighty chessboard of trade. Are they the price makers? We shall see that later on. Among these groups doing business on the floor, brokers like the rest, are the unsalaried president; the forty governors—the elder statesmen, as they are called; and the committee on business conduct—the police committee, the brokers call it—whose functions are to guard against improper transactions or violations of the rules.

And now, with these pawns crowding about the trading posts, with hundreds of telephones ringing, pages and telegraphers scudding about and a low hum of conversation rising like the drone of bees about to swarm, an employe rises in the president's rostrum above the floor and stands looking down at his chronometer. The minute hand of the big clock on the far wall is on the numeral 12; but it is not that big clock, but the finely adjusted chronometer on the rostrum which rules. The employe touches a button. "Bang!" goes the big brazen gong behind his chair. The greatest security market on earth is open for trade.

Instantly the low hum of conversation rises to a roar. To the uninitiated visitor these roars sound all alike, whether they be bull or bear markets. But a broker assured the writer that the difference in tone between a sharp upward swing and a downward plunge is immediately sensed by a veteran on the floor. The roar which accompanies a soaring market is high, shrill, punctuated by yells and cheers, as the prices leap like electric sparks under the stupendous pressure of purchases; telephone clerks whoop as the tidal wave of buying orders rolls in; pages emit siren whistles; brokers lose their voices in the din. But when the market breaks sharply as a great selling wave sets in, the roar takes on a hoarser, deeper note broken by groans and raucous cries of "Boo! Boo! Boo-oo!"

The seething mobs around the steel crowd and the motor crowd are easily discernible, specialists at the core, the floor traders dancing like whirling dervishes on the outskirts, trying to grab off a profit of half a point. To the visitor the scene is one of indescribable chaos, but a broker standing near points out that underneath this wild mêlée a rigid organization exists comparable to the organization of veteran storm troops making an infantry charge. The rules are simple, flexible, based on common sense and easily to be understood by a boy of fourteen who plays out-of-door games, for their essential principles are those which govern sport—fair play, equitable dealings and a sense of honor.

As Told by the Ticker Tape

In the first place, the exchange is a free and open market, which means no secrecy, no coteries in corners, no whisperings of offers or bids. Offers must be called aloud in a voice which can be heard by anybody. A member must not gamble, circulate false rumors on the floor, trade on his customers' orders or deal fraudulently in any way. Above all, he must abide by his agreements on the floor; for the commercial integrity of each member is the central hub which keeps this whole great, rapidly spinning wheel from flying off into space. Consequently, violations of contract and inequitable dealings are harshly disciplined.

Nevertheless, in a body of 1100 men democratically recruited from all ranks, violations do sometimes occur. Occasionally a broker misses his step and tries to get away with murder. But his difficulty is that he cannot conceal the corpse; for he is not doing business in a private office without witnesses; he is standing down on the floor in a crowd of ten, twenty or thirty keen-eyed men; they see him get the orders and see him execute them, so that there is a constant check-up on his actions all the time; moreover, he is up against the pitiless publicity of the ticker tape, which automatically records all transactions. Thus an attempt to trade in violation of the strict rules is practically certain of detection, and when a member is caught—good night! That man is the recipient of the cold-blooded justice of the market place and is a financial washout in the Street forevermore.

An Old Photograph of the Interior of the New York Stock Exchange

Uncle Sam's High Blood Pressure

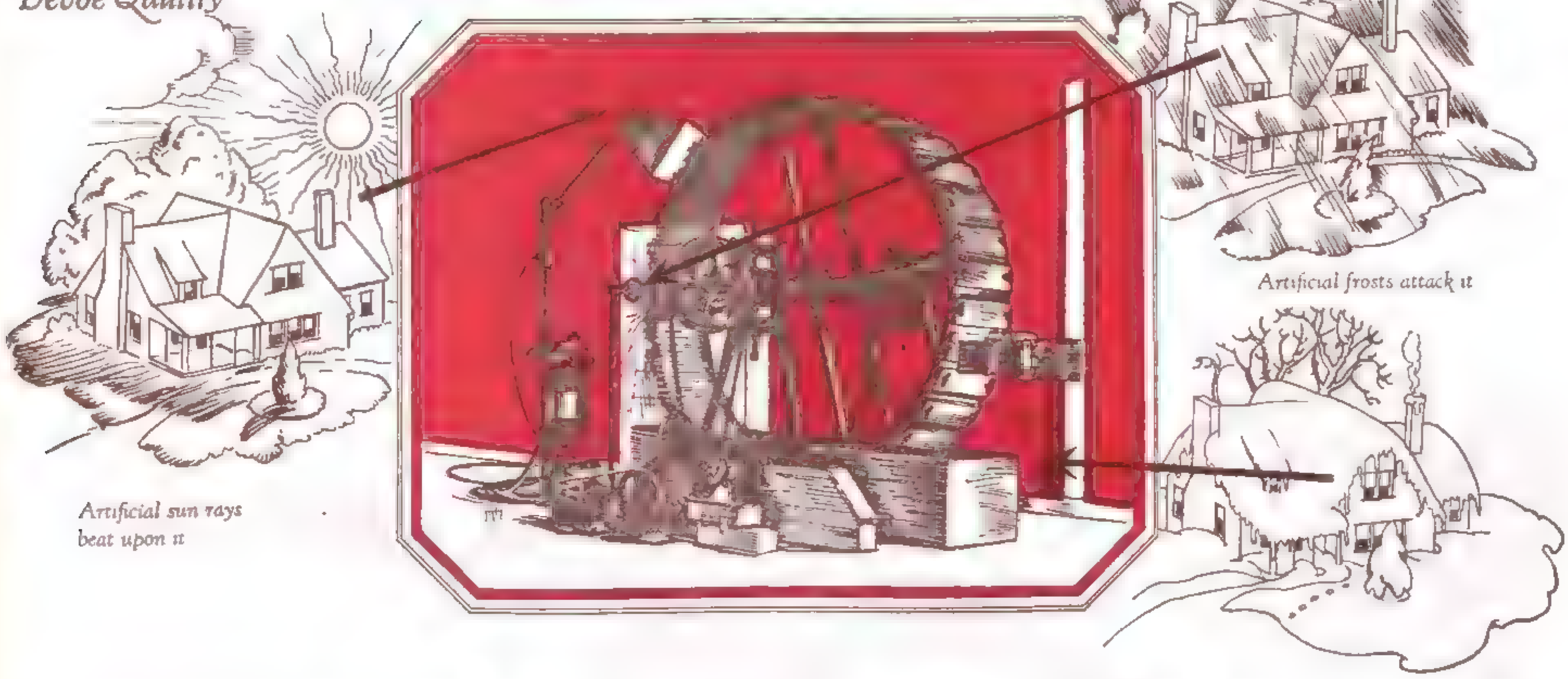
Of course mix-ups and honest misunderstandings are bound to occur; but these are usually settled simply and swiftly by the flip of a coin or by appeal to a third broker, and only in serious cases is the matter brought before the arbitration committee. For it is manifestly stupid to waste time in private disputes when the market is running away like quicksilver and to miss it may mean thousands of dollars' worth of loss.

To return again to the scene upon the floor. In the first fifteen or twenty minutes there is considerable activity as the first big rush of overnight orders is put through, after which the market quiets down to normal as a rule, unless important news is breaking outside. The crowd around one trading post melts and re-forms at another; the pattern constantly shifts, breaks, fuses and fades again as the brokers are drawn hither and thither like puppets pulled by invisible wires. And that is literally what happens. "Clack!" goes the indicator board. The white number springs up and the broker dashes to his telephone booth, drawn by the metal wires which connect him with his firm. Always a broker keeps a sharp eye on the signal board. For example, a member steps off the floor to speak to the writer. "Clack!" goes the annunciator. "Sorry," says the broker; "my number is up," and rushes away. And presently it begins to be revealed that, despite all the sound and fury, the seat of power is not on this floor; these men are not principals, but agents; the patterns of intense activity which so mysteriously form and fade are not created by their free, independent wills. They leap like puppets because somebody else pulls the wires. To find the seat of power we shall have to follow the wires, the terminals of which are in that long line of telephone booths.

The telephone wire we follow out of the Stock Exchange leads us to a great, massive, stone building near at hand, owned and occupied by one of the largest high-class brokerage firms in the country. It is also a noted wire house, leasing tens of thousands of miles of telegraph and cable connections which link it to all the principal cities in America, Cuba and the Continent. We step with one of the partners into the wire room. A large map on the wall with a network of red lines reveals the extent of the wire system; and it is pointed out that this is only one of the large wire houses; there are many others, and all together these form a fine network over the entire country. With its crisscross of crimson lines, the map looks not unlike a chart of the arterial blood-vessel system in a human body—but this body is the commercial body of Uncle Sam; and capital, which is the bright arterial life-blood of industry, comes streaming along these channels. Funds originating in Texas or Arizona pour through this office, are converted perchance into New England securities and the purchase money may be sent out again on a Florida real-estate loan; so that there is a constant shifting and interplay of capital between North and South and East and West

(Continued on Page 199)

Practical Tests Prove Devoe Quality



Storms *and* sunshine *in the* laboratory *prove the value of this paint on your house*

SUNNY days, rainy days, snowy days, days that are freezing cold—what will these extremes of weather do to the paint you put on your house?

Use Devoe Lead and Zinc House Paint—and know in advance.

Panels covered with Devoe paint are placed upon the slowly turning wheel of the "weather machine" in our factories, and subjected to the same conditions that paint must meet in actual outdoor use.

And how this machine punishes the paint! Artificial sun rays beat upon it. Artificial rain storms pour upon it. Artificial frost attacks it. In a few weeks this machine concentrates on the paint all the weather wear it would receive in years of actual service on your house.

Devoe Lead and Zinc Paint must and *does* stand up under this gruelling test before it leaves the factory. This insures—in advance—that Devoe paint will protect and beautify your home through the maximum number of years of outdoor exposure.

Because Devoe Lead and Zinc Paint covers better, spreads farther, and lasts longer, it is the most economical paint for you to use. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction when applied according to directions.

172 Years of Experience

For the outside of your home, for the walls inside, for the woodwork, the floors, the furniture, there is a particular Devoe paint, varnish or enamel, backed by 172 years of experience. Take your paint and varnish problems to a Devoe Authorized Agent, and get dependable service.

Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc.
General Offices: 1 W. 47th St., New York
Branch offices throughout the United States

Lead and Zinc Paint

Another **DEVOE**
Paint & Varnish Product

The DEVOE GUARANTEE

Use Devoe according to directions, with the understanding that if you find it faulty at the time you put it on or afterwards, we will make satisfactory restitution.

"Oh, but they're hard on shoes!"

*Boys' and girls' shoes as low as $2.50 to $3.50 (none more than $5), according to size and grade. Smaller sizes still less—$1.50 to $2. Look for the Endicott-Johnson trade-mark on the sole.

But millions of mothers of growing boys and girls are grateful in having found these "Better shoes for less money"

LIVING costs are high. Household allowances are generally limited. And dollars don't stretch.

But boys and girls go racing and tearing along just the same. It's such a wonderful world—so new to them!—they never think of easing the strain on the family purse by being careful with their shoes. The parents must do all the worrying. "How *can* the budget for children's shoes be reduced?" you ask.

We have the answer, for shoemaking is our business. We have had thirty-five years' experience. We make more than twelve million pairs of boys' and girls' shoes every year. We put into them the skill of 17,000 trained E-J Workers. Our facilities for tanning leather, making rubber soles and heels, and manufacturing shoes are among the largest in the world. All these advantages are reflected in

Endicott-Johnson shoes for boys and girls

Never before have you seen a line of shoes having so much quality for so little money.

Never have you bought shoes made under working conditions such as exist in this "Industrial Democracy"—an organization whose principles and plan of operation are unique in the shoe industry. . . . Where every worker is given special incentives for putting his best workmanship into every pair of shoes he makes.

Endicott-Johnson shoes are based on actual wearing tests. We put shoes on real, active youngsters. We try them out. Watch them wear. Check up on every detail. See that designs are right. Lasts correct. Soles, heels, toes, uppers, linings and stitching proportionately strong.

Every step in the manufacture of Endicott-Johnson shoes is considered from the viewpoint of those who buy them.

1. STERLING—*Nobby-looking Oxfords for boys. Brass eyelets. Lots of snap in the "balloon" last, lots of wear in the rich golden leather. A whale of a shoe!*
2. LANDSLIDE—*Sturdy Outing-type shoes for boys who are hard on footwear. Light in weight; strong in wearing qualities.*
3. ENDWELL—*Girls' calfskin sport Oxfords. Good-looking. Crepe soles add to the sporty effect.*
4. HI KICK—*Real shoes for real boys!—Hi-Kicks. Lace-to-toe type. Sturdily built for wear in all sports.*
5. WILDFIRE—*Charming one-strap pumps for the Little Miss. Look, feel, fit and wear splendidly. Patent or tan leather.*

Scores of other styles—for every need and occasion.

Fifty thousand stores sell Endicott-Johnson shoes

There is a store selling Endicott-Johnson shoes in most every community, and we urge every mother to step into the nearest one and examine them. Note the leather. Not the "ready-made" kind manufacturers usually buy in the open market. But leather tanned by ourselves, by special processes.

Note the sturdy construction. The solid foundations. Then see how nicely these shoes are finished. The comfortable shapes. Up-to-date patterns. Wide variety of styles—for school, dress and play.

Finally, consider the reasonable prices*—made possible by our huge production. And by the fact that we literally will not take an excessive profit for our goods.

Note the wear in these shoes

Put Endicott-Johnson shoes on each of your children and see if your quest for "Better shoes for less money" has not, at last, been rewarded. If you don't know where there's a nearby store selling Endicott-Johnson shoes, we'll tell you—gladly. Write to Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City, N. Y., or St. Louis, Mo.—Largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world.

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Better shoes for less money

Baker Fastex Velvet

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR FINE MOTOR CARS AND FINE FURNITURE

When your motor car is upholstered in Baker Fastex Velvet your benefits are manifold . . . First, beauty of texture and sheen . . . artistry of design that nothing surpasses and beauty that lasts, as this fabric is mothproof . . . it collects practically no dust and resists wear. In selecting your next car insist on Baker Fastex Velvet.

A. T. Baker & Co., Inc., 41 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Mills: Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa. Roxboro, N. C.

(Continued from Page 194)

which fuse the country into one indivisible and organic whole.

At the long table against the side wall sit expert telegraphers, taking down orders as fast as fingers can write. At the other end of these wires are Chicago, Atlanta, Birmingham, San Francisco, or, mayhap, Willow Bend, an obscure hamlet, where some big frog in a little puddle is putting through a deal with Wall Street. The order is then passed swiftly along an electrically run belt line, dropped into a basket, from which a lad retrieves it with one hand and passes it with the other to the near-by clerk, who telephones it direct to the floor of the exchange. "Clack!" goes the indicator board; the white number of the firm's exchange member springs up; that member dashes to the telephone booth, gets his order, executes it, the telephone clerk relays it back to the wire house and their telegrapher relays it back to its source. How long does it take to complete the circuit? Let's take an example: Mr. Customer, down in Birmingham, standing in his broker's office fingering the tape, decides to buy 100 Steel at the market and gives his order. In thirty-one seconds the reply is flashed back. It is as if Mr. Customer in Birmingham bent down and whispered in the ear of the broker on the floor: "Buy me 100 Steel." It is as swift as that. San Francisco fifty-six seconds. Havana one minute. London three minutes. These are records, but they happen every day. And now we are beginning to get at the price makers, the power behind the throne. For it becomes evident that prices are not one-man affairs, but the combined judgments, good and bad, of thousands of experts and bankers and brokers and big outside speculators operating behind smoke screens under different names through a half dozen brokerage firms, and small fry of speculators carrying more sail than ballast, and reckless joy riders on the market, and investors all over the world, bidding and offering against each other by cable, telephone and telegraph until the wires smoke with the orders: "Buy! Buy! Buy!" or "Sell! Sell! Sell!"—and these hundreds of thousands of buying and selling orders, rushing in, combine upon the floor to make the market price. This is the law of supply and demand.

"What proportion of the total orders of an average day's transactions originates out of town?" the writer asked Mr. J. E. Meeker, economist of the exchange.

He replied, "About 80 per cent of the total number of orders of an average day's transactions upon the floor originates from out-of-town customers, and about 20 per cent comes from Greater New York."

When Sheep are Dangerous

The mob psychology and sheep-like actions of the speculating public are interesting to those brokers who chance to be students of human nature. For example, Mr. Ordinary Man, out in Oshkosh, fingering the tape, notes that Duplex stock has dropped; he doesn't know why it has dropped, but instantly he visualizes an Ethiopian in the woodpile.

"Gosh! I'm going to pull out of this!" he exclaims, and he puts in a selling order. Another and another follow suit; a selling wave sets in; no buyers for Duplex on the floor; all the rubes are scared; of course the price sags. And Mr. Out-of-town Speculator phones excitedly to his broker, "What's the matter with Duplex? Has a pool collapsed?" The branch brokerage house doesn't know. It relays the query to the New York office, "What's the matter with Duplex?" The main office doesn't know. It relays the query to the broker on the floor, who is supposed to be a little tin god and know everything, and the broker laconically replies, "More sellers than buyers." And that is the bald-headed truth.

"If there were one-tenth as many pools as the public believes," said a two-dollar broker to the writer, "the exchange would bust up inside of a week. But the public loves its financial news dished up with tabasco sauce. Of course there are big outside speculators, and there are pools, but these do not exist to any such extent as in the old pioneer days when America was young and exploitation was rife; and of recent years the exchange has tightened up its rules all along the line. Sometimes these heavy selling orders constitute a grave problem when the market opens. I'll give you a recent example. DX, let's call it, a good security, closed at 36. At the next morning's opening heavy overnight selling orders had come in; no buyers were disclosed. A specialist had an order to buy at 29, but we couldn't break the price seven points; it would be disastrous; the banks holding that stock as collateral might call their loans. And yet, there were our orders to sell at the market. As a governor, I sent some of the brokers to their phones to ask their customers to withdraw their orders until later; after which an equitable opening price was obtained."

A Free Field and No Favors

In an interview given by the president of the New York Stock Exchange upon the subject of speculation, he said:

"It is the aim of the New York Stock Exchange to maintain a free and open market for securities. The facilities of this market are thrown open to everyone upon the same basis, and the prices which are made there result directly from buying and selling all over the country. The Stock Exchange itself does not make prices or even express opinions regarding prices. But on its stock ticker it provides instantaneous and nation-wide publicity to all its open-market transactions. No other security market in the world gives such complete publicity to the transactions occurring on it. A free and open market of this type imposes a severe test upon any security traded in upon it. If there is any real weakness in any listed security it is very quickly brought to light and reflected in declining prices. In the same way, the less obvious merits of a security are very quickly realized there and result in rising prices.

"To the investors of the land this rough-and-tumble seasoning process to which our listed securities are subjected is a factor of great value. Investors are able by this means to place their money only in those stocks and bonds which have behaved well under fire.

"It is also true that a free and open market like the New York Stock Exchange is, in the majority of cases, the hardest type of market in the world to manipulate. Any attempt to drive prices above or below true values is immediately revealed on the ticker tape, and a target is set up for thousands of security traders all over the country to shoot at. Against the collective power of these traders in securities from all over the country no individual or small group of individuals can hope to make a stand in the stock market. Everybody is stronger than anybody.

"Today the listing requirements of the New York Stock Exchange are undoubtedly the strictest of any stock exchange in the world and tend to become more rigid and exacting year after year. In the questionnaire submitted to a corporation seeking a listing, the applicant must state the number of shares held in blocks of different sizes and also the number of shares held by the ten largest stockholders of record. It is imperative for the establishment of a free and open market for the new security that not too much stock shall be held in large blocks or by too few shareholders. The exchange cares nothing about who the shareholders are and, in fact, will not receive a list of them; but it is keenly interested in the proportionate amounts of the new issue which the largest of them hold. A stock is considered to be poorly distributed if a few shareholders hold the bulk of it in large blocks, and well distributed if many shareholders own it in small lots. By means of this requirement of wide distribution of ownership of shares, the exchange minimizes the danger of corners or of large blocks of stocks being dumped on the market.

"An examination of the constitution of the New York Stock Exchange reveals the fact that the exchange forbids its members to encourage unduly the public to speculate in securities. Exchange rules prescribe minimum rates of commission, which cannot be lowered by members in a dangerous or excessive competition for business. Adequate margining in all cases is required. Advertising by member firms is rigidly restricted and frequently censored, to avoid anything resembling the publication of tips or unfounded rumors likely to affect market prices. Gambling on the floor or inequitable dealing with the public or with other members is forbidden. Until the millennium arrives it will, of course, be impossible in practice to enforce many of these rules to absolute perfection. Furthermore, the Stock Exchange cannot and should not even attempt to assume the function of determining who should or should not speculate, or of denying the facilities of its free and open securities market to the public on any theoretical or arbitrary basis. Nevertheless, it is a matter of record that the exchange not only wishes to avoid facilitating unwarranted speculation, whether by its own members or the public, but has exercised its powers of discipline over its members in this connection consistently and severely."

In an interview with one of the partners in the large wire house mentioned above, the writer asked what was the policy of the firm with regard to customers of small means, ignorant of speculation, who could not afford to lose and who, therefore, should not indulge in stock trading on margins. He stated positively that his firm refused to handle such accounts. To such a person, he said, they pointed out the dangers of operating on margins and offered to invest his surplus funds in seasoned securities; if the person persisted in his determination, his account was declined. This firm, it should be said, has a reputation for high standards and is eminently successful besides.

Warning Away the Amateur

The head of a large investment banking house with exchange connections, to whom the question was put, replied to the same effect and even more strongly. He stated, however, that some brokerage firms did not, in actual practice, sufficiently warn those customers who were little fellows with meager funds against the dangers of speculation; he felt strongly that there was room for great improvement in this respect. Some brokerage houses, he affirmed, handled speculative accounts for people of small means instead of enlightening them of the dangers of reckless speculation and persuading them to invest in sound securities.

"Frankly," said he, "these firms are out for the commissions. They don't care if the little fellow is wiped out. The defense of such brokers is that they are merely agents; that it is not their business to counsel or advise the individual how he shall spend his money.

"But such an attitude is not only bad ethics but also bad business; for losses on the part of persons of small means through unwise speculation often result in tragic consequences for the entire family involved and tend to give the entire brokerage business a black eye with the public."

Undoubtedly, then, in this particular field, there is need for a more conscientious attitude on the part of some brokerage firms toward the individual of limited means who cannot afford to lose; and the above-mentioned firms by their outstanding successes have abundantly proved that high standards pay high dividends. It is in the branch brokerage houses located in smaller centers, where illiteracy in economics is bound to be high and where the manager of the branch commission house

(Continued on Page 201)

"Get busy with a Buescher!"

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"Good Saxophonists! There are not nearly enough," says Mr. Whiteman. "Big-pay opportunities are going begging. My advice to you, young man, is to get busy with a

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That's advice from one who knows. He knows what the public wants. He knows music; and he knows good instruments. His world-famous orchestra is fully equipped with Buescher True-Tones.

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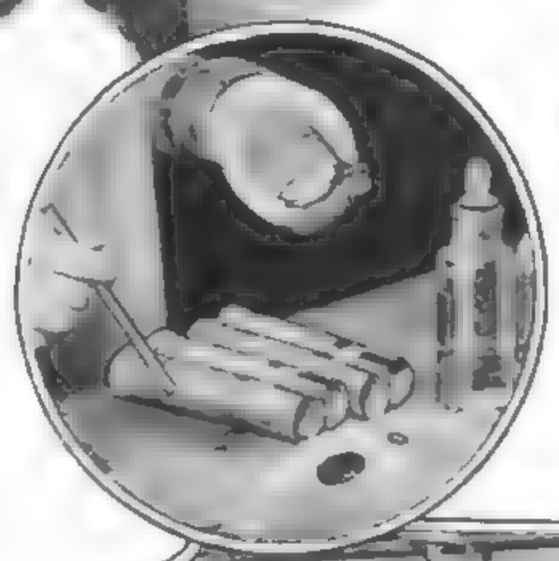

The acid test
The coating on a telephone must prove that it can resist corrosion.

A machine substitute, the hand, fitting and repairing a telephone receiver. An endurance test.

"They shall not pass—"

WITH this watchword of determination the French held back their foe at Verdun. Today "they shall not pass" is a watchword equally determined in Western Electric telephone making—only here it always means "defective materials and apparatus shall not pass."

Inspection, inspection, inspection is the order of the day in this work of making telephones and telephone equipment.

From the raw material stage, when strength tests and quality tests are rigorously applied, through every step of manufacture, a telephone must qualify for service—and do so before a chain of critical inspectors.

This insistence on high standards of materials and workmanship is Western Electric's day-to-day part in making Bell telephone service the standard of the world.

Back of your telephone

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 199)

has more intimate and direct contacts, social and business, with his customers than are possible in a great city, that education in the advantages of sound investment over reckless speculation can best be pursued; and New York brokerage firms might assist in this education by instructing their branch offices that purely speculative accounts for trading on margin from individuals of limited means who cannot afford to lose are not desired.

It has already been mentioned that by means of the odd-lot machinery of the Stock Exchange the importance of the small investor who wishes to buy or sell less than 100 shares has grown by leaps and bounds, until now that vast retail business, going on side by side with the wholesale process, has assumed gigantic proportions. The public itself has no direct dealings with these odd-lot firms. Mr. A, for example, puts in an order through his bank or broker to buy ten shares of Steel; the order is relayed to the floor in the manner outlined above, but here it is turned over to the odd-lot dealer, who executes the order and reports the transaction to the customer's broker. In order to handle these small lots, the odd-lot dealer must possess a 100-share lot, which he proceeds to split up into small parcels, and it is the volume of these transactions in which the profit lies. The principle is similar to that of the ten-cent store.

The "Kick Department"

The bookkeeping involved in recording all these retail transactions, with a complete clean-up every twenty-four hours, is tremendous and requires hundreds of clerks spread out over four, five and six stories of a skyscraper. Let us glance in at one of their departments. It is called the "kick department," and here customers' complaints reach their final home. To give an example: Mr. A, who bought his ten shares of Steel, declares he has been gypped. After his order went in, he stood fingering the tape to watch the next price on Steel appear, and, being a canny fellow, he jotted down the price. But when his broker's statement comes in he observes that he has been charged a price higher than the ticker recorded. Whereupon, being a proud, free-born citizen, he emits a loud howl of rage; those "wolves of Wall Street" can't put over any crooked stuff on him. So he registers a kick to his branch brokerage house, which passes it on to the main New York firm, which passes it on to the odd-lot house—and here it is in the "kick department." And here, also, is where the check-up comes. For in the middle of the room is a big ticker machine and beside it an instrument called a telltale, which stamps each minute of time on the tape. At a long table stand rows of clerks, heads bent over record sheets on which they are copying all the transactions of the firm according to minutes and hours. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock every minute of every hour is there, together with the transactions which occurred therein. So that, when Mr. A's kick arrives, all they have to do is to look up that transaction upon these record sheets.

"And do you ever make mistakes?"

"Oh, yes—occasionally. The best of clerks are not infallible. We are as accurate as a bank. But most of the kicks arise from misunderstanding on the part of the customer. He puts in his order, then lingers to see the next price come out on the tape because the process fascinates him. But what he sees on the tape may not be his order at all. Prices constantly fluctuate; other orders may be in ahead of him; there may be a delay on the wires; or the volume of business may be such that the ticker is ten or fifteen minutes behind. But we don't mind the kicks; they keep our people jacked up."

And now, it being close to 2:15 P.M., let us return to the exchange to see if there are any insolvencies today. Two-fifteen is the delivery time on all contracts made "regular way" the previous day. At that moment the ticker gives fifteen beats, marking the last instant when deliveries can properly be made for that day. If an exchange member is due to deliver stocks sold on the exchange the previous day and cannot do so by 2:15, he is given fifteen minutes' grace—until 2:30. If he still fails, and if that failure is due to serious causes—which means, to put it bluntly, if he is unable to dig up the coin—the insolvency of the firm in question may be announced by the president of the exchange from the rostrum in the exchange. No, we have no insolvencies today. And due to the questionnaire system, which enables the exchange to keep itself closely informed of the financial health of its members and to demand whenever necessary that they increase their capital or strengthen their financial condition, there have been no insolvencies since 1923 in which the public has lost a cent.

Sometimes these increasingly rigid and technical rules which are necessary to protect the public, cause misunderstanding among the uninformed. Once a green messenger lad of a puissant and eminently solvent firm dawdled on his way and handed in a batch of securities too late. The clerk, using the regular formula, said, "You've failed"—meaning, in this particular instance: "You've failed for today with that lot of securities; you're too late to get them under the wire."

But the lad, misunderstanding the phrase, thought his firm had met its financial Waterloo, and he departed, his eyes bulging out of his head; and he confided to another messenger: "Gee! My firm's failed!" The news ran like wildfire through he Street—"Blank has failed!" Needless to say, that puissant and highly solvent firm was sore as a boil.

Rigid Entrance Examinations

We come now to the rigid disciplinary measures of the exchange, whereby a member adjudged guilty of violating the strict rules of conduct laid down in the constitution which he signs may be suspended or expelled as the governors see fit. This governing body of forty men, the flower of the exchange, has wide and sweeping powers and its decisions are final and absolute. The guilty member may, indeed, appeal to the courts, but in any case he cannot be reinstated, and the legal courts have not reversed a decision of the exchange in forty years. Speaking upon this subject, the president of the exchange said to the writer:

"Applicants are admitted to membership in the New York Stock Exchange only after searching inquiry into their business records has been made and their moral as well as their financial solvency is assured. It is by no means enough that an applicant shall have adequate capital; he must also possess those fundamental elements of character which are presupposed in our methods of doing business on the exchange floor without written contracts or agreements. Furthermore, he must submit himself and his business to the severe disciplinary code of the exchange. This code of regulations covering the way business must be transacted on the exchange is much more searching and inclusive than even the common law. It is essentially a gentleman's code of honor, rather than simply a set of formal rules. Exchange members can be, and sometimes are, severely punished for offenses of which no court would take cognizance. The governing authorities of the Stock Exchange have power to suspend or expel any member who transgresses what can fairly be considered just and equitable principles of trade. If a member, for example, falsifies his financial condition in a questionnaire; if he deals inequitably with a customer; if he evades, denies or breaks his agreements—out he goes!"

And now let us take an actual Stock Exchange trial in which a broker was tried, found guilty and expelled. A specialist was caught violating one of the rules. His offense, briefly, was this: He had a customer's order to buy 500 shares of stock at a certain price. He bought the 500 at that price, but he reported only 300 shares

The NEW AC 1075 for FORDS

A better design, a better metal for sparking points, a better insulator core, together with the following additional features make the AC 1075 a better plug for Ford engines.

1 Spring Terminal Clip

2 Heavy Body Porcelain

3 Hexagon of Extra Length Permits Easy and Positive Application of Spark Plug Wrench

4 High Temperature Fins—Patented Carbon-Proof Porcelain

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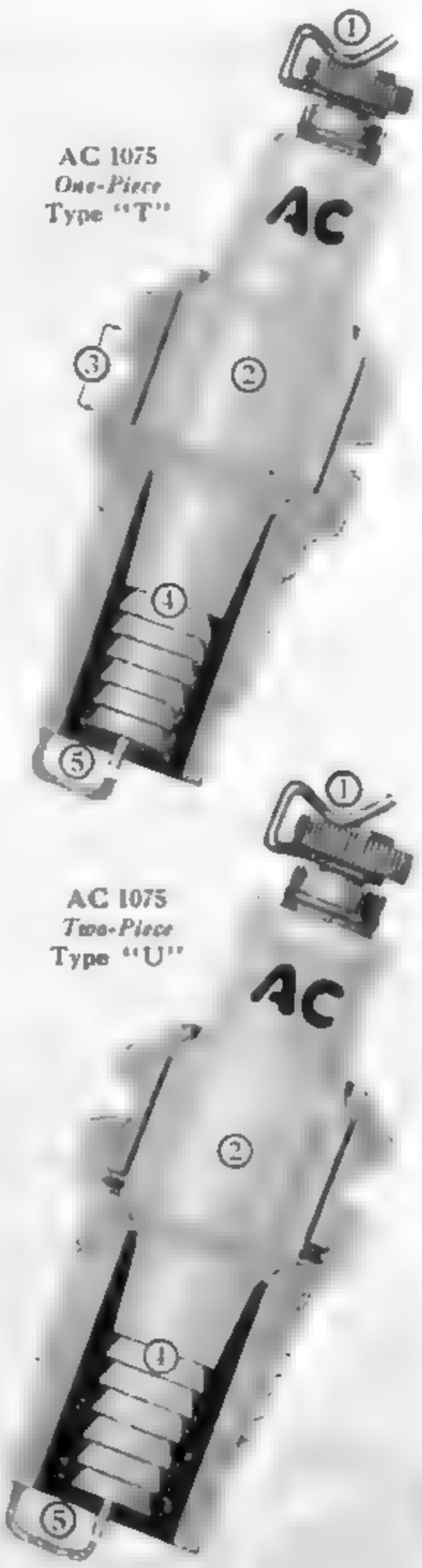

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You can secure better and longer spark plug service with AC 1075's in your motor—your dealer can supply you.

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Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

New! the "ATHLETE"

A Shoe of Sensational New Features!

ONE outstanding point of difference is the servusized top! This exclusive process (servusizing) makes it waterproof—mildew proof—decay proof! Think what that means in long wear.

Designed by the Famous Coach, Dr. W. E. Meanwell

To every well informed athlete Dr. Meanwell's name is a pledge of worth and superior performance. Dr. Meanwell is a noted specialist in foot troubles as well as a successful basket ball coach.

This New Shoe Wins Hands Down in Any Comparison You Can Make

1 Servusized canvas top rendering it proof against perspiration and rot. This makes the "Athlete" outlast the ordinary shoe

2 Sole of pure crepe gum, the same quality as in the higher priced Meanwell basket-ball shoes.

3 Orthopaedic heel with arch support—and scientifically designed lasts which support instep and foot muscles

4 Stubber toe guards (patent applied for) to give utmost protection against toe knocks.

Put the "Athlete" to Any Hard Use

It is our belief that it will outlast and out-perform any shoe at anywhere near its price. For all sports and outdoor activities. The "Athlete" will give you a sure footing—foot comfort and long wear

Thousands of pairs will be wanted this spring and summer. Up-to-date dealers are ready to supply your needs. If your dealer hasn't yet put in his stock of "Athletes" send us your name and address. We will see that you are supplied

These Economical Prices:

Men, $2.75 Women, $2.50 Boys, $2.50 Youths, $2.25

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Look for this DR. W. E. MEANWELL'S ATHLETE SERVUS RUBBER CO. *Trade Mark*

SERVUS SPORT SHOES

bought for his customer and kept the 200 for his own account: that is, he traded for himself before finishing his customer's transaction, thus using the customer's order to obtain advantage for himself. To an outsider this may not seem such a heinous offense as to warrant financial beheading; but if such procedure were permitted it would turn the entire exchange into a veritable palace of privilege, a Monte Carlo gambling hell in which customers' orders would be used to kite or smash prices for the enrichment of the brokers. Therefore, no violation is more harshly punished than this, which strikes a blow at the very heart of the principle of fair and equitable trading

Minor infractions of rules are settled in subcommittees and do not come up for trial before the governing committee as a whole. But the specialist had committed a capital offense, involving not only the public but the commercial honor of the entire exchange. In capital offenses like these, before charges are formulated, a most exhaustive investigation is conducted by the business-conduct committee, so that when the business-conduct committee originally reports the charges to the governing committee it is safe to say that every element of doubt in favor of the accused has been resolved by the committee, and its report is indicative of the fact that it feels he is definitely guilty of the charges propounded. This was done in the case of the specialist. A copy of the charges was sent him and he was given ten days in which to reply in writing, after which he was summoned for trial before his associates and peers—the governing committee of forty men.

An Ideal Trial

These Stock Exchange trials take place in a large, austerely beautiful room, the walls of which are lined with portraits of former presidents—newspapermen call it "the Star Chamber" or "Mount Olympus." The governing committee of forty members sits in a semicircle, facing the rostrum, where the president has his place, together with a secretary of the exchange and a stenographer. The atmosphere is solemn, almost oppressive, for a man's financial existence is at stake.

The accused, who has been waiting in the secretary's room outside, is brought in and seated at the foot of the rostrum, facing the governors—his judges. He is not permitted to have a lawyer present, nor can the governing committee have its counsel there. No sensational legal battles to enhance reputations; no jungles of technicalities and barbed-wire entanglements of red tape; no learned counsel leaping up every second to cry, "I object!" because the accused's little feelings have been hurt; no dragging of red herrings across the trail; no appeal to maudlin sentimentality on behalf of aged mother or dying wife—nothing to obscure the clear, plain issue of straight dealing between man and man. What that member receives is the cold-blooded justice of the market place.

It is often permitted the accused to have a partner sit with him in order to help him answer questions. The charges and specifications against him are read, together with his reply, after which the chairman of the business-conduct committee, who is the prosecuting official, questions the accused and produces witnesses whom he examines and who may be cross-examined by the accused. The accused is then permitted to produce witnesses for himself and these may be cross-examined by the prosecuting official or by any member of the committee desiring to ask questions. The procedure is very flexible—no lawyers being present—and every latitude is given the accused to defend himself or even to make a formal address, taking as much time as he desires.

"But," said a governor grimly, "in his defense that man has got to come clean! If he lies, equivocates or tries to color the facts, that also counts heavily against him when we vote. The spectacle of the accused arguing his own case for his financial life before his brother members, some of whom may be personal friends, is a very solemn one, and each member of the committee takes his duties and responsibilities with deep seriousness. It is a singularly tense and dramatic scene, in which sentiment plays absolutely no part."

Thumbs Down

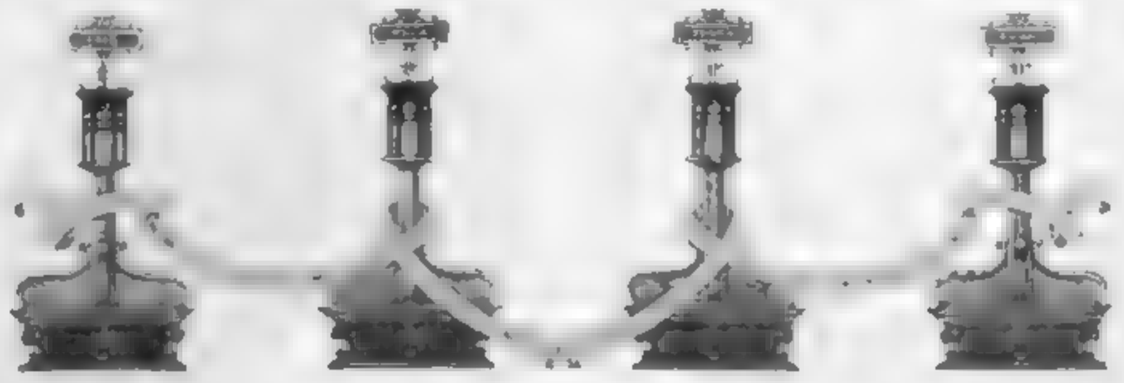
After the accused has finished his defense, he withdraws; debate follows and finally a vote is taken. By the constitution of the exchange, a two-thirds vote is required for expulsion and a majority vote for suspension, depending on the character of the offense. This, it will be seen, is a harsher justice than that of a court of law, where one stubborn talesman may defeat justice by hanging a jury. Nor does the trial drag on for weeks; it is finished at one session. In the case of the specialist, the verdict was thumbs down; he was financially executed by his peers and he went forth from that lofty chamber financially a dead man. Another member was expelled. He had falsified his questionnaire in order to conceal his financial weakness. Charges were preferred, the trial set, the committee convened, but the accused did not even appear; he took the count lying down. Still another member some time ago, hearing he was to be tried, committed suicide. He could not face that cold-blooded tribunal of the market place. Tribunals like this, unhampered by legal technicalities or sentimental hogwash, put the fear of God into frail human hearts. If a man is honest it is no hardship for him to act honestly; but if he has a yellow streak he will watch his step with a tribunal like that in the offing and his financial existence at stake.

The machinery of the Stock Exchange is not perfect. Experts are tinkering at it all the time to render it still more efficient, supple and swift.

Take the detail of the ticker machine. A Stock Exchange employe invented it—an Irishman named Callahan. Before that time the quotations were rushed around to the brokerage firms by fleet messengers called "deer." Then the stock-ticker system was installed and the deer faded into history. But today, with the stupendous volume of business, even electricity lags behind.

Mr. J. E. Meeker, the exchange economist, said to the writer, "If business increases at the present rate, I don't know what on earth we'll do in 1930. We should have something twice as fast. Another Edison is needed here."

As it stands, the New York Stock Exchange is a powerful and precise machine, it is a business instrument in the hands of the people; they may use it for their own advantage in wise investment, or they may cut themselves on its sharp edges and, by reckless speculation, bleed themselves white. The machine does not care. And that, too, is the grim justice of the market place.



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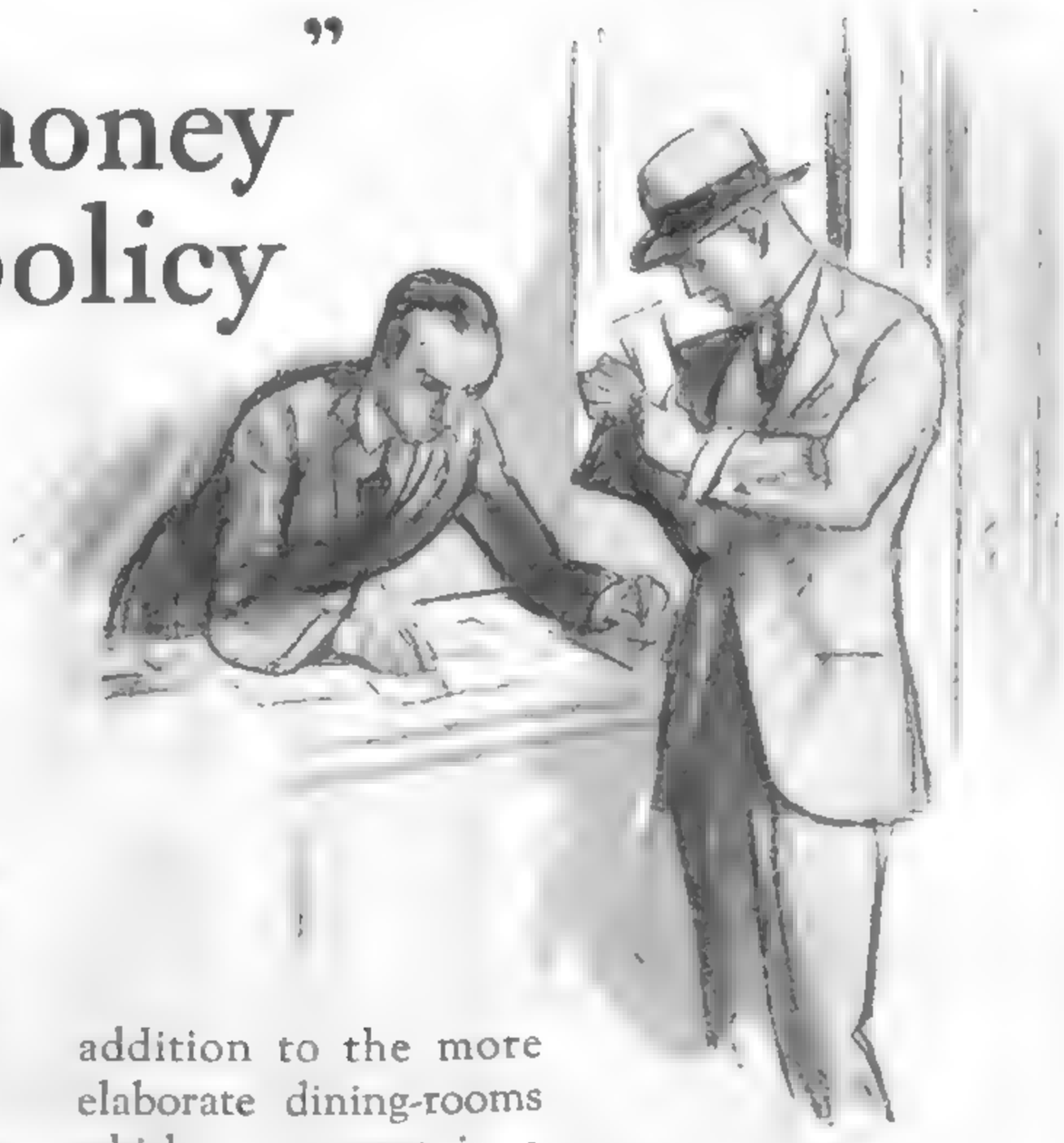

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And then in service: You are promised complete satisfaction in every transaction, and every employee is under permanent orders to *satisfy* you when he is serving you—or, if he can't do so, to get his superior on the job at once.

The theory behind that practice is, of course, that every employee is *to go to the limit of his authority to please you*; and if he fails to please you, he is to get someone who can and will—someone with *more* authority.

Another thing that counts with you is the completeness of these hotels' facilities—the variety from which you may choose. Each of them has, for instance, a cafeteria or a lunch-counter (or both), in addition to the more elaborate dining-rooms which you expect in a first-class hotel.

And in any and every case you get comfort, convenience, all the advantages of the most modern construction and equipment. You get, in short, more for your money.

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Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Rates are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York. For two people, these rooms are $4.50 in Cleveland and St. Louis; $5 in Detroit; $5.50 in Buffalo, and $6 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

And remember that every room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street-store prices. You pay no more here than outside the hotel.

The experienced traveler plans to be in a Statler over Sunday

Boston's Hotel Statler is Building:

A new Hotel Statler is under construction in the Park Square District of Boston—to be opened late this year, with 1300 rooms, 1300 baths.

And an Office Building:

Adjoining the hotel will be the Statler Office Building, with 200,000 sq. ft. of highly desirable office space. The two structures will occupy the entire block.

STATLER HOTELS

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Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler~Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

THE CONTENDER

(Continued from Page 29)

her, left her standing alone and a trifle embarrassed.

"Magnificent!" cried the elderly man. "My boy, I never saw anything like those passing shots! I went straight out and laid five hundred on you!" At that instant he let go the coat lapels.

"Thank you," said Lawrence Mead. "That proves you mean it."

He stepped back. He hadn't touched her—of course he hadn't touched her—yet she had a feeling that his arm about her had wafted her on. Also, he gave the effect of taking it for granted that his accoster had no more to say; he smiled back over his shoulder with a pleasant cordiality which drew all possible sting from his own abruptness.

A summer moon so rich that it dripped honey blanched the shaded electric lights. The very earth scents, night scents, blossom scents seemed to have been blended with conscious art into a symphony of amorous perfume. The distant sea, spotted with the colored lights of anchored yachts, might have been a piece of formal gardening. Luxury, tempered and tasteful how she loved it, Helen thought; the Puritan in her wondered if she might possibly love it too much. It wondered also—that remote, stilly corner of her nature—whither she was following the soft certain pace of the man towering by her side. It seemed to her, as they crossed the belt of leaf-spotted moonlight at the edge of the terrace, that she was setting out on an adventure—mysterious, glorious and perilous.

But he was only seating her at the table under the overhang of a great bronze beech, where presently a footman would spy them and bring coffee.

He spoke now, and she thought to wonder that they had said no word to each other since they rose from the dinner table.

"If you'll stand for it I think I'm going to talk to no one else but you tonight."

She must answer inconsequently, else she would say too much!

"I suppose I shall have to send you home early. You have that important match tomorrow."

"Yes," he said on the intake of a sigh, "I suppose so. That's the nuisance of the game—condition." He went back abruptly to something which appeared to stick in his mind. "Don't think, please, that I'm accustomed to air my ego as I've done tonight. And it may not seem to you like a very deep confidence—all this stuff about why I'm after the championship. But it has meant so much to me that I've never talked about it even to my closest pals. The improvement in my game is a mystery to them."

She had a moment of delicious panic. That passed in a flash, and an impulse akin to coquetry succeeded. She wanted to spring and dance in the moonlight like a leopardess. But the impulse found vent only in a speech which sounded to her own ears sober and matter-of-fact.

"I suppose that when you wake tomorrow you'll hate me."

"For what?"

"For making you tell all this—if I did make you. At any rate, for being the listener to whom you've poured it all out."

"No," he said, and now his voice in turn became uncertain; "no, it won't be hate."

The mate from the deep forest had leaped out upon the leopardess as she danced. And of course she fled, where she would fain have stayed. When she spoke again she controlled her voice without effort.

"Tell me about your tennis. What's your best stroke?"

"It won't be hate," he repeated.

"I hope it's a smash," she said. "Smashing seems so manly!"

They both laughed at this, as though both understood the maneuvering behind the words. But the spell was momentarily broken. A moment ago, if he had taken her into his arms ——

When he spoke again he, too, had sheered off from the delightfully dangerous ground.

"Give me more about yourself," he said. "About the time in the West. Unless you don't like to talk about it."

"Oh, yes, I do like to talk about that," she replied. "Not what took me there, but the place and the people."

So she told of mountain and desert and glacier; of horses, bears and native Mexicans—a shameless monologue, she told herself afterward. Usually, even with her familiars, she found it hard to express her deeper admirations. She knew that herself; some inhibition was forever damming her flow of thought. That dam had broken; she spoke easily. Her eyes wandered from time to time to his strong irregular profile, outlined by the softly lighted windows of the salon. She would pull herself up with "That's enough of that," or "Let's hear from you." But he always answered, "Go on." And though she was talking energetically and vivaciously, she felt lapped in contentment.

A peal of mellow bells sounded in the distance, blended harmoniously with the music and the shuffle of dancing. She broke off in the middle of a sentence to say hastily, "That's the town chimes. Half-past ten. Your time to go."

"Yes," he said. He rose and sighed. At one of the French windows they parted. The world was looking on now. When he took her hand he only seemed to suggest by a reluctant unclasping that he would have liked to hold it longer.

"Will you be at the match tomorrow?" he asked.

"Here comes a dreadful confession that I've been withholding all the evening," she said. "I can't! I'm visiting Mrs. Carringden, you know. The one flaw in her rich nature is indifference to tennis. And she's taking me tomorrow afternoon, as she has every afternoon so far, to show me to some friend of mother's—this time an old, old lady. It was arranged days ago. Except for that I'd go of course."

"At the Carringdens'! As you may have suspected, I'm coming to see you."

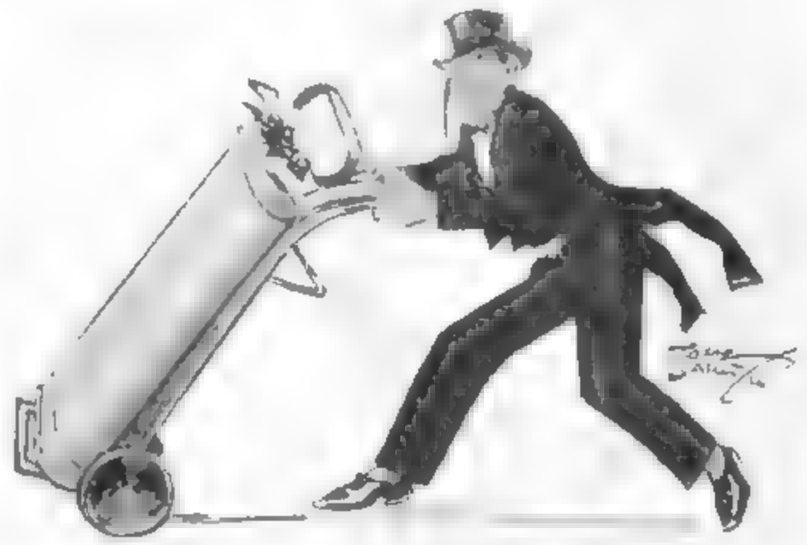
The leopardess was leaping and dancing in the moonlight again. This time she did not flee so far.

"As you may have suspected, I'm going to let you."

His soft laugh came happily as he released her hand and stepped back. And then one of the men, seeing him disengaged for the first time, thrust himself into the picture, accosted him. The orchestra stopped, ending the dance. Other men took hasty leave of their partners and crowded in. Helen shrank back to the embrasure of the French windows. Over their shoulders he gave her one quick smile, which said, "I'm caught, you see." She was conspicuous standing there gazing at him, and she didn't care in the least. That was the strangest part of it all. She wanted the whole world to see her. Still —— She turned, and having no other port of call, started to find Mrs. Bantry. He had evidently found her first, made his good nights. For when she ventured to look for him again he was passing through the great door to the hall. There, abruptly, he stopped, swept the room with his eye. With involuntary boldness she raised her hand. A quick slight gesture answered her. He was gone.

Helen flushed ever so slightly as she contemplated in the glass that geranium hat. All satin-and-velvet flowers, with the careless sophisticated touch of Paris, it had smiled at her from a Fifth Avenue window. The rush and glitter of New York had brought a rebound from the tragedy so long expected; the hat seemed that morning to harmonize with her mood. She had bought it on impulse; but a sense of its conspicuousness had inhibited her from wearing it as yet at Corning's Neck. Now,

Still hauling your tobacco about in a heavy tin?



THERE'S NOTHING like a tin for keeping tobacco at home. It keeps it fresh and full-flavored, indefinitely! So, for home use, Granger is packed in a half-pound tin. . . a perfect humidor!

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Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

It's New, keeps your Skin CLEAN!

Thoroughly cleanses the pores. Softens and freshens the skin

Packs safely in grip. Most convenient for travelers

Removes fruit, berry and vegetable stains and odors

Keeps little hands and knees really clean. Children like to use it

White Witch is economical, use only a very little.

WHITE WITCH cleans the skin like magic! But it's the safe, practical magic of modern science.

This new, fine white powder . WHITE WITCH . quickly washes off dirt, grease and stains without irritation to the skin; softens and whitens it too. Leaves a fresh, clean feel that is most delightful.

WHITE WITCH deodorizes . . . banishes all trace of perspiration, tobacco stains and odor.

Softens Hard Water . . . WHITE WITCH lathers freely in hot or cold water. Thousands of purifying bubbles give quick, thorough cleansing after active work or play. Wonderfully fine for regular use . . . instead of soap . . . on face, hands and in the bath.

Women, at home or in business, marvel at the softness and whiteness of the skin after using WHITE WITCH. They also find that it washes off cold cream and makeup easily and completely.

Doctors, dentists and nurses, who must wash their hands many times a day, find WHITE WITCH wonderfully convenient and a great relief to the skin, often made over-sensitive by chemicals and germicides.

WHITE WITCH is most satisfactory for every member of the family . . . the handy screw-top can is economical and sanitary.

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WHITE WITCH is already on sale at many of the better drug, department and general stores. If you cannot get it at your dealers' send us his name and 25c. for a full size can.

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Dept S, MOUNT VERNON, N Y

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dressing for the tennis tournament, she had chosen it without an instant's hesitation. The leopardess was springing and leaping again.

For luck had played with her desires. A sudden crisis in the affairs of her most irritating charity was calling Mrs. Carringden away for the afternoon. She had broken the news at breakfast and had invited Helen to go along. But she did it so perfunctorily as to suggest that she welcomed refusal

On the heels of that refusal, she remarked, "If you're at all interested in lawn tennis, there are my club seats to the tournament in my desk—the secretary will get them for you."

The Carringden state car had no sooner slipped out of the driveway than Helen flew to her toilet. She was going to see the match after all, and she was going alone! She could keep on with the rosy daydream. She had lain awake until dawn, staring into the darkness with wide, soft eyes. She had waked in a warm ecstasy. She rose now into a heaven still higher. Solitary in a crowd—watching him. This seemed a delight more delicious, because more evanescent and delicate, than even his actual presence.

As she backed out of the garage that roadster which Mrs. Carringden had set aside for her personal use during the visit, Helen had a moment of waking.

"Comstock girl, you're making a little fool of yourself," she said aloud. But before she curved out of the main drive her eyes were soft again.

In that condition of gentle, purposeless ecstasy, she entered the inclosure and joined the spectators pouring from the side courts to the climactic three-o'clock match. The separate files of the crowd ran together at the gate as though into a funnel; she found herself in a jam of smart, soft-spoken but gently insistent humanity. She was dreaming again—the sound of his name woke her. People were talking across her. A woman, caught in the press just before her, was calling over her own shoulder to the man behind speculations concerning the match. Voices at right and left took up the discussion. They were all Mead partisans evidently. She realized now that in her abstraction she had let herself become entangled with a familiar party of strangers going to the tournament together. Never mind; once past the gate she would disentangle herself. Meantime the repetitions of his name, shot back and forth in these soft decisive accents, were like drops of wine.

They had passed the gate. A door just to the right had opened; Lawrence Mead, all in white, emerged. The quick glance of her eye, herald to a wave of warm emotion, caught the legend "Players' Quarters" over that door. He was starting for the courts; he was looking for an opening in the press. But the crowd had paused; all heads turned in his direction, all eyes watched him with furtive glances, all lips wore smiles of unconscious admiration. These strangers with whom she had found herself entangled seemed to know him. As by common impulse, they surged forward, carrying her along. She must speak to him! Shyness came over her in a flood.

The woman first in line was pouring felicitations, happy prophecies, good wishes. He took her hand, passed her along as rapidly and expertly as an experienced politician.

"How do you do—thank you!" he said. On the surface, his manner was cordial, as though by habit; behind that—somehow hollow! A man next. The same deft handshake; the same deft business of passing an inconsequential and slightly annoying person along. Helen came next in line. Evidently he had not as yet seen her. She knew what was going to happen. His eyes would begin to glisten; his smile would light the little candles at points of his countenance, their hands would touch again ——

He had her hand. He clasped it just once, lightly, perfunctorily, then dropped it. His gaze swept across her eyes, but his expression did not change. "How do you do—thank you!" he said, although she had said nothing at all. He seemed to nudge her on; he held out his hand to the next in line.

She went on because she must, and because she felt that if she turned back she would make some kind of scene. The usher found her seat. She dropped into it like a half-empty sack. He did not know her!

"I've never said this to anyone before ——"

Last night—that—and today he had forgotten her utterly, completely.

"No, it won't be hate ——"

Last night, the glance which gave meaning to the phrase, and today that impersonal scrutiny which put her with a million others who admired the coming champion.

What a fool she had been for the last twenty hours! What a fool!

The bursts of applause, the excited babble between, died out as suddenly as when a hand mutes the strings of a violin. The silence pulled Helen momentarily out of herself. The referee was announcing something. They were beginning play. The champion stood with his back toward her, in the nearest court. He was about to serve. Lawrence Mead, across the net, crouched from the waist, swishing his racket nervously. The champion coiled his long frame, uncoiled. Lawrence Mead struck furiously, turned on his toe like a Russian dancer; the ball, untouched, burrowed into the back net.

"Aced him!" exclaimed a dozen voices. There followed a flutter of handclapping, politely muted as though the applauders, while approving the winner, wished to spare the feelings of the loser. Helen found herself controlling an impulse to exclaim "Good!" and hating herself to think that she cared enough to compliment him with her spite. She wanted to rise and go. But that would make her conspicuous. The people she passed would read it on her face. The very geranium hat ——

What a fool she had made of herself! The first man who paid her any attention—as little raw girls do at sixteen! That was how men acted in this world of wealth and indifference to which she was going back. They all had a line. His was sweet seriousness and confidences. "I've never told this to anyone before ——" He said that probably to a different woman every night. His slow smile—he was laughing in his sleeve at the way she gobbled it up. Her waking dream last night —— Oh, what a fool!

They were changing courts now. She wouldn't pay him the compliment of turning her eyes away from him. With what easy languor he walked! She must stop twisting the finger of that glove. The woman at her right had seen it, was staring at her furtively.

A cheer from the crowd broke through her misery. Something had happened. Apparently the champion had just served. He was serving again. The ball traveled too swiftly for her untrained eyes to follow, until it broke from the ground, swerving almost at right angles. Mead met it with a full sweep. The champion was already racing toward his backhand corner. Though he stretched at the end of his swing until he seemed to lie on the ground, the ball leaped beyond reach of his racket.

Evidently those voices just behind her which had been breaking dimly into her black meditations belonged to followers and experts of tennis. Now, out of the applause, she heard, "Magnificent! Someone's handling that service at last!"

Misery, like any other pain, goes by waves. There succeeded a few minutes when Helen could look on with quiet impersonality; the only calm spectator. Mead was playing like a man inspired; like a tiger or a thunderbolt or any other comparison you wish for speed, certainty and power. The champion, worried, was crowding the net; Mead was passing him. Again and again the contender's drives flew so accurately that they whipped up white dust on the sidelines, so powerfully

(Continued on Page 209)

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Sizes 9½ to 11½. Colors: Black, white, gunmetal, cordovan brown, lark, acorn, tan, navy blue, gravel

ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 206)

that Helen could hear, in the silence before applause began, the vicious slap of the ball on the grass. The champion changed his tactics, tried to make it a driving duel. Mead, refusing the challenge, flashed to the net, volleying even from midcourt as he advanced, playing each ball for a kill.

"Is he beyond his form today, or is he a new Mead?" came from the expert group behind her. Then, as the champion flashed a fast accurate return of service, Mead, darting on the ball with the rush and turn of a greyhound on a hare, dropped over the net a shot which did not seem to rebound at all, but to bore into the ground twenty feet before the outrush of the champion. Prolonged applause; people rising in their seats; Helen's eye caught the marker at work on the score board. Mead, 6; the champion, 3—he had won the first set, and won it easily.

They were changing places; he was starting service in the court nearest to her seat. As he stepped into place on the line she caught a passing glimpse of his profile. And misery, heralded by memory, entered again. So his profile looked last night when ——

"I've never said this to anyone before ——"

"No, it won't be hate ——"

On what a slender gossamer thread she had hung her hopes and dreams! What had she been hoping for anyway? Of that, she blushed to think.

Why not go back to the San Juan? These long years had unfitted her for the kind of world in which she had expected to live and to be happy. That was what she would do—go back to the San Juan. She would take the little place where Bobby had lived and died, and make it into a real ranch. There she, too, would live and die. The rich, eccentric Miss Comstock of the San Juan. There was morbid pleasure in the thought; she spun it out into fantastic details. That woman had stared at her again. She had twisted the finger of her glove until it had split. To cover her confusion, she looked away. The score board caught her eye. That accounted for the prolonged applause which had been giving her such remote irritation. Second set, and Mead led four games to one. She shook herself out of her black vision, forced herself to watch. Mead was serving; he was crowding the net again, was swooping on the champion's returns as she had seen a hawk swoop on a sparrow. Mead led, 5–1.

Was hers, after all, just the case of a woman with a belated case of little-girl silliness, falling at the feet of the first presentable man who paid her any attention? Possibly not. There was something in the look and move of him, something in that grave yet illuminated smile. Well, it was all the same now. Better if it could go down in the book of memory as the mere fancy of a night. . . . What was exciting the crowd so? She glanced at the score board. The second set was finished. Lawrence Mead had taken it, 6–1.

How cowardly to think of going away! After all, no one knew. She'd made a fool of herself secretly, at any rate. Or had she been so secret? Helen felt her cheeks go hot. Last night at Mrs. Bantry's he had monopolized her. Everyone in that finished cynical company must have noticed. And while she was running on so, wanting the whole world to see that she was falling in love with Lawrence Mead—yes, love, that was the word—those people had been laughing in their sleeves. Well, she'd go on. But she'd be as cynical as the rest.

There came a buzz, quite different from the applause which had punctuated the earlier sets. She looked up in time to see a ball driven apparently from Mead's racket, lob weakly through the air and bounce faintly against the net. The champion was serving, his back toward her. He shifted to the left base line, wound up, served again. The ball struck just inside of the center line. It was as though Mead did not perceive its coming until it had passed him. Then he made a little dab with his racket, futile and almost comic. He wasn't looking at the ball, but into the air, one would have said at the stands. The champion, trying too hard, sent over a fault, and served his second ball with unwonted softness. It was almost upon Mead when he seemed to gather himself together, to swing wildly. The drive darted three feet out of court. Next, a service ace. Mead, dropping his gaze suddenly from the air, skipped toward this one, but on leaden feet. They changed courts. And Mead began his service with a double fault.

"He's blown up! I was afraid he couldn't hold that pace," floated in a disappointed voice from the group behind her.

"Or the champ has turned on the steam. He's done that before," came the response.

Mead lost that game, too, at love. He made only one point in the next. Was he going to collapse? Helen was watching the play now. For a moment she had toward this fading man an access of motherly tenderness, which she drowned deliberately in bitterness. Then, in the fourth game, he flashed again the same power, the same superagility, the same accurate sniping at the lines. It went to deuce; he won it with a burst of driving and volleying that swept the champion off his feet. But in the fifth the frenzy seemed again to have gone out of him. Though he returned the champion's service, he seemed to do it mechanically, without foresight or judgment.

"He's gone, I'm afraid," came from the experts behind her. The crowd, evenly divided in sympathies, was applauding the champion's placements as loudly as they had applauded Mead's. But through it all ran a staccato murmur of wonder. The champion, like a true master, pressed his advantage, threw in everything he had of speed, skill and cunning. The set ended 6–1 in his favor.

The crowd cheered and rose. Was it over? No, merely the rest period after the third set. People began to circulate; the stands scintillated with the movement of brilliant summer gowns, smart summer hats, white flannels, discreetly gesticulating bare arms. Down the passageway between the stands and the courts drifted the restless spirits among the crowd, waving greeting to acquaintances above. Helen could go now without making herself conspicuous. She had, in fact, risen, when conversation from the group behind her dropped her back into her seat.

"Mead's afraid of cooling off, I suppose."

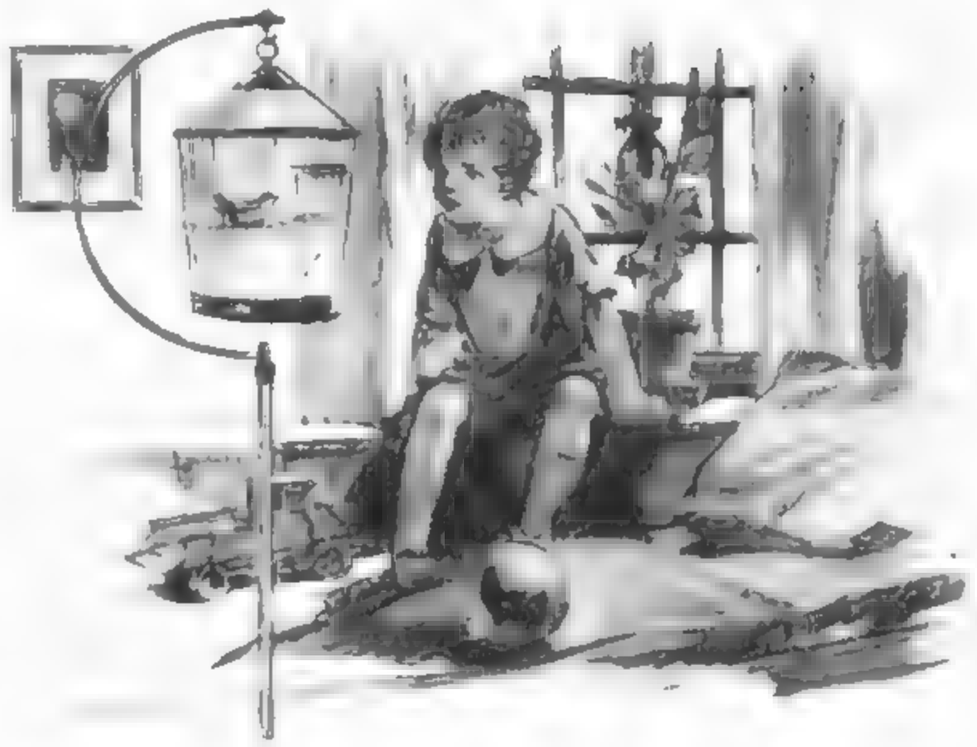
"Why?"

"He hasn't left the field. There he stands—over there by the entrance."

She looked, and there he did stand. She would have to pass him. That, of all things, she did not want. If he remembered her now, spoke to her after forgetting her face totally, he would only pile on her spirit another humiliation. Fate had decided that this thing must drag itself out.

"Miss Comstock?" She started and glanced up. One of the little white-trousered ball boys was holding out a note—a folded sheet addressed to her in a strange hand. Worse and worse. Someone had recognized her; some old friend of the family probably. She would have to talk.

Helen: I've done an awful thing—this is how—I told you that I'm trying to concentrate on the game. I work a system. I begin half an hour before the match—seeing nothing, thinking of nothing but the game. After I go into myself that way, faces are only blurs. A lot of people spoke to me when I came out of the dugout today. I think I shook hands with them. I couldn't understand why all through the first two sets a red hat—all geraniums—came into my mind. In the third set I got the answer and it knocked me flat—you must have wondered at the dub I made of myself. The face was your face, and I'd practically cut you dead. If you don't understand, I don't know what to say. I've got a grip on myself now and I'm



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Give a Living Bird
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A little song bird—the symbol of immortality.

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For the invalid, the little child, for the man or woman who is apt to be a bit lonely, there is no gift like a canary. It is the least troublesome of all pets to care for, especially if you house it in one of the new Hendryx Bird Homes.

Buy a Hendryx Home for the bird you give for Easter

Bird homes have changed to keep pace with the new decorative and sanitary ideas in our own homes.

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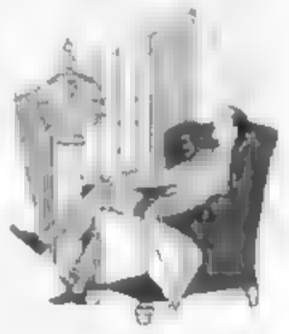
Hendryx cages finished in DuPont Duco are carried in stock in the following shades: Old Ivory, Etruscan Bronze, Pompeian Green, Naxis Green, Persian Silver, Ebony and Gold. Other shades can be procured on special order.

Lovely Pyralin homes, in green and ivory, orange and black, or lovely pastel tints, bring a note of distinctive color into every room. Duco finished homes also come in attractive colorings, and are quite inexpensive.



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Almost all bird stores, house furnishing, hardware or department stores, seed stores and florists sell Hendryx bird homes. Look for the name Hendryx on the bird homes you buy, for more than half a century it has been the stamp that has distinguished the best bird homes. They are priced from $2.00 to $150.00, stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

It was late afternoon of the day before Easter.

"Dear me, dear me," chirped the Littlest Bird, "I've practiced my Easter music over and over until I can take those high notes fine. I do hope that someone comes and takes me home with them, so I can have a good Easter morning audience."

"And I hope," said the Wise Old Bird, "that whoever takes me will remember to get me one of those pretty new Hendryx bird homes in the lovely Easter colors. Even a bird sings better when he is proud of the house he is living in."

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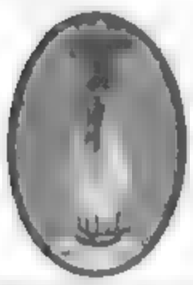

A smoking stack, hungry caused by insufficient air at the point of combustion—too much kerosene for the amount of air available

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A smoking chimney means a "choked" fire in the furnace. Complete combustion of smoke and gases is impossible without sufficient oxygen

SMOKE is fuel—unburned and utterly wasted. The smoke that comes belching forth from your chimney during each day of winter is as much an actual, tangible part of your coal pile as are the lumps of fuel themselves.

Lack of oxygen in your furnace steals fuel dollars from you every minute that the furnace burns. It chokes and stifles thousands of heat units and whisks them up your chimney before they have a chance to burn and release their heat.

You can now completely eliminate this tremendously costly fuel waste by installing the furnace that ***burns its own smoke.***

SUPER-SMOKELESS
WARM AIR FURNACES

A SUPER-SMOKELESS Furnace offers you the truly sensible solution to the problem of low-cost, smoke-free home heating. By means of the famous patented air jet device, this most modern of furnaces burns practically every combustible particle of your fuel, getting ***full*** value from it and supplying clean, pure, healthful heat in abundance.

In the SUPER-SMOKELESS Furnace you can burn the cheapest of soft coal—***smokelessly!*** The fumes and gases that ordinarily go up the chimney are caught—***and actually burned***—in a secondary combustion chamber before reaching the flue. In a year's time a SUPER-SMOKELESS will save you many dollars—and in addition give you the most satisfactory heating service you have ever enjoyed.

Write for Complete Details

Let us send you the SUPER-SMOKELESS Furnace Book, which tells the whole absorbing story of this wonderful furnace. Let us tell you the name of the nearest SUPER-SMOKELESS dealer and arrange for an actual firing demonstration. No obligation on your part. Write today for complete information.

UTICA HEATER CO.

"Pioneers in Smokeless Combustion"

UTICA, NEW YORK

Makers, for 45 years, of SUPERIOR Furnaces and other high-grade heating equipment; Originators of the famous Utica Imperial SUPER-SMOKELESS Boilers which are burning soft coal SMOKELESSLY in thousands of apartments, residences, banks, schools, churches and commercial, industrial and public buildings throughout the country.

going to win the next set. I've spotted your hat in the stands. If you understand, take it off for a moment. I want you to go back to town with me in my sedan. If you'll do that, take it off twice.

LAWRENCE MEAD.

P. S. In the sedan, I'm going to ask you to marry me.

Helen looked across the field. Though the champion and his retinue were crossing to the court, Lawrence Mead still stood by the entrance, watching. She took off her hat.

A lingering impulse of coquetry made her pause for a moment before she replaced it and took it off again.

Now she wanted to hide her face. She looked down at her lap, where the note lay open.

The postscript caught her eye.

"In the sedan, I'm going to ask you to marry me."

A third time, she took off her hat.

BAYS, BIRDS AND BEARS

(Continued from Page 18)

the Alaskan coast and islands are somewhat restricted to a seasonal diet. Upon coming from the dens in the early spring they dig up the tender asparagus like shoots of the skunk cabbage in the first patches that are freed of snow, perhaps a few other roots and sprouting plants. When the first grass appears they seek it eagerly and apparently lose their appetite for skunk cabbage shoots. For two months I searched diligently for some evidence that bears ate the skunk cabbage after grass appears and failed to find a single instance of it, though on Kodiak, Chichagof and Baranof islands and the mainland I found many a patch of tender shoots that had been literally trampled flat by bears; but they eat tons of green grass. A dozen times I watched them grazing as eagerly as a cow might crop the first green blades when thrown out on pasture in the spring. For several months they live practically upon a straight grass diet, supplemented by mushrooms, strawberries, and so on, their meat ration consisting of ground squirrels, mice and other small creatures. Then, late in the summer, the salmon come in from the sea in untold millions, struggling up the fresh-water streams to spawn; and the bears resort to the fish creeks to feast upon them, subsisting on a fish diet throughout the two months or so of the salmon run. This over, the berries have ripened in unbelievable profusion—cranberries, blueberries, elderberries, moss berries and a host of others—and the bears quit the fish creeks and go on a berry spree. It seems that they have become gorged to repletion with fish, for once they quit the creeks for the berry patches they seldom return, even though the last of the salmon still afford an easy living. Late in the fall, on the Kenai Peninsula, I put in some forty days in the Lake Tustumena country at the head of the Kasilof River. The bears, both the blacks and the browns, had been following the lake shore and the fish creeks by hundreds and were still so occupied. A few days later, as if at a given signal, they quit them. The salmon season was closed as far as bears were concerned. I camped alone for almost two weeks on a creek that was simply cluttered with fresh bear tracks, but the bears had gone. Not one crossed that creek within four miles of camp in two weeks. But I did see them out in the hills eating berries.

A Bay, a Bear and Many Birds

My stay in the islands was during the period of grass diet, so it was in the grass-grown edge of the tide flats that we sought for bears. We emerged from the forest at a point where the natives had constructed a bear lookout by the simple process of taking shelter within the edge of a timbered point and cutting loopholes through the wall of brush that fringed it. A mile or more beyond this point we sat down and scanned the timber's edge for bears. Fifty or more Canada geese fed close at hand, perhaps half of them in mated pairs. As dusk approached, these mated ones winged their clamorous way to their scattered nesting grounds high up on the timbered slopes of the hills. Just prior to dark a bear left the timber and moved into the grassy flat, crossing it in our direction. The wind was right and it would have been a simple matter to bag him, but he was not of sufficient size to appeal to me, and Crouch also decided to pass him up, so we returned to the boat, leaving him unmolested.

Another day's run brought us to the head of Mud Bay, and we anchored behind a sand spit that left us stranded at low tide. Ducks, geese and shore birds repaired to the spit in great numbers. Not less than two hundred geese were using the flats of Mud Bay. I was anxious to find and photograph the nest of a Canada goose, and we marked down the sight of several pairs that winged their way into the timber, then engaged in a diligent search. Swan almost stepped on a nesting goose and later led Crouch and me to the cleverly concealed, down-lined nest containing six huge eggs. It was within a few feet of a tiny pond in the timber.

A Gentleman With Fixed Habits

Bear signs were not abundant, although perhaps half a dozen bears had been feeding on the tide flats within the past two weeks. I located one bear of fair size bedded in the snow above the tree line. Deer were particularly abundant, in spite of the fact that the deer herds had suffered a severe toll during the preceding winter. We found at least twenty winterkills on the various islands. I watched the deer through my glasses as they came from the timber in the early evenings, and on the second day a doe followed by twin fawns fed near the boat. They were tiny creatures of less than the weight and dimensions of a jack rabbit. The actions of another doe led me to believe that she had cached her fawn on a high mound covered with rank grass, so I repaired to the spot and made a search, the anxious mother watching me from a little distance. Swan joined me, but after half an hour we were about to give it up, when Swan discovered the tiny spotted animal curled up between his feet in the grass. After clearing away a bit of grass and photographing him, I lifted the infant from his retreat. He was eagerly friendly, rubbing his muzzle about my face, and when I put him down once more he trotted along behind us, quite willing to follow where we led.

Idaho Inlet, also on Chichagof Island, was our next point of destination; a narrow steep-walled gorge that thrust back fifteen miles or more into the hills. The first night we saw a bear of rather large size high in the snow and heading for the bottom some miles up the river. We endeavored to reach the spot, but swamps, alder thickets and a dense growth of the troublesome devil's-club were mixed with windfall jams of massive trunks, rendering travel a slow and difficult process, so we gave it up an hour before dark, having covered less than half the distance. Twice again on other occasions we saw the big fellow. This bear has a well-defined trail that he travels at intervals, stepping always in the same prints until these spots have been pressed six or eight inches below the surface. On a subsequent visit to Idaho Inlet, Swan and I were angling across a tide flat when the big bear appeared suddenly outside the alders at the spot where his trail comes down from the heights. He swayed along for some thirty yards and took to the brush once more. I was suddenly confident that he was on one of his

(Continued on Page 213)

DUNWOODIE—a rugged spring model, of rich pliant calf, in the new "amber" and "rum" shades (black, too, of course). Eyelets of brass, full harness stitching, and our new Tapsole construction *doubled!* Priced at seven to eight-fifty, depending on your preference in leather.

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You can buy them singly from your dealer, but the metal box holding a dozen is the most satisfactory way to keep them close at hand in the home, school and office. Try a Wallace Motif today.

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Excellent for the Home

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Wallace was the first American manufacturer to conceive the idea of a metal box for pencils. The Wallace Motif is conveniently packed one dozen in a beautifully colored lithographed metal box and sealed with the Wallace Quality Seal. You'll find it the most satisfactory way to buy for the home, school and office.

WHEREVER you see this display let it remind you to try the Wallace Motif. You'll be surprised what a really fine pencil a nickel will buy

(Continued from Page 210)

periodical rounds and would hold to his regular beat, in which case he would cross a hundred-yard opening from one point of timber to the next some three-quarters of a mile upcountry. We headed for it with all possible haste. I handed my coat, hat and glasses to Swan and held on; but running through rank grass and oozing mud in hip boots is a task for one whose muscles and wind are in better shape than were mine at the time, and I was soon worn down to a fast walk punctuated by short spurts of trotting.

Reaching the fringe of alders along the stream where it broke from the timber, I worked through them and took to the water, fording on a shallow bar and following round a bend, still in the water to avoid the heavy brush, and finally thrust my head above the bank within easy range of the open crossing. Just outside the alders, exactly where I had expected him to emerge, stood a bear with only its back visible above the grass. I raised my gun, but my lungs were still laboring from my recent exertions and I knew that it would be impossible to shoot until they had steadied. The bear was grazing on the grass meadow, and after a minute or two he moved onto a slight rise of ground that threw his whole body into view, and I exclaimed testily in disappointment, for he was of ordinary size and I would not have given a thin dime for his pelt.

While wondering how we had both mistaken him for the big bear of Idaho Inlet, he suddenly whirled and made for the brush in desperate haste. This move was somewhat mystifying, for I had the wind on him, which is 90 per cent of the game in hunting bear. I stepped into the open, then dropped flat in the grass as a belated idea occurred to me—that this bear, even though sighted at the exact spot where the big bear was expected to emerge, was a different animal and that his stampede for cover had been occasioned by the approach of the big fellow immediately behind him. This surmise proved correct. The old one had held to his regular beat, placing his great feet exactly in his former prints, and had been standing just within the shelter of the brush for a last survey before crossing, when the sight of me strolling across his intended route caused him to change destinations. A bit of thoughtlessness had cost me a nice pelt. This bear was the largest of all those we saw during a month's cruise of Southeastern Alaska.

Port of Missing Men

The discovery of Alaska is credited to Bering, but the first actual landing of the white man was effected by Chirikov on Chichagof Island, July 18, 1741, two days prior to the date that Bering sent a boat ashore near Cape St. Elias. Bering left Okho, on the Siberian coast, as commander of a two-vessel expedition, but became separated from Chirikov, in command of the second ship. Chirikov's course took him to the south of Bering's route, and on the date mentioned he sent a boat ashore on Chichagof Island. The men landed and disappeared within the edge of the forest, never to emerge again. After waiting six days for their return, Chirikov sent a second boat ashore and its occupants disappeared as mysteriously as had those that manned the first. Two big war canoes filled with natives appeared on the following day, but held their distance. The disappearance of these two boatloads of men has ever remained a profound mystery. The Russians speedily came in fair numbers to reap a rich harvest of gold and furs from these newly discovered shores, and for upward of a hundred years, in constant contact with the natives of Chichagof Island, they endeavored to learn the fate of the first landing parties. Not one ray of light was ever forthcoming on the subject, a unique instance in the annals of the white man's relations with the natives. There are but two surmises open: that the men, wearied by the brutal discipline of the ship, were welcomed by friendly natives and elected to settle among them, and that the Indians, valuing them, forever refused to divulge the matter to subsequent Russian authorities; or that they were instantly and silently slain as the forest walls closed about them and the natives forever held their peace in the face of a century of inquiry. The history of Russian Alaska is fascinating in every detail, far more so than that of the subsequent gold rushes.

Awaiting the cessation of a sizable blow, we ran across the strait to the mainland and into Glacier Bay. Live glaciers head the various arms of this body of water, discharging their frozen freight of ages past into the sea, and the bay was full of floating bergs. Some miles inside the mouth are two rocky isles, great rookeries for sea birds, and thousands sat upon their nests and peered at us, while other thousands wheeled overhead or clustered atop the near-by bergs. We ran into a sheltered nook for the night. Here the shore was littered with the tracks of black bears, and though the grizzly and the big brown bears are also reputed to range here, we failed to find their tracks. I searched the upper heights with my glasses for goats, locating two well up on the mountain. The blow had come on again, which, coupled with a heavy tide, made navigation among the thousands of bergs a ticklish job, as the smallest of them, being eight-ninths under water, would crush the little gas boat were we to run foul of one. Then, too, if the wind should shift it would pile them into the little nook that sheltered us, so on the second day we made a run for the islands.

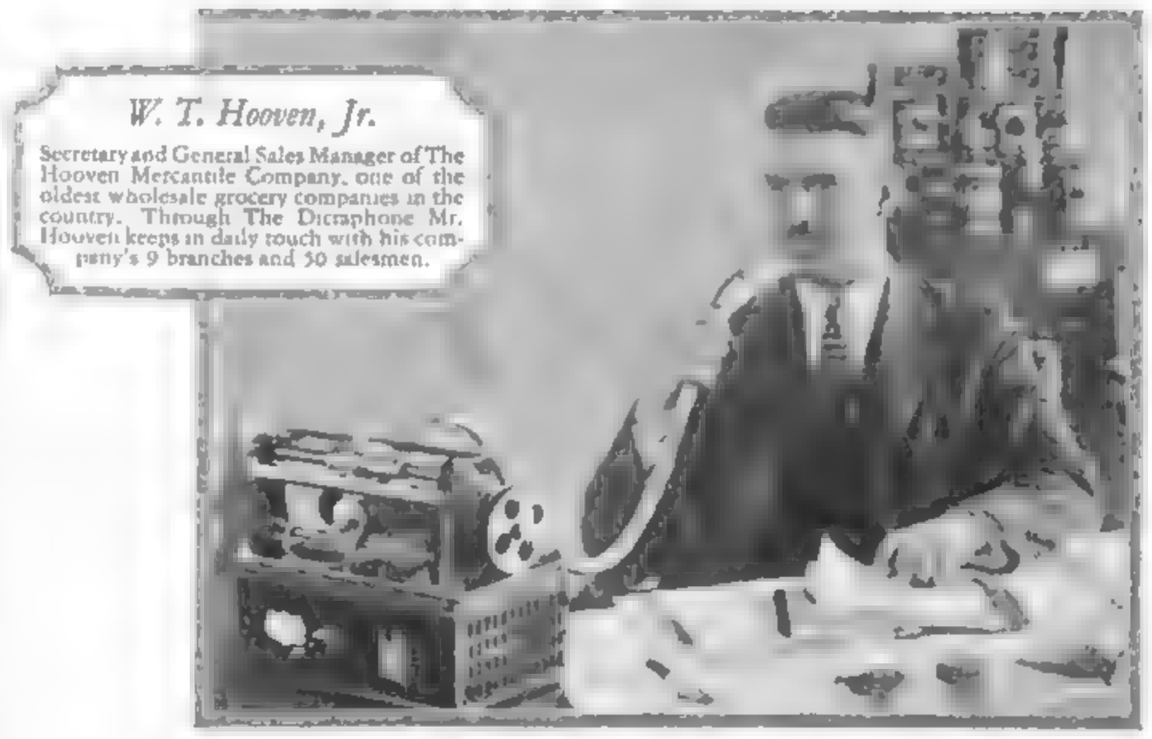
From Gold Rush to Tourist Rush

At a later date we crossed to the mouth of the long inlet known as the Lynn Canal and ascended it to Skagway, of gold-rush fame. Once the outfitting point for stampeders bound for the Klondike, Skagway was a city of twenty thousand population, a place of great prosperity. Its finances, however, were dependent upon the prosperity of the placer camps of the Yukon, and with the collapse of these after the riches had been panned, Skagway suffered with them and has now dwindled to a town of a few hundred souls. Rows of business buildings and hotels stand empty. The tourists that now flood into Southeastern Alaska by the thousands during the three summer months contribute a goodly amount of the town's income today.

Dyea, Skagway's sister camp and rival outfitting point during the stampede days, is totally defunct. The marshal at Skagway had just extracted the last citizen of Dyea and sent him to Juneau for moonshining, a few days prior to our arrival.

Returning seaward down the Lynn Canal we were caught in a rather nasty storm that pounded the boat lustily, churning our belongings about, as well as ourselves, until we were in danger of being battered into a pulp. Swan turned and ran with the wind, seeking the mouth of a shelter that showed on his chart, but which he had never entered. He made out a slanting crease in the rocks, also the fact that a tide rip surged at its mouth, and made a run for it, calling to us to seize something and hold on. The rip and the surf pounded us until we emerged from the smother and shot into a narrow crevice that disappeared among the cliffs in a sharp curve. Barnacle-incrusted rocks rose on all sides and we could have tossed a stone to the walls on either hand. Then the passage opened out into a placid body of water a half mile across. Here we remained for two days till the wind abated. The rush of water through that narrow crack with each incoming or outgoing tide was terrific, which may be imagined when one considers that all the water that alternately fills and empties the half-mile basin must be sucked in or expelled through that slender orifice with each rise or recession of the tide.

We wandered on, spending but little time in one place, sometimes stopping overnight in a placid bay, sometimes in a steep-walled slit in the rocks, occasionally running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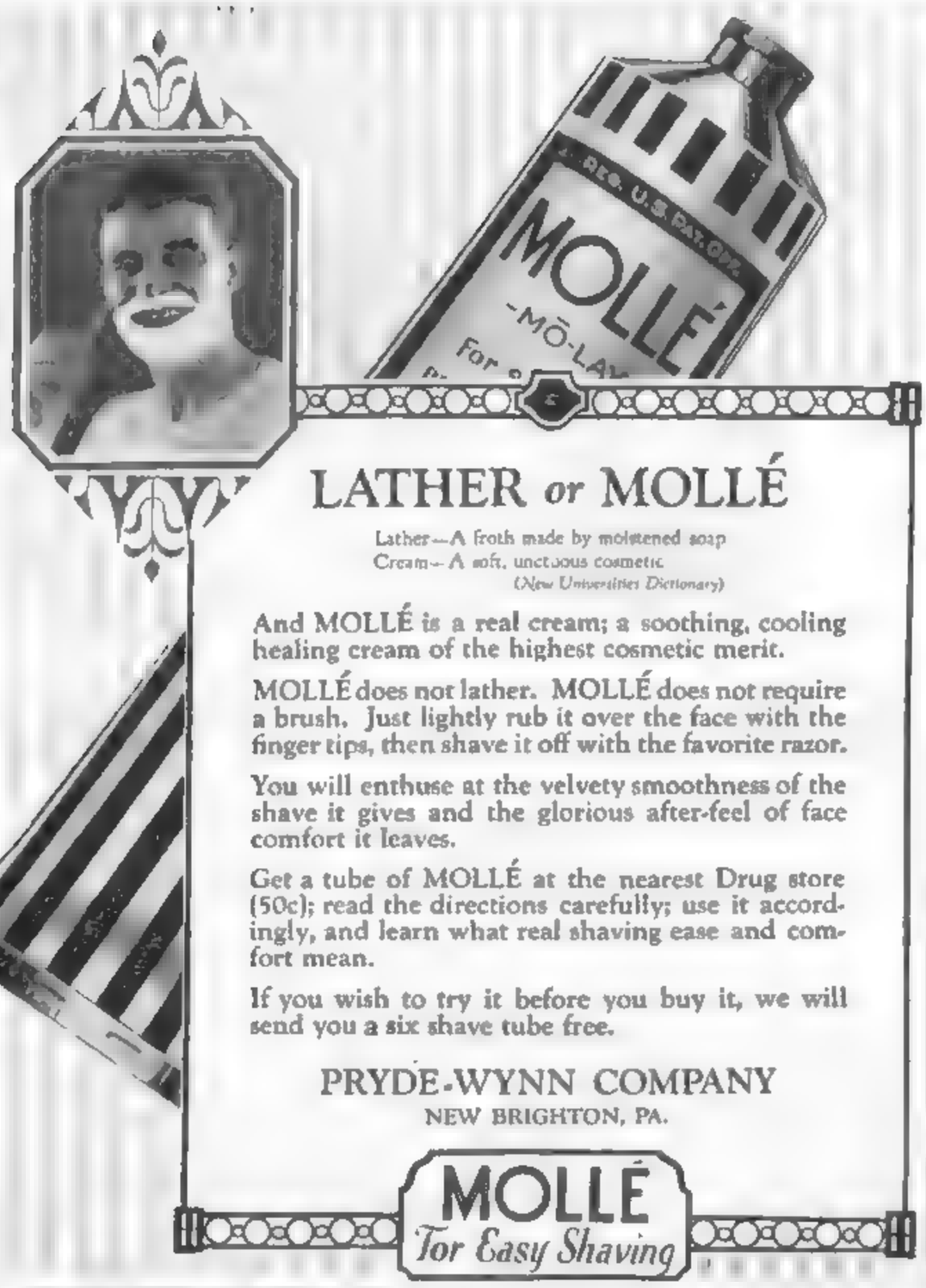

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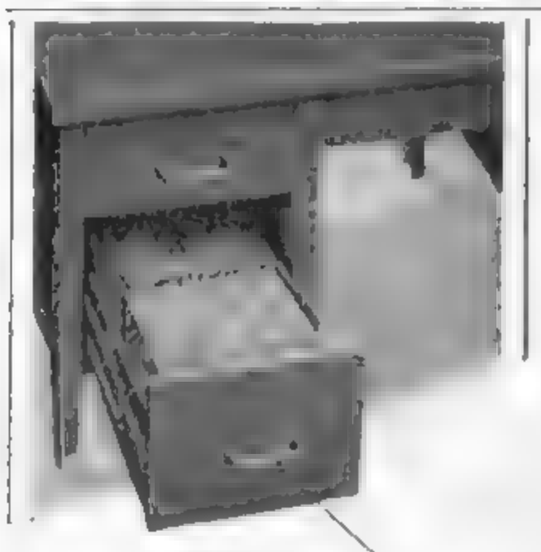

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all night when wind and tide were favorable. At the head of a long inlet that penetrated to a depth of perhaps twenty miles into Baranof Island we found a half dozen hair seals.

A tongue of grassy tide flat reached back for three-quarters of a mile into the timber, and I discerned a large dark object at its tip. It proved to be a bear second only to the one of Idaho Inlet in size. It was nearly ten o'clock and growing dark rapidly, but I decided to try to reach the spot while there was yet sufficient light to shoot, so Swan rowed me ashore in the skiff, this part of the journey consuming twenty minutes. Hastening up the flat and holding to the edge of the timber, scanning every low swale or tide wash, I reached the tip of the opening where the bear had last appeared. This patch was covered with a rank stand of ferns, cow parsnips and other plants that came to my armpits and it was certain that if the bear had not departed he must be in this tangle. It was so dark that I could not focus my sights on anything at a greater distance than fifty yards, so I turned down the peep in order that I might shoot by lining down the barrel. The bear had been trampling about in this growth, and several weeds, bent but not broken by his passage, flipped erect just ahead of me. I was momentarily expecting his head to appear within a few feet, and it may be that I was keyed to a greater tension than I suspected, for when I almost stepped on a duck and it rose from beneath my feet with a loud hoarse quack, threshing the weeds with its wings, it so startled me that I almost turned a back flip. There was the rush of a heavy body through the rank growth to the left, and I sprinted round a copse of elderberry bushes in the direction of the commotion just too late. The bear had made the shelter of the forest and my score was chalked up with another might have been.

This was the last bear sighted in Southeastern Alaska, but there was something of interest around us at all times. We were never out of sight of porpoises, and whales were daily visitors. Thousands of birds fished near us, and the notes of concealed songsters sounded from behind the wall of the forest. Water birds, from the tiny sea quail or marbled murrelets to the giant loons and gray geese, land birds ranging from the darting humming birds to the stately bald eagle. Deer we saw daily in numbers. On one occasion a big buck swam an inlet ahead of us and an hour later I counted fifteen head on a tide flat. And always there was change and variety to delight the eye, magnificent waterfalls tumbling from great heights to the sea, the forests of giant spruce and just above them the snow fields that still held the peaks in the grip of winter. One could, in fact, pass from riotous summer to winter in the span of an hour's climb from the sea; glaciers or hot springs according to one's preference; an occasional native canoe sliding round a point, the occupant trolling for king salmon. The streams of these islands as well as those of the mainland are simply swarming with trout.

A Tourist Paradise

It was a fascinating sort of existence and I deferred the date of our return from day to day, until the trip, planned for not over a week's duration at the outside, lengthened into a month, and even then I was loath to put back into Juneau.

So far as could be determined, there was but one other party of outsiders gas-boating through this particular region during the spring and early summer. In a way this was not surprising, as the other ten thousand tourists who might have been enjoying themselves there in a similar manner did not know of the country or of its possibilities. The region that gets the big bulk of the tourist trade is the region that sells itself and its possibilities to the public. This has not been done in the case of Alaska; yet during every month that I stayed there and with every new spot that I visited, the tourist possibilities of the country became increasingly evident.

The handling of tourists has ceased to be viewed as an incidental sideline, but must now be regarded as a business of vast financial dimensions. Individuals, communities and even whole states have waged organized campaigns in their bids for tourist patronage. Aside from the two outstanding cases, those of California and Florida, there are other states, notably Colorado and Minnesota, where the annual expenditures of tourists exceed the one-hundred-million-dollar mark; and in still other states there are scores of localities that have attained a very substantial prosperity through the increasing patronage of the tourist.

The American public is a wealthy, restless, traveling body and it is ever seeking new places of interest. National parks have proved such potent magnets for the attraction of tourist gold to their respective vicinities that now every community which has in its neighborhood a respectable mountain, a stretch of virgin forest, a limestone cave, or what not, is urging that it be set aside as a park; and this not through any sudden access of sentiment toward its preservation, but through the knowledge that it will produce far better returns in tourist dollars in a preserved state than by the utmost exploitation of its other commercial possibilities. There is a veritable deluge of such proposals. Our national forests are visited by so many millions of people that the Forest Service has created a recreational branch to handle matters. In addition to this swarm of vacationists there is an army of some fifteen million that goes afield annually with rod and gun.

Thawing Out Alaska

Alaska, with more to offer the tourist or the sportsman, scenically or in fishing or hunting, than any half dozen states combined, should certainly come in for her share of this tremendous tourist business. But first she must sell herself to the American public. To sell herself she need only present a true picture of the country. It should be made plain to the sportsmen who have indulged in either spring bear hunts or fall hunting trips in our Western mountains that they will encounter almost identical climatic conditions on either spring or fall hunts in Alaska. The potential summer tourist should be apprised of the fact that the summer climate of the coastal region of Alaska clear to the Aleutians is comparable to that of Seattle, while that of interior Alaska is quite similar to the summer months in the mountains of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and the high Sierra of California. When the widespread notion that Alaska is a year-round frozen pudding is dispelled and the American public learns that in summer it is a rich warm layer cake topped off with an attractive white icing on the heights, then tourists will invade it in flocks.

Having digressed from bears to tourists I will now revert from tourists to bears, which, from the viewpoint of most hunters, myself included, form possibly the most interesting group of American big-game animals.

The black bear has many subspecies and a wide range of color variations. The most common of these is the brown phase, ranging from deep chocolate to a light taffy color, occurring in the same litters with black cubs. These color phases occur abundantly in various parts of Alaska. Just before reaching Alaskan waters, on an island off the coast of British Columbia, there is the Kermode bear, found nowhere else in the world, a small white animal that seems never to attain a size larger than that of a two-year-old black bear. It is probable that this animal, too, is an offshoot of the blacks, but it differs from a mere case of frequent albinism in that it seems to be a color fixation, possibly developed by isolation, and apparently does not occur in mixed litters with black cubs. Farther along the Alaskan coast, in the Yakutat region, there occurs a

(Continued on Page 217)

Microscope and camera show why—

this lustrous white paint washes like tile

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Moreover, the Rice Process of making this paint enables it to resist the "yellowing" tendency. It is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

* * *

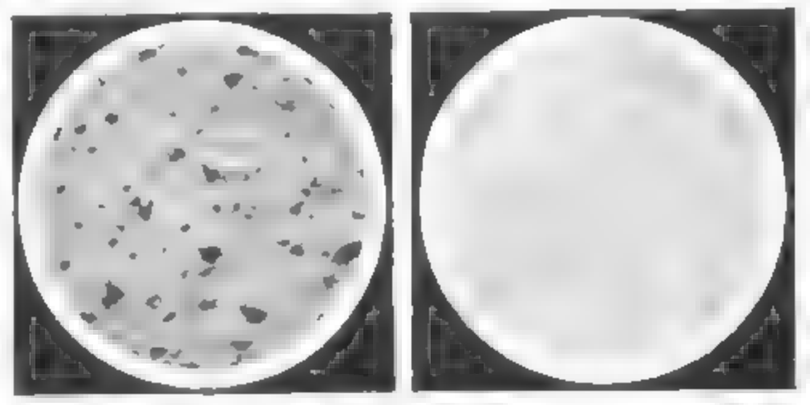
In thousands of fine homes today Barreled Sunlight means bathrooms and kitchens always clean, bright, sanitary—woodwork easy to keep spotless by occasional wiping with a damp cloth. Even the largest users of paint—hotels, schools, hospitals, office buildings—find Barreled Sunlight's superior qualities an actual economy. There is a saving in the labor cost of application, because Barreled Sunlight, containing no varnish, is easy to apply with brush or spray—and it covers remarkably. Once on the walls, washing takes the place of frequent, costly repainting.

* * *

YOU can get Barreled Sunlight in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons, and in steel drums of 30 gallons' and 55 gallons' capacity. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

Send the coupon to obtain further information and a sample can.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices
12-C DUDLEY STREET PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York—150 Madison Ave. Chicago—659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco—156 Eddy St. Philadelphia—1003 Batley Bldg.
Distributors in all principal cities
Retailed by over 6000 dealers



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint *Barreled Sunlight*

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint *Barreled Sunlight*

Run your finger over the surface of flat or egg shell paint. Note the smudge. Then rub your finger over a Barreled Sunlight surface. *No smudge*—because Barreled Sunlight's satin-smooth finish can not hold dirt. Mere surface dust can be removed with a damp cloth.

If you prefer a tint—
here's an easy way

By simply adding colors-in-oil to Barreled Sunlight white, you can obtain exactly the tint you want to match any scheme of interior decoration. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors, in handy tubes. These colors are almost liquid, blending easily and quickly with Barreled Sunlight. In quantities of 5 gallons or over we tint on order at the factory, without extra charge.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
12-C Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me literature on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—

Check ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings
☐ Institutions ☐ Industrial Plants

Enclosed also find ten cents for a sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

Name

Street

City State

Barreled Sunlight

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WASHING REMOVES THE DIRT BUT NOT THE PAINT

Comes Spring—*with lovely new creations in*

Luk-Shu-Ri Knit

[Pronounced LUXURY]

"America's Wonder Fabric"

In a fascinating array of lovely styles, The C & D Company greets the season with frocks as dainty and colorings as delicate as Spring itself.

You will love these *Luk-Shu-Ri* Knit dresses—alluringly smart in pattern—lustrous and rich in texture—so moderate in cost.

The C & D representative in your community is ready to bring to your home a veritable Spring fashion show of lingerie, hosiery and the beautiful new dresses which include a special combination of silky *Luk-Shu-Ri* Knit with fine worsted. In the privacy of your own home, you can enjoy advance information about the Spring and Summer modes and plan your wardrobe, benefiting by the economies offered by this reliable, progressive garment house.

Lingerie and Hosiery in Harmony

It is so easy to plan entrancing effects because C & D offers a gorgeous range of colorings in a wide variety of frocks, lingerie and hosiery. Everything is moderate in price

An Old, Reliable House

The business of The C & D Company has been built upon outstanding achievements in style and fabric, and a long record of value-giving and fair dealings.

You will find that C & D representatives are courteous and capable—dignified business people. They carry C & D service direct to you—bringing the benefit of moderate prices, exclusive styles, superior fabrics, and the convenience of choosing in the privacy and comfort of your own home.

We select our representatives with care, and to men and women who share our ideals of service, we offer an opportunity for building a permanent, pleasant business. If you are interested, or if you know someone you think would qualify, write for information.

Spring Fashion Show In Your Home by your local C&D Representative

Use Coupon

Write

Sign and return the coupon below, and we will see that your local C & D representative makes a special trip to your home with the many C & D creations for Spring. We will also send you an interesting brochure describing America's Wonder Fabric, and pictures showing in color a few of the lovely garments in which *Luk-Shu-Ri* Knit is available.

The dress shown here is C & D Style **122L**

THE C & D COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

You may send me your free brochure describing *Luk-Shu-Ri* Knit creations.

Name

Address

City State

The C & D *Company*
Originators of
Luk-Shu-Ri Knit
"AMERICA'S WONDER FABRIC"

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 214)

blue phase of the black bear, known as the blue glacier bear. This animal occurs in litters with black cubs. There is considerable misunderstanding about the blue glacier bear. Many roan, slate, bluish or even light cream-colored grizzly hides are proclaimed to be the pelts of the blue glacier bear. This is an error. A grizzly of any color whatsoever cannot be classified as a blue glacier bear with any more authenticity than a peculiar shade of black bear may be termed a grizzly, or a light-colored grizzly be classified as a polar bear.

Both the Kermode and the blue glacier bears are new to science within the past two decades.

The grizzly, too, has numerous subspecies and a color-phase variation ranging from almost black to very light cream color, and Alaska is the home of many of these.

The big brown bear of Alaska, however, is the king of them all. Hides have been taken that will square twelve feet, and it is known that some of the larger specimens will exceed fifteen hundred pounds in weight. These giant creatures seem almost a survival of prehistoric times. There are several subspecies of the Alaskan browns, and the claim is frequently made in various localities throughout their range that the bears of that particular vicinity are as large as any in the world. These assertions, though no doubt believed by those responsible for their origin, are erroneous. There will be occasional exceptionally large specimens taken in various localities throughout their habitat, such as the great bear killed by Doctor Chase, of Cordova, but the true monsters of the breed are the two subspecies that inhabit Western Alaska. Their range includes the Kodiak-Afognak Islands, Unimak Island, the entire Alaska Peninsula, and extends some distance along the western shores of Cook's Inlet. The subspecies of the Alaskan brown bear inhabiting this region averages far larger than any others in the world.

Comparatively Safe Friends

Bruin is a much-maligned citizen. There is a prejudice against bears, occasioned largely by tales of fabled ferocity that is not actually characteristic of the tribe. Instances of unprovoked attacks upon humans are extremely rare. An infuriated wounded bear occasionally turns upon his tormentor and kills him. Still, I doubt if Alaskan records will show that an average of more than one man a year has been killed by bears in the territory in the past decade. Presuming that there is one man killed in this fashion out of Alaska's population of fifty thousand, and comparing it with the murder toll of eleven thousand in the United States, with its one hundred and ten million people, the equation will work out that any inoffensive citizen of the latter stands five chances of being murdered for every one chance of an Alaskan's being massacred by a bear. One might go on indefinitely into statistics of deaths by automobile accidents, and so on, and arrive at the conclusion that, taking it all round on a per capita basis, every citizen of the United States is facing perhaps twenty-odd chances of meeting a violent end in the daily routine of affairs to every one chance that an Alaskan will be slaughtered by a marauding bear. Taken by and large, the bear is a pretty decent sort of citizen, and much of the prejudice against him is based upon unsound logic. Nevertheless, it has operated to prevent any adequate protection of the big brown bears of Alaska. A number of men frankly stated that bears should be shot down on sight. Hunters who would not be guilty of slaying fawns or the young of other animals unless through urgent necessity for meat, will kill cub bears for which they have no use whatever, congratulating themselves that they are ridding the world of a dangerous beast. The bears resort to the fish creeks in the summer months and become easy prey, many being shot down at a time when their pelts are quite worthless.

Alaska's Unique Spot

The members of the Alaska Game Commission are anxious to remedy this condition, and the majority of the more farsighted guides deplore the present state of affairs. I would like to lay before the people of Alaska a plea for some adequate protection for the big brown bear; not a radical program in any sense, perhaps not even a territory-wide program, but merely a sufficient alteration from present conditions to assure the preservation of the giant bears of Western Alaska. The very nature of the barren, semiopen country in which they range makes hunting them not too difficult a matter and is not sufficient of a handicap in itself. It requires a goodly span of years to produce a bear that weighs almost a ton and whose hide will square twelve feet. These big fellows will become extremely rare, if not entirely extinct, if the summer killing of bears and the indiscriminate slaughter of cubs is permitted to continue. The two summer months of July and August should be closed on Kodiak and the Alaska Peninsula. That much protection, at least, should be accorded the great bears of Western Alaska.

To revert once more from bears to tourists, or perhaps to merge the two topics, the bears of Western Alaska attract a fair number of hunters annually, a condition that is destined to increase, in the natural course of events, for just so long as there remains a sufficient number of bears to make such an expensive trip attractive to hunters. In this connection there is one extremely important point to consider. There is no special premium on moose, caribou, sheep, goats, deer or even on black bears and grizzlies. They range over vast areas and a hunter can as well seek them one place as another, or at least he can take his choice of a hundred different localities in which to stage a hunt for them. But there is only one small area on this rollicking planet where he can hope to bag the monster brown bear. That means something! It means that every one of the increasing array of big-game hunters in America cherishes a hope that some day he may be able to set forth and bag a big brown bear as the supreme trophy; it means that there is only one comparatively small region on earth where this ambition can be gratified. Consider, then, that the average hunter will spend on his trip four times the amount expended in the territory by the average summer tourist to Alaska. Taking it all round, it is inevitable that within a very few years, provided the giant brown bears of Kodiak and the peninsula are retained in sufficient numbers, they will constitute a very real commercial asset of no mean proportions for Western Alaska.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Evarts. The next will appear in an early issue.

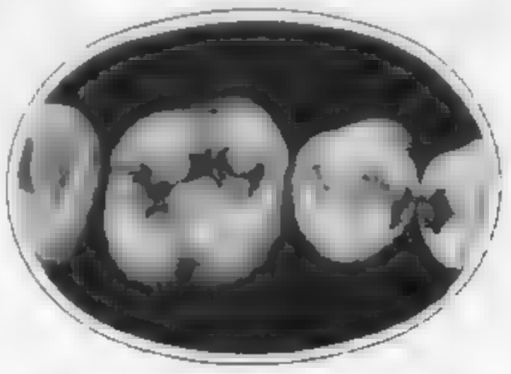
Sound Teeth can be kept sound

DECAY GERMS lose their power when you use this dental cream. Read how it helps your dentist prevent decay.

By IRA DAVIS JOEL, B.S., M.S.

SUPPOSE on your next visit to your dentist, he should say to you: "Your teeth and gums are in unusually good condition. I find no cavities, and your gums seem firm and healthy."

It is very satisfying to hear your dentist say this, as thousands of Kolynos users know. Kolynos *keeps* sound teeth sound. It *prevents*, as much as any dentifrice can prevent, more cavities from forming in teeth already ravaged. It is a *germ-killing* dentifrice and thus strikes at the cause of tooth decay. Scientists now think they have discovered the specific germ that causes the breaking down of tooth enamel, a germ which Kolynos kills and washes from your mouth. You cannot see or feel the germs, but you know that most of them are gone, for two reasons: First, the improvement which your dentist sees in your teeth and gums; and secondly, the refreshing sensation. Thousands write and say, "What I noticed at once was how clean Kolynos made my mouth feel!"



Teeth that seem sound to you may look like this to your dentist

WHY your mouth feels clean

Your mouth *feels* so clean because it *is* clean. In the first place, the film on your teeth is gone—gone, it seems, as completely as if it had never been there. In the second place, and what is of prime importance, most of the dangerous acid-forming germs, the germs that breed in the film, that ferment the particles of food, that produce the acid so deadly to enamel—most of these are killed and washed away. What mere rinsing with water would not do, Kolynos has done. What could not be accomplished by brush and water has been accomplished by brush and Kolynos.

Germs must be killed

Some people think that the mere twice-a-day removal of the coating is enough. They think that this is sufficient cleansing to protect their teeth from decay. The film is gone—yes; but the main cause of tooth decay remains. The germs, while no longer on the teeth, are still very much alive and still in the mouth. The film immediately begins to form again and the germs once more begin their acid attack upon the enamel.

What a dental society says—

The American Academy of Periodontology makes this statement "A milligram is the smallest weight used on the finest scales. A piece of ordinary paper one-eighth inch square weighs a milligram. One milligram of the soft deposit scraped from the teeth of a person who keeps his mouth very clean will contain about 6,000,000 bacteria. When the teeth are allowed to get dirty and the bacteria can multiply undisturbed, this number rises until a milligram of deposit may contain 600,000,000 or more bacteria."

Kolynos kills germs

Eminent scientists of several countries have studied Kolynos. They have described their findings in scientific papers. If you care to examine these papers, we shall be only too glad to send copies to you. The scientists report that Kolynos kills germs *in the mouth*—as many as 80 to 90 per cent of all that are there. Hours pass before there are again enough to be dangerous to your teeth.

Dentists agree

You have read our claims for Kolynos. Perhaps you think we are too enthusiastic. But do dentists and physicians think so? We have in our files at New Haven cards or letters written by 51,000 dentists and 89,000 physicians asking us for samples of Kolynos to distribute to their patients. They recommend Kolynos. They know the formula. Surely no dentist or physician would even suggest a dentifrice to his patients unless he were convinced of its merit.

Begin at our expense

The quickest way to get the protection Kolynos gives your teeth is to buy a tube at your druggist's next time you go out. But—we are willing to have you prove our claims at our expense, prove them to the fullest possible extent. We want you to see for yourself the result of killing germs. Then you will say, just as thousands of others have said, "How clean my mouth feels!"

Free *Enough Kolynos to brush your teeth 22 times, ½ inch to the brushing.*

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Company, Dept. 1-FF2,
New Haven, Conn.
Send sample to

Name

Street

City

In Canada, address The Kolynos Company, [illegible] are located at New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.; London, England; and Montreal, Can.

Good "Eats" Wherever You Go!

WHENEVER you're picnicking, touring or camping you want tasty food—plenty of it—quick and often. The Coleman Camp Stove delivers your order in double-quick time in the style you like—no matter where you happen to be. If you're tired of fried foods, bake and roast in the Coleman Built-in Oven. How about a pan of fluffy biscuits or muffins, or a juicy roast of beef? Easy to have with this miniature kitchen range. *Ask Your Dealer,* or write for descriptive literature. Address Camping Dept. P-47.

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO. Wichita, Kans.

Branches: Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles

The Poets' Corner

Are Children People?

TOY autos, velocipedes,
Scooters and such
Are things that the little folks
Like very much.
But when little folk land
Is so frankly equestrian,
On our sidewalks it's fatal
To be a pedestrian
At your failure to hear
An emphatic toot-toot! or
The squeal or the hoot, or
The grunt of a scooter,
You dodge your young daughter,
Are hit by her brother,
Upset by a neighboring
Child, and another.
Oh, here in our suburb
There's not any question
Of the peril that lies
In the traffic congestion!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

I Will Go Home

I WILL go home to the old house,
Where the dark cedars fill
The night with their incessant sighing,
And under the hill
The thread of the creek murmurs nightly
Its musical song;
And the bluebird is circling and singing
All the day long.

I have done with contending and clamor,
With the fury of words.
I shall hear but the troubadour lilting
Of brown, happy birds.
Never again will I weary,
Or long for the sound
Of the world's multitudinous voices
In the silence profound.

I shall dream no old dreams, lest the waking
Be pierced with regret;
I shall pray, in the new wisdom granted,
To forgive and forget.
Of the cup that is bitter with yearning
I have long had my fill;
Now peace be my part in the old house
Under the hill.

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

Recognition

OH, ONCE the world was wide to me, and
once the years were long,
Where dream and day they fled away with
laughter and with song;
And once when April walked the world -
unguessed, unwarned, unknown,
My love and I met face to face, and walked
no more alone.
No words had we of doubt or fear, no thought
of loss or wrong,
But, "Oh, my dear, and is it you? Where
have you been so long?"

Last night I climbed a star way high, beyond
the outmost sun,
Where friend and foe we lost below, they
gather one by one;
I know not if the wall were high, nor marked
the way I trod,
Or if the street might lead my feet before the
throne of God;
I only know who met me there and drew me
from the throng—
And, "Oh, my dear, and is it you? Where
have you been so long?"

—*Eugene Manlove Rhodes.*

What Did He Do To Make So Much Extra Money?

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
308 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Extra Money is what I'm looking for. Please tell me—of course without obligation—how it can be mine.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

He First Sent Us a Coupon Like This

AND then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fourteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12.00!

Now, *how about you?* Surely you can spare an hour now and then, to follow the simple directions we will give you. You need no experience, no capital—only the willingness to TRY. Above is a coupon—mail it today.

Profits From the Start

A Fountain in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feathered passion is but pain;
My crop is all the grain that grows in fields
Of sighing Sorrow unto clouds of Death."
—TENNYSON, "The Falcon"

~when the falcon was a family pet~

Oak was the ideal Floor as it is today

BRUCE HARDWOODS FOR INTERIOR WOODWORK

"CEDA'LINE" FOR CLOSETS MOTH DETERRENT

IN AGES PAST falconry was the sport of kings, and a means of livelihood for humbler folk who flew these agile birds to bring down game for the family table. Changing civilization has long since made a memory of this fanciful sport, as it has of quaint costumes and robust interior furnishings characteristic of the period. Few survive.

Yet the oak floor of today is directly linked to the rough hewn floors of the past. It is the sturdy descendant of the fine old floors that once resounded to the stride of armored feet, and reflected the shimmer of silk and lace. But its manufacture requires utmost nicety and precision to conform to the less rugged interior of a modern home.

BRUCE

This label appears on all boards of Bruce flooring. Sold nationally through retail lumber dealers everywhere

Specify Bruce, when you build

Be sure of having the ideal oak floor. Look for the name "BRUCE," impressed on the back of each flooring piece. It is the accepted mark of supremacy. From selection of the finest oak timber, scientific seasoning in the kilns, uniform machining, care in transit and storage up to the moment it becomes your floor, this product is the best that skilled craftsmanship can make. It has the quality of finely fabricated furniture.

That is why Bruce oak flooring is easily laid, saving time and expense in flooring a home; and why it stays in place when properly laid. That is why leading retail lumber dealers in your community recommend and sell it.

A better product for less cost

It has cost Bruce a great deal to maintain this excellence through years of leadership in the industry. But through economy in operation and widespread national distribution, Bruce oak floors cost you no more than ordinary flooring.

Over old floors

Ask your dealer to figure the low cost of laying Bruce oak over the worn floors in your present home. No other single improvement will do more to modernize your home, and increase its value for rental or sale. There is a grade to bring the cost within any budget.

"Just Inside your Threshold"

This fully illustrated booklet contains 24 pages of interesting flooring facts. Mail the coupon for your free copy.

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MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

LARGEST MAKERS OF OAK FLOORING IN THE WORLD

Liquid Granite FLOOR VARNISH

to days—more wear by far than the linoleum in your home receives in years and years—and then the test strips of linoleum were taken to the laboratory.

Varnish printed linoleum

Even the expensive oil paints used to print the pretty designs on Armstrong's Printed Linoleum will wear longer if you protect them with a coat of good clear varnish.

For those interested we have prepared a F

Excerpt from a Linoleum Advertisement

Doubles ~ the Life of Linoleum

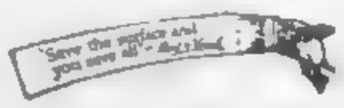
Good linoleum retains its freshness and beauty, and lasts for years, when occasionally refinished with Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite Floor Varnish.

Your advantage in using this particular varnish lies in its unsurpassed, if not actually unequalled, durability.

One coat of Liquid Granite outlasts several coats of ordinary varnish. It is this wear-resisting quality you need. Kitchen floors receive exceptional use. Millions of steps are taken along definite paths between cabinet, table, stove and sink.

Wherever a beautiful finish of unusual durability is desired, you will save money, time and effort by using Liquid Granite. Also you will have the satisfaction of getting the utmost value in varnish that money can buy. There's a Berry dealer near you.

Here's Floor Varnish That Wears!



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Walkerville, Ont.

SHAPES IN LIGHT

Continued from Page 31

a favor: I found a mistake—since to find it was to kill it—with pleasure; that gave me a sense of increased learning, of improvement; but I had no talent for listening to the generalizations of bright and supercilious minds. I might, reprehensible and dishonest, thank such an individual for his attention, the trouble he had taken with me; but I wouldn't be quite able to locate the key that unlocked my cigars, what was in the bottle would stay there. And yet, human nature was so perverse, the chance was that, with opportunity, charmed by my penetration, my wisdom, I'd have told Chaplin everything he didn't give a damn to hear. The moment for the critical discussion of books and moving pictures, of cocktails and surgical operations, was before they were entered upon; then they could be accepted with frankness and gratitude and grace.

The morning after I had seen Raymond Griffith's picture I met him in the anteroom to Jesse's office, a man obviously with an adroit mind, an amusing personality and hardly any voice at all. He spoke in a strained and hoarse whisper, and, in that key, his response to what I said sounded slightly incredulous. His picture had been such splendid entertainment that I said a great deal and, reaching compound sentences, involved special terms of praise; he began to look a little bewildered. Well, that is fine, he articulated, faint and harsh. I am glad you liked it. I could see that, for the moment, he was regarding himself in a new and more solemn light than customary; and when, diffidently, he had gone, I hoped that he had already forgotten my phrases. There had been two attitudes, two vocabularies, for me to undertake, and it seemed to me that I had chosen the least admirable and most pretentious, resounding terms more appropriate to dead masters.

It would have been better to have used a living and colloquial phrase, to have assured Griffith that his stuff could not have been done more smoothly, to congratulate him on his gag man, and assert—in an apparently meaningless expression exactly understood in that industry—that it would burn them up.

Henry King's Success

I spoke to Henry King about him, at lunch in my rooms, and Henry told me something of Griffith's changing and difficult progress. It was necessarily characteristic of moving pictures that practically no one in them had begun in that career; the actors and actresses had mostly come from the stage. Henry had been on the stage in vaudeville, I think; he'd told me of hard days and harder nights, of small pay not always paid; and I looked at him, across the table of a private breakfast room at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, with interest. He was wearing most carefully cut gray flannels, and a very special shirt and tie; he was still young, tall and thin and hard, and at that time one of the most successful men in the United States—successful in a very tangible way, in the manner above all others which he would have chosen; he had just completed what was universally recognized as one of the greatest moving pictures yet produced. And, a result of his proved ability, he was making a great deal of money.

I could see the reason for all this very plainly—Henry had an unusual store of creative energy. Whatever else he might lack, that was valid, undeniable; he had the ability of incredible labor that distinguished creative occupations. And because of so much his interest in life, in his future, was as keen as possible. Faced by the good luck and rewards that had fallen to him, he talked endlessly about everything imaginable—Tol'able David, his first successful picture and mine, automobiles, the past, his house, Florence in Italy, a late annoying experience with a picture ruined in the cutting room, censors, Kentucky, his youth, his pleasure at being with me again ——

Very well, Henry, I interrupted him, but what about the picture before us, the Romeo and Juliet of the South? He explained how Lillian Gish, while they had been engaged in Romola, had drawn his attention to the parallel between the situation in his mind and Shakspere's tragedy of young love. There is one man in the United States, Henry had gone on; and, out of a belief that nothing had yet occurred to rob her of, Lillian mentioned me. You can write this story, Joe, Henry reasserted positively; and then he proceeded to unfold what, in that connection, he had already evolved. There can be a tree, a sapling or a vine, leading up to the girl's window, do you see? The boy could be on the ground there, and climb up. Romeo, Henry recited briefly, Romeo.

A Picture's Inception

A great deal, I thought, had already been provided by Henry and William Shakspere, and I began to reëxamine my attitude toward that. Again I realized that I could never write a book, a sentence, from such a premise; but a moving picture—there such a classic suggestion might be both legitimate and happy to do. Not, however, obviously. It must be a feud of long standing, I explained, but quiet at the beginning of our story, the trouble must start with the story. Henry agreed, and called my attention to the fact that it would be very irregular, in the Virginia or Kentucky Mountains, for the members of one family to trespass into the region of the other. We can begin with a dance, he cried, a dance in the woods; the boy with a friend or two will go to it; the girl, in the opposed faction, would be there. That was all very possible; my mind began to employ itself with the beginning, and Henry, having ruined one cigar, took another.

Something quite different came to him, and he told me about it at once; a second episode, a memory, recurred to him, and he explained that. Henry then added that, since it was so difficult to work in Hollywood, we'd take his car and drive to a beach he knew of where there would be no interruptions and the mud baths were superlative. We'll take boxing gloves, he went on, and have some exercise. I replied that, where I was concerned, he could occupy all the mud baths. And, Henry, two boxing gloves will be enough. I won't need any. I had no intention of being pounded by relatively hard wads of leather at the ends of his long arms in the interest of his health. He went easily on to still another topic, and this one I brought myself to ignore.

A fight will develop at the dance, I proceeded, and with that the feud must begin. I'd like to have one of the boy's friends killed at once. Henry, who had been born in Virginia, described the locality and habits of the scenes of his childhood. We'll have a molasses boiling, he exclaimed; there was one in your book Mountain Blood. It was maple sirup, I informed him; but in the locality he was familiar with molasses and not sugar-maple sap was boiled all night, a social event, in kettles outside. It wasn't, however, the mountains he was describing, and I dragged him up from well-remembered scenes into a higher and more barren land.

We had been talking for six hours. Henry had to see some rushes at the United Studios, where Samuel Goldwyn was situated, and he reluctantly rose. You can write exactly the story we need, he repeated generously; and I replied by saying that, until I had at least an outline, I wouldn't bother Miss Marion further. For the present our work together was at an end. His hand, as he left, was strong and warm and direct; a Virginian, he moved deliberately,

An Unqualified Endorsement

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but the line, the angle of his body, was charged with determination; a young man who had forced himself from the dreariness of small provincial theaters and pinched circumstances into the first rank of moving-picture directors.

His vitality—Henry had a simpler and better quality than talent—had carried him a great distance; but it remained to be seen how much further he would go, for, against what I had said about the primitive character of moving pictures, it began to be evident that a new and more interesting school of directors must be developed. The stories could not be fundamentally changed, the best would always be uncomplicated, things of emotion rather than thought; but the treatments would improve, they'd be made less obvious without any loss to the public. Douglas Fairbanks was assisting in that. And it was in the treatment of an objective creative form that the resources of the implicated mind and feeling were shown. The inevitable, treated in a fresh and delicate and individual manner. The technic, the mechanical resources of moving pictures were widening almost daily, and it would require a very flexible understanding, founded in the past of even a year ago, to meet a rapid and drastic improvement. New methods and comprehensions would necessarily create new men.

I didn't, God knew, mean that there would be a brilliant light shed over all moving pictures; all books, all paintings, were not good; in reality most of them were inexcusably bad; but the proportion of interesting, of stirring pictures would increase; and the men who directed them, who brought out the greatest power, discovered the utmost that was in their medium, would be the men of influence and of weight. From Henry, then, my mind turned specifically to the picture it was possible we might make together—when Mr. Goldwyn had first spoken of it to me it was in the interest of Lois Moran, a young dancer he had discovered in Paris. She had justified his highest hopes for her in Stella Dallas, and the picture he proposed was to be woven around her personality and abilities. This meant it was to be the story of a girl, and I began planning to that end. I suggested a title to him, The Hellcat, and he said it was very good indeed; so good that he had already produced a picture with that name.

Studying the Stars

I began again, with Miss Moran in my thoughts, when Sam had another idea, and this was most persuasive. I had written Tol'able David, Henry had directed it, and Richard Barthelmess, at the same time, had been made a star. The idea, of course, was Richard. Naturally, that changed a great deal—having reached the magnitude of a star, Richard, in the operation of mere common sense, a star must remain, and the pattern I had begun faded. Goldwyn very properly insisted that the story was the sole thing, but I saw difficulties in the way of that ideal state. Richard had already asked me, before I left for California, if it would be a picture suitable for him; a question entirely straight-forward in its implications. I had told him that I would do my best to make it suitable, but later I was assailed by doubt; a fresh element of danger had entered the primal simplicity of my plan for a moving picture spun out of a total harmony. The truth presented itself to me that I didn't want to make a picture for a star; stars had to have pictures, but there were many other and better sources at their command than I. Any of my printed stories that it suited Richard to play he was welcome to; if I had an idea that was patently his we would make it together, at once; but that wasn't what I preferred, what I believed in. It was my conviction that the dignity of a fine imaginative accomplishment was greater than the importance of an individual.

There I was, I suppose, impractical; just there, very probably, I was outside the realities of the moving-picture world; and yet it was at the back of my head that pictures made stars; that they shone, for a while, in the continued radiance of their first happy discovery and rise. What I wanted, it appeared, were actors and actresses for the expression of my own specific purpose, and all that the actresses, the actors asked was for stories which exactly suited their capabilities and looks. And when those aims disagreed there was a hopeless confusion. A state, I saw, that might be advancing toward me now.

Sam still insisted that this was not a fact; he told me to construct my story and pay attention to no one. All I want, he repeated, is a beginning and an end—his melancholy past experience with writers was in his head—and when we have that we will sign the contract. I will pay you at once. Certainly he was very pleasant, very fair to deal with; the conditions of work he indicated were as liberal as any I could imagine, and I prepared to leave him almost reassured. He asked me if I had really had a good time in Hollywood, and once more I replied that it was all splendid; I have had charming rooms and an automobile and parties and camellias. But the camellias I will pay for myself; it wouldn't be reasonable to carry your fairness as far as buttonhole bouquets. This he waved aside. You have been my guest, he asserted.

An Author in Search of a Story

I thought about him while I was dressing for dinner, realizing that, without guaranty, I had bound myself to the serious undertaking of inventing a story; certainly not the approved course for a novelist in sight of the Golconda of moving pictures. But the fact was that Goldwyn, preposterously, wanted to find if I had anything valuable to him before he paid for it. Unheard of arrogance in a producer. I was afraid that the Golden Age of the screen for novelists had almost drawn to a close. I had been too late. Moving pictures were depending less and less on what optimistically might be called literature; I mean as a supernal and overwhelming, an all pervading fact; producers were beginning to perceive, to admit, the reality of literary beauties, exactly as they recognized the existence of Persia—when they wanted a Persian texture they went to Persia, and for a Norwegian motive they turned to the north; when they needed literature it could be found, it was stable, it couldn't—it didn't want to—evade them; but they didn't have to stay perpetually in that rarefied and expensive air. The producers, in other words, had largely stopped taking novelists at their own valuation.

However, I couldn't yet see what direction this effort of freedom would take, since without a story a moving picture was less than the celluloid it was printed on, and the production of even a passable story was an act of magic limited to a very few. No one had been able to see one in the terms of succeeding and fluid pictures; they were all first stated in words, a necessary condition since there must be directions for the photographing; in that way the medium of writing stood between the creative mind and its formal expression. It was impossible for the individual who conceived a story to make it himself, in his own invaluable image. Or perhaps I should say that it was impossible for a novelist to make a picture from his intrinsic feelings and worth. A director might bring it about; probably that, in the most successful moving pictures, was what had happened.

But no one with the technical experience necessary to directing had, so far as I know, ever evolved a story of the slightest value; I had listened to many of their ideas for plots and they had been stupid, lifeless without exception; and so directors had had to depend on the imagination of others. Yet this they could do; indeed, it was necessary that they should re-see a story in their own terms, state it again, often differently, in their own medium. To that degree they, as

(Continued on Page 225)

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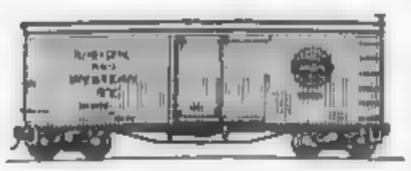

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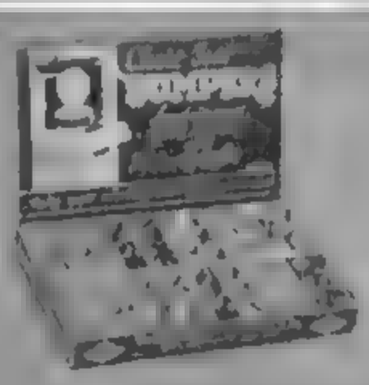

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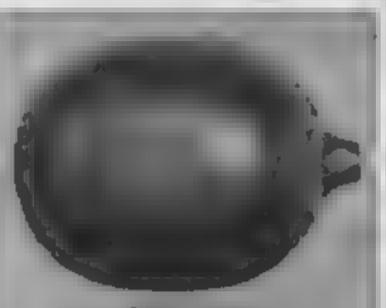

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(Continued from Page 222)

well, were creative. And so, I reflected, it was impossible for them, so far, entirely to discard novelists and novels. Only producers of moving pictures, directors, would select more accurately, with greater intelligence, among the stories available; in addition to that they would preserve more—in their transcriptions—of the elements, the spirit they purchased.

It was a question of perception and intellect, not qualities heretofore notable in that connection. Yes, and of a wider knowledge of the world, the various worlds of various pictures, not only a historical accuracy but an accuracy to the present. But even a greater difficulty, perhaps, was the education of the actors and actresses. I remembered how severe with me Miss Hulette had been when, playing a girl of the Virginia upland, I spoke to her about the reduction of her eyebrows to curved threads. The dress of the actors, due perhaps to the presence of a number of Englishmen, had improved; but still, in passages of sport, there were some remarkable sartorial effects with details that often had a look of ringmasters and the circus.

Reality in the Movies

This, however, brought up a very interesting point, and it, fundamentally, had to do with the education of the public—should a man or woman of breeding in a moving picture dress and act realistically, in the manner of breeding, or as a great majority understood and expected to see them? Two wholly different things. Could the simplicity of a lovely room manage to express, to the wide masses of the public, limitless riches?

I had, once, wanted to make a moving picture from a story of the charming young; I might add the actually gay young—gay in all the new and envious sense of the word. But when I came to discuss it I was told that it wouldn't be recognized for what it was. You see, the dresses must be simple; no one would dance on a table, the motor cars would be very inconspicuous, and not upholstered in snake skin; although champagne and kisses would not be absent, the drinking would go forward with an easy and accustomed air, the kissing light rather than sensational. People, even so young, whose habit it was to conceal, to control, their emotions. A duke, in actuality, was often a pleasant old individual, carelessly dressed and in whiskers of a decade past, absorbed in the measuring of ocean currents. A princess was a plain woman harried by circumstance and from whom a number of vigorous children were demanded. The dinners at the Everglades Club, at Whitehall, in Palm Beach, were decorous to the point of solemnity. But there was this to remember, when, in the sense of the world of moving pictures, there was a party it was equally useless, since it would be thorough to the extent of abashing any fundamentally proper person moved by fate or a beauty contest from the banks of the Mississippi to Hollywood.

My thoughts carried me to the Beverly Hills Hotel, where I had been asked to dinner with Lillian and Madame de Gresac, a relative of Sardou's, who was just then her companion. It was their first formal entertainment. Lillian, in a brocade that might have come from the Florence of the *quatrocento*, was really excited; and Madame de Gresac had spent the day in the kitchen, preparing a French dinner, the chicken cooked in everything imaginable. They, too, had a bungalow, and the table was laid in the sitting room. When I arrived a police dog had raised a threatening disturbance, but as I advanced he retreated, and through the evening Lillian tried in vain to coax him from under the farthest bed. At the same time she had an undamaged faith in his ability to protect her, to frighten away all desperate characters.

On the afternoon when we were to see La Bohème I met her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, and, with her secretary, we went at once to the projection room. She warned me that she would have to leave for a few minutes, later in the course of the picture, and I discovered that she had a headache; pain made her even more remote, more fragile-seeming, than usual. The brilliant California sun was shut from the long and narrow and bare room, the lights died and came to life again on the screen In an instant I had lost the present for Murger's romantic memento of a lost Bohemia. And yet not quite Murger's, for the landlord wore a costume in place of clothes, and the painters, the young literary gentlemen, were not absolutely convincing. I couldn't quite believe in their painting and prodigious literary efforts. They were, certainly, a very difficult material; I could well imagine the trouble King Vidor had had with them in their irresponsible jocosities and grotesque dress.

In writing, Henri Murger could present only the qualities he wished to be realized, but on the screen all the disconcerting trivialities, the noneassentials, were visible as well. There was this difference, too, between Scènes de la vie Bohême and the picture—the former was at once a romantic memory and a satire, its tenderness was saved from sentimentality, where it was saved, by Murger's detachment—this is all nonsense, he says in effect, but it is a touching nonsense laid in the land of a departed youth. At the end, Mimi's death was accomplished ironically. Yes, I was impatient for the artists to have done with their antics and for Lillian to appear.

She did, very soon after, and I turned from her image on the screen to the slight figure sitting beside me, from the representation to the reality; only, it seemed to me that the reality lay in the flickering and interrupted bars of light. That was Lillian's great actuality, where and when she lived. I watched the story progress, hastily fitted together and without adequate titles, and I began to realize that there were great opportunities, moving passages in it for her. John Gilbert was vivid and romantic, nicely impetuous; Renée Adorée made it clear that she was a delicate and distinguished actress; but the picture itself was Lillian; it was an affair for a star. It wasn't the sort of picture I best believed in, not what I hoped the near future would bring about; and if I had been in Mr. Vidor's place I would have been very weary of it more than once—Lillian was not entirely made of pink clouds—but in myself I could enjoy her unreservedly.

Lillian Gish, La Bohème

She was lovelier than ever, primly quaint with her deprecating smile and tenacious in love and fidelity; her first racking cough, the first bright blood on her handkerchief, were conceived in the perfected spirit of realism and pity. But before that an amazing fact began to dawn upon me; amazing and yet, knowing Lillian so well, it should have been expected: She had taken Mimi, that momentary flare of thoughtless Parisian life, only existing in a short kindled tragedy of informal passion, and made her into an admirable little American girl, a girl of the most circumspect habits and thought. Mimi had become Lillian!

This finally burst on me during the progress of a pastoral scene, a picnic, outside Paris. I had never seen a more beautiful photography, a lovelier or more sylvan wood, a land with such idyllic willows and streams and meadows; and when the *al-fresco* lunch, the delectable plates and bottles of a more than ordinary vintage, was finished, Lillian ran lightly away. Now, I said to myself, with young Mr. Gilbert in pursuit, Lillian will be kissed. A kiss and at least the promise of a surrender must follow. They ran through the grass, by the serene reflections of the water, past old masking trees; and at last, at last, breathless, she fell into his arms, and chastely, with an unshaken reserve, as a gentleman should, he held her in a brief, an elegant, embrace. Lillian was still unkissed.

I turned to her, but, quietly, she had left the projection room; and I am certain that,

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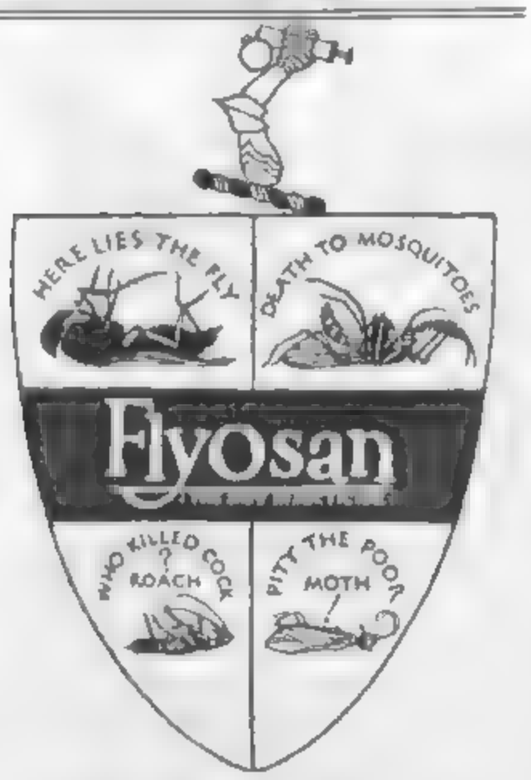

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had she been there, to the scandal of the operators at the back, I would have kissed her in sheer protest. This, I told myself, is foolish beyond endurance; and then I saw the humor, the presence of Lillian Gish, in it. If she wanted to play Mimi that way, it was the way for Lillian to play her. She must, to a great extent, remake any character she undertook into herself; and this new and surprising Mimi, I saw, was valid; Lillian, who was the greatest actress I knew, had created her out of instinctive and delightful qualities and perceptions. I forgot La Bohême for a moment, wondering about The Scarlet Letter; there was a problem for her. And then I returned to the story before me. In the middle, it appeared, it reached its highest emotional point.

Mimi was already weak with the premonitory symptoms of death when Rudolph—little understanding Lillian—thought she was faithless to him, and tearing her arms from his shoulders left her fallen in a despairing heap on a bare floor. The fineness of that particular moment lay in the fact that her innocence, a service of Rudolph that was helping to kill her, were completely misunderstood; such an injustice was intolerable. I could scarcely sit through it, and—but not from the ravages of consumption—I coughed repeatedly in a loud and aggressive manner.

A Story in Sixteen Reels

The story, in sixteen reels, came to a close; Mimi, dying, dragged herself through a callous Paris to the place of her love and short happiness, and expired against a background of conventional grief. Mr. Gilbert was appropriately torn, and the room was again light; there was a cheerful clatter of talk from behind the inclosed projectors. Another picture of magnificent reaches inadequately assembled. I found Lillian outside, her head hurt more than before, and I persuaded her to go with me to Aileen's, where there was a comfortable couch, no one besides Aileen and me, and quiet. In her automobile she asked me at once what I thought of their Bohême, and I told her that it was the most successful picture for her I had seen. She insisted on my being more specific. Very well, Lillian, I replied; why, in the wood, didn't Rudolph kiss you? There could have been no other end, no different purpose, in such a pursuit. She admitted at once, needlessly, that it had been her idea. I was tired of seeing girls kissed, she explained. Do you think it was necessary? I told her something of the psychology of such emotion and she listened to me wide-eyed and silent. I suppose I could, she said reflectively, at last. If it's all wrong ——

But it wasn't; it was Lillian; and, as I had tried to make clear, I didn't want her changed; I wanted her as she was. After all, a sufficient number of Mimi's had been kissed, in Paris and on the stage and elsewhere; there was room for one of an extreme and lovely reticence. In addition, what I had seen wasn't the finished picture; when it had been cut, from sixteen to ten or even eight reels, it would have a different, a faster, pace; the emotional pitch, helped by the titles, would be higher and sharper; perhaps, too, in a retake, Mimi would be brought to a kiss under the trees. I didn't care; I had seen Lillian unedited—herself.

Aileen found a cover for her, and Lillian occupied the couch, waiting for dinner, while we smoked. How different, I reflected, Aileen was from Lillian Gish. Aileen's ideas and mine were alike, our reactions to life were very much the same; being what we were, our experiences had been different from Lillian's. She was as generous as possible, and I recalled an absurd scene in a Los Angeles store where Aileen had tried to lose me so that, uninterrupted, she could buy me a Christmas present. I left for the purpose of getting a present for her, and guessing what I was after, she came running up, calling there was nothing in the world she wanted. She directed Mr. Oviatt, who had me in charge, to ignore everything I ordered; and when we were again in her car I found that she had had time to secure a matched umbrella and walking stick in the most expensive plaited leather. It did no good to scold her, she was like that; I could only tell her we'd never go shopping again.

Aileen's life had been less serious than Lillian's; it held more outside their actual profession; and perhaps as a result of that, their profession yet held less for her. She was a very brilliant individual; her good looks were brilliant, her conversation could be brilliant; and in her car, with Thomas and Ming—or was it Sing that liked riding?—she was the exact image of how a duchess ought to look. She hadn't yet, the truth was, been caught in the excitement of a universal success, and until that happened it was impossible to discover how much of her was ability and how much purely personal. I thought that she was potentially valuable; and if she had been contracted to me I should, simply in the way of my invested interest, have made every effort to find a picture that required the charming comedy of breeding it was her instinct to play.

In the simple clothes of our daily excursions and dominoes she was beautifully flexible, flexibly distinguished; but the photographs of parts she had taken showed her fitted into dresses of an incredible flamboyant absurdity. Astounding garments for astounding rôles, headdresses that confounded the sight and draperies like a catafalque on end. The public idea, evidently, of a dangerous, a destructive, woman! Whatever it was, it wasn't Aileen, who had behind her a social experience and sense that it would appear was as highly desirable for moving pictures as it was for her own contentment. She did have—and often used it to annoy me—an excellent feeling for comedy; I could recognize this, although it was a quality in which I was deficient.

Aileen actually owned, too, an able mind; she could realize the truth, even about herself, a virtue not without its dangers; for, in an unreasonable, a largely mad, sphere, she proceeded with a reasonable understanding.

Decision Reversed

I was highly aware of all this, and at moments we discussed it; but mainly, together, we were more removed from life, amused at its spectacle rather than seriously delivered to it. People uncertain in bearing or ideas, it was probable, would not be comfortable with her, she was so clearly a vigorous, an authentic and separate, being. Aileen wasn't afraid of being disliked; she had no sentimental need for small reassurances; and though she might act with tact, if it seemed worth while to her, she was singularly free from compromise.

For so many reasons it was specially pleasant to watch her with Lillian; the occasion progressed very happily, and we went down to dinner, to a candlelight like yellow pollen on the damask, with the conversation increasing in emphasis as Lillian continued to improve. I remember that, but not a word of what was said. It was soon over, however, and I was back in the Ambassador—unless that was the evening when I met Jesse and we went to a restaurant, Montmartre, where there was to be a dancing contest. We arrived, naturally, late; but Jesse was instantly given a table at the most advantageous spot; and, with French Vichy and the longest cigars procurable, we watched the dancing with the attitude that we were its recognized, appropriate judges.

We both chose the same couple for the prize, asserting that they were infinitely better than the others; we followed them with the approval of our applause, a decided nodding of our heads; and when, the contest not more than half over, they were dropped out we gazed at each other with a surprised displeasure. It was my opinion again that Jesse should go up to the girl at once and offer her a staggering contract; I

(Continued on Page 229)

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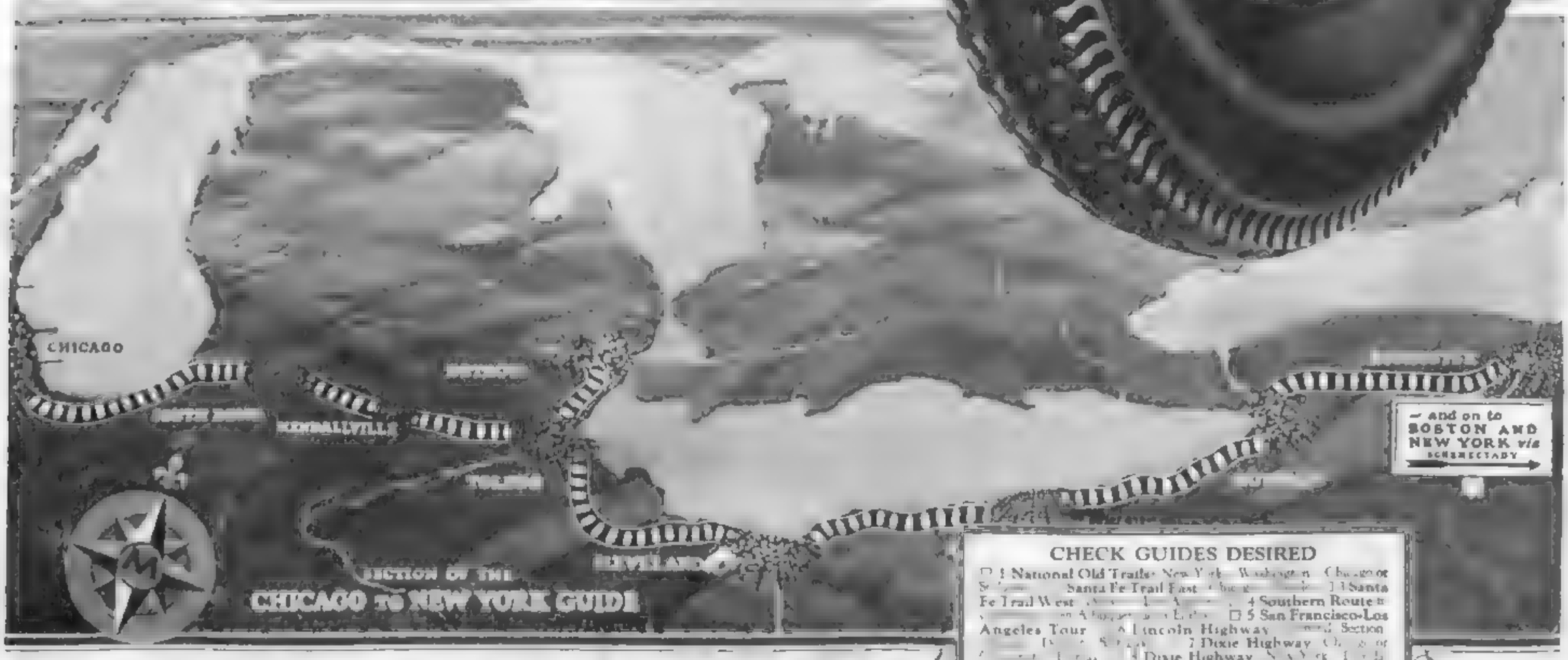

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(Continued from Page 226)

wanted to be connected with such a spectacular act of justice; but he declined. Perhaps, he said modestly, we were wrong. A number of girls clad in decorative trifles appeared and stamped their feet simultaneously in a version of the Charleston; a dance, I thought, already past its zenith; and Jesse gazed over them with the fleet expertness of a vice president of a great motion-picture corporation, hoping to see among them another potential Gloria Swanson, a second Pola. Failing that, he turned to me. Well, how about the Ambassador? I have the devil of a day tomorrow. We had the most pretentious plans for the evenings, successions of parties at different houses, dinners and suppers and dancing; but invariably we failed to realize them; discreetly and relatively early, tired, the truth was, we'd return to our hotel.

If Winter Never Comes——

There were so many parties, the sounds of such a variety in the air, they were to be taken so for granted, that I didn't mind missing them; but toward the end I began to see that, once more in West Chester, I'd regret that I hadn't gone to the Biltmore for a fancy-dress ball, that I had stayed away from a special supper at the Ambassador Coconut Grove. The opportunities for inventing a new variation of the tango with Carmelita Geraghty must be fewer and fewer; I knew of no occasions in the East ornamented by a score of equally extravagantly lovely young things.

And yet, I discovered, I had no impulse to remain in California; I didn't belong there; I wasn't integrally a piece of the life I was so wholly enjoying; the climate wasn't my climate. I thought repeatedly of the long solid stone bulk of my house set squarely in the ice and snow of its appropriate winter; I thought of the spring, of the rivulets cutting through the plowed fields, the thawed water rushing down the roadside gutters; there could be no spring without winter. The sun of Los Angeles was miraculous, but my mind was full of the low gray clouds of April, the faint green haze of leaves, in Chester County. The green then, there, was like a vapor in the pattering rains of afternoon. I wondered how deeply Andrew had bedded the celery; if, with Dorothy, he was planning any cold frames for early planting; and whether William, at the wide window seat in the kitchen, had finished the novel he was writing.

Yes, although California was more jealously regarded, more confidently, affectionately, proclaimed by the natives than any other state in the Union, to me it seemed exotic, a remarkable and ingratiating place where, for a little, I was staying; I couldn't escape the conviction that the world of moving pictures was an ephemeral state of reward for girls who were beautiful and aging industrious novelists. This was a superficial reaction, I realized, but it could not be mended; nothing could shake my conviction that the East, the Dower House, were the only realities I knew.

Mr. Samuel Blythe had once expostulated with me about this. Why, he had demanded, on a terrace above the ineffable blueness of Carmel Bay, do you stay in what is admitted to be the worst climate in the world? Do you or do you not have colds all winter? On how many days, through the Pennsylvania winter, can you be comfortably outside? Does it snow and then rain and fill the air with a penetrating, a treacherous fog? Or has that all stopped? I was obliged to admit that it hadn't. But it made no difference—there was the spring, the frogs, the knee-deeps, piping in the lower meadow, and the early robins filling with song the gray dawn of the green folded valleys. Without winter there could be no such spring!

Intent, mentally, on the Dower House, I thought of the two high box bushes at the door, keeping their dark notable green against the snow; when the snow was too heavy, Andrew moved slowly along the boxwood, brushing it off in powdery white clouds with a long pole. I could see his breath hanging in a visible white frost before his intent face and my Airedales investigating the scene with ice on their whiskers. Hob had acquired a habit, idiotic in an old dog, of lying on the frozen ground with a reposeful ease only appropriate to midsummer.

At the Ambassador, I began to think of getting my things together, of packing. I piled shirts on the bed, brought neckties from where they were hanging in a closet, and sat gazing at the row of my shoes. Yes, it was almost time to leave, another episode of my life was drawing rapidly to an end, and I was sorry. Nothing, not an adverse breath of air, had spoiled it; practically a month decorated with flowers, camellias and freesia and tea roses, and set to music. If I came out to Hollywood again, which was not inconceivable, I'd be engaged in a difficult, an exhausting undertaking; it would all be different. Nothing was repeated, was identical. Carmelita might be married to a man who preferred to conduct her in his own tango; Douglas and Mrs. Fairbanks in Cambodia, and Aileen such a great actress that, in the pressure of her affairs, she could only be seen from five until half past by long appointment. Henry would be lost to ease, directing the picture I had written; only Goldwyn would be unchanged; if Sam met me at the hottest point of a traditional hell, he would first ask if I were having a good time and then recall an episode from the days when he was making Stella Dallas.

I walked from one of the rooms I had been occupying into another; there Lillian had sat, Aileen's dominoes in their worn morocco case were still on a mantel, Jesse always hurried in by the door to the breakfast room; memories, persons, momentarily filling an apartment that was for rent, transient rooms. Such a charming company might never again be gathered in them. I could hear the echo of amused voices, serious voices discussing The Scarlet Letter, the subdued explosion of champagne corks, a breath, a catch of young song.

People and Events Missed

On a dressing table I moved a leather case and a white sheaf of envelopes fell out—the introductions, more than a dozen, Ralph Van Vechten had given me in Chicago. They were mostly to the officials of banks, men of property and weight, but I had used none of them; doing nothing so completely, I hadn't had time. One, I saw, was addressed to Robert Clark, but I knew him already; I wished that I had gone to his office and sent in the letter. I could hear him laughing, divided between laughter and asking what he could do for me. He was so generous, so superlatively Californian in his hospitality, that I hesitated in presenting myself, since at once he would discover all I was in need of and drown the actual purpose of my visit, the pleasure of seeing him, in directions for my completer satisfaction.

Little by little I put the clothes back in my bags; most of them I wouldn't need now—they'd be too light—in West Chester; going through Chicago I'd change the coat I had for fur. It was night, but flawlessly clear, with a moon, and I could see the tall young bamboo in the patio. It would have been impossible to find a better, a more inviting, hotel than that Ambassador; from everyone connected with it I'd had a personal and unfailing politeness; its wide green lawns and bungalows, the latticed walks and flowers, were an essential part of my enjoyment and sense of pictorial ease; I'd only agree to return if I could stay there.

I had wanted to do a great many things I had missed, see other people.

Hugo and Mabel Ballin, Benjamin Glazer, and dinner with King Vidor. Douglas had invited me to Catalina, to see sixty pirates, with cutlasses in their teeth, swim under water in an attack; I wanted to talk to Miss Normand, who collected the first editions of modern novels and wrote me with

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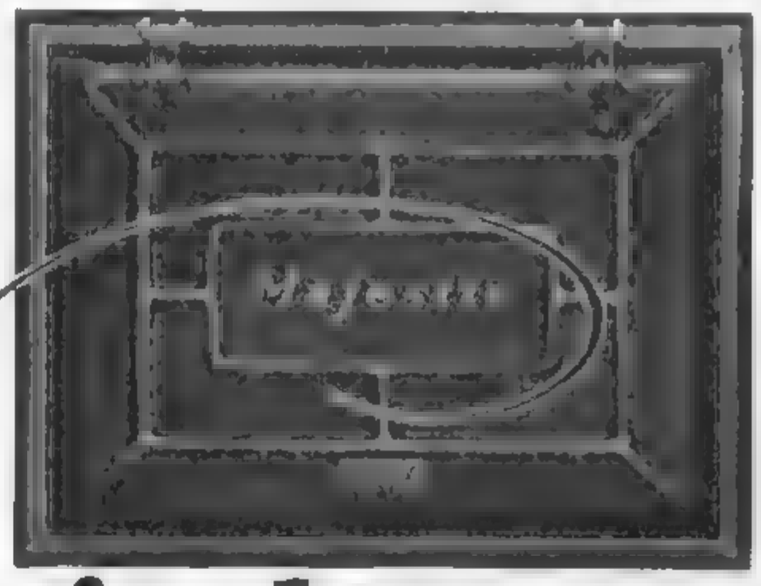

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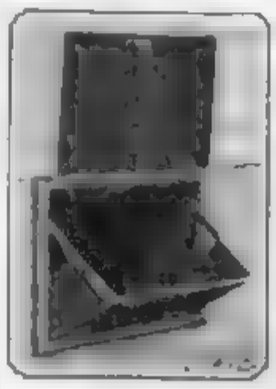

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Tents for Camping

NO TWO campers agree on what is best to have in an outfit. Regional needs, for one thing, vary from dry desert to Gulf Coast saturation. And it follows that a trip to the high plateaus of Nevada and the timber line of the Rockies would call for equipment different from that used down in the Louisiana swamps or among the islands of Chesapeake Bay.

My own disappointments have been numerous on account of poor prevision. I painted a canvas with linseed oil, white lead and a little brown ocher one time. This made a fine waterproof for a moist Atlantic Coast climate, but when I carried that tent across the Great Salt Lake Desert, the canvas was as stiff as veneer, and after a time it actually cracked like thin, dry wood. Standard canvas waterproofs keep soft. They do not harden in arid deserts, as west of the Rockies, nor do they mildew when rolled up wet in the long-drawn rains of the salt-grass pastures of Louisiana, Texas and the Atlantic coastal plain. There are many kinds of waterproofing—albumen, oil, soap, and even metallic.

White is a poor canvas color when camping. The tents loom brightly in the sunshine, and are conspicuous for a long distance in the woods or in the Bad Lands. A dull brown, green, gray or other cloudy effect is better. When one camps out, it is the return of the aboriginal instinct; and those who dwell in bright white tents, fairly shining in the sunshine, are conscious of discomfort, a feeling of dismay which can be traced to the fact that in the savage period of humanity the desire was to skulk, hide and lurk—creeping easily up to game, avoiding the claws and jaws of feral enemies and keeping out of sight of more desperate and dangerous humans.

A tent should also be as small as convenient. Large tents are a nuisance when put up and taken down every day, as in automobile touring. It ought not to take more than twenty minutes to swing the tent on its poles or over the automobile. The lean-to is the standard type, but when one wishes to leave the outfit, a detached tent frees the auto.

Many a hiker and going-light wanderer gets along with just a waterproofed tarpaulin, and I have camped for months under a mere sheet of canvas. If one has a canvas ninety inches wide and sixteen feet long, waterproofed, and with loops or grommets at the corners and along the edges, it will serve as sleeping bag, lean-to tent, skiff cover—over hoops—ground cloth, wrapping for bedding and cover for the automobile. Also it will give footing to a car in sand or mud, and two such tarpaulins will lay a roadway over quicksand—shallow—or lay rails, folded, in muck bottoms. And a hose will wash it, a broom scrub it.

Canvas not waterproofed will last only two or three years in wet and dry camping service. I've used a waterproofed canvas blanket touring tens of thousands of miles, in sharp quartz sands, in river-bottom clays, in the woods, and even as ground cloth on Canadian granites, and after fifteen or sixteen years it still serves. A ten-ounce canvas is heavy enough, and I've waterproofed eight-ounce canvas for hard service. For years I used an unbleached muslin sheeting which was painted with waterproofing, and it served well.

Two small tents are easier to manage than one large one, a lean-to ninety inches square with a front flap will sleep four people. Metal stakes are better used than the crackling crumpling wooden ones. The sides of the tent should be underlapped a few inches, and not hung just touching the ground. A tarpaulin laid on the inturned edges serves as a wind-tight floor. The tent should be pitched facing away from the wind, and in automobile tents a flap should hang from running boards and mudguards so wind cannot come under the car into the tent. A ground cloth sewed into a tent is sure to track up with mud and sand, and is difficult to keep clean—but mud ought not to hurt anybody's feelings—it comes off when it is dry. What do people camp out for, anyhow? And sand shakes out easily. A doorsill a foot high or higher than the running board insures a tent against intrusion by reptiles and most creeping insects.

Experienced campers disagree as to choice of tents; preference is individual and personal, and one should study his own requirements and then fit himself for his own choice and needs.

R. S. SPEARS.

an entire appreciation of James Branch Cabell; I hadn't seen the picture Cecil de Mille was making from The Song of the Volga Boatmen, I had been deprived of going with him to a most civilized paradise he had built in the mountains; nothing had come of the plans, the party, Allan Dwan and I projected; I'd promised myself to talk again to Miss Constance Talmadge; I had had no glimpse even of John Barrymore, who was at the Ambassador; played no golf with Hector Turnbull.

It was too late; it was over. I shut and strapped one bag, and assembled, counted, the others—two, three, four—and the bundle of walking sticks and umbrella. I had forgotten the golf bag. A mechanical employment far from the thoughts and memories in my head. Would I be able to get a satisfactory story for Goldwyn and Henry King, or, rather, for myself? A feud in the Southern mountains; Romeo and Juliet; young passionate love and tragedy—with ultimate happiness; a story that must pinch the heart.

A moving picture laid in feudal Virginia; but that was the wrong word—was there a connection between feudal and feud? Already the magic of contentment was leaving me, the old, the incurable, possession reasserting itself. I'd like to construct a picture as fluid as life and so perfect in form that it appeared as casual; so simple that all the masses of people would be caught up to its emotional height. It was past the middle of morning, my bags had been carried down, only the waste-paper basket held anything of my tenancy. A man from Jesse's office would be at the station with the tickets. I found him readily. Jesse had not arrived yet. The porter was changing from the blue coat of the station to the white linen of transit. And then Henry King, with an impressive basket of fruit, arrived; Lillian sent a package for Dorothy by Robert, her chauffeur. A portable phonograph began its uneven measures in a compartment beyond. Jesse appeared, miraculously, on time. The train moved away from Los Angeles and the porter returned with a sheet for the overcoats, a paper bag for my hat. In which of the bags had I put my cap? A waiter came swinging down the corridor of the car announcing the first call for lunch—the days went so quickly.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer.

A "taste" of CALIFORNIA
awaits you at the nearest candy counter

There's a touch of magic seemingly in the mere name of this famous candy from out of the West. Go to the nearest candy counter in your neighborhood, . . . say "Baffle Bar" to the salesman. And in the twinkling of an eye you'll have a bit of far-away California in your hand.

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Take this magic trip to California, . . . today. Go to your candy dealer and ask for Baffle Bar. You'll probably find it on the counter at the nearest drug, cigar, confectionery or grocery shop, . . . inviting you to enjoy a happy new experience in candy goodness and quality.

Baffle Bar is perfectly "at home" in any company

In busy offices during a long afternoon, . . . in the luncheon box of school children, . . . strategically sliced on bridge tables, . . . or tucked in the pockets of out-of-door people, Baffle Bar is always appropriate and welcome. It has ex- . . . without heaviness of taste . . . sweetness. Take Baffle Bar home . . . with you today.

10¢

Cardinet Candy Company, Inc.
Market and 22nd Streets, Oakland, California
San Francisco Los Angeles

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U. S. TRADEMARK, REG.

A Notice to Candy Dealers

In territories where Baffle Bar is not available from jobbers, dealers can obtain it by writing direct to us. Quick delivery will be made by parcel post or express. Get Baffle Bar from your jobber if possible; . . . if not order at once from us. DON'T DELAY.

If need be, . . . use this coupon

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CARDINET CANDY CO., INC.
Market and 22nd Sts., Oakland, California.

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Street or R. F. D.

City

State

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What the Farm Family Will Read In the 196-Page April Issue of

The Country Gentleman

Father will read:

Articles of national importance by *Representative L. J. Dickinson*, of Iowa; *Harvey S. Firestone*, rubber manufacturer; *Guy Huston*, President First Joint Stock Land Bank of Chicago; *Robert P. Crawford*, of Nebraska, financial expert; *William S. Hill*, Commissioner United States Shipping Board; *Wells A. Sherman*, marketing specialist; *Dr. E. A. White*, director national committee on farm electrification, and others.

Technical farm departments about crops, livestock, dairying, orchards, poultry, handy mechanics, radio.

Mother will read:

***The Country Gentlewoman*, featuring *Grace E. Frysinger*, Federal home economist; and the latest fashions, recipes, handicraft, hats, health and beauty, home furnishings, parties, and money-making ideas; also pages of gardening by well-known experts.**

Son will read:

***The Outdoor Boy*—a page of athletics, sports, and things to make.**

Daughter will read:

***Girls' Life*—a page of parties, simple styles, haircuts and inspiration.**

The Whole Family will read:

Articles by *Zane Grey, Ross Santee, Homer Croy.* Stories by *Albert Payson Terhune, Konrad Bercovici, G. B. Lancaster, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Ellis Parker Butler.*
Two pages and more of clean humor.

The Country Gentleman is the modern farm paper for modern farm families. These modern farm families are potential purchasers of modern goods in every other line too—a fact that must be of interest to every manufacturer who is seeking to broaden his markets.

The Country Gentleman

more than 1,200,000 a month

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Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

this summer go motoring on the water

In the Wake of the Johnson

There's miles and miles of water travel on a single gallon of gasoline, with a Johnson

In the Canadian north woods where "to go right, is to go light", sportsmen take the 26 pound Johnson *Light Single*. They can depend on its performance

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Those who enjoy the thrill of following new water trails should send for our *"Guide to Waterways Travel"*. Detailed maps show suggested canoe and boat trips in Wisconsin, Michigan, Florida, New York, New Jersey, Kentucky, Minnesota and all parts of Canada. Tells what to take—care of your motor, etc. Written by noted guides and sportsmen authors

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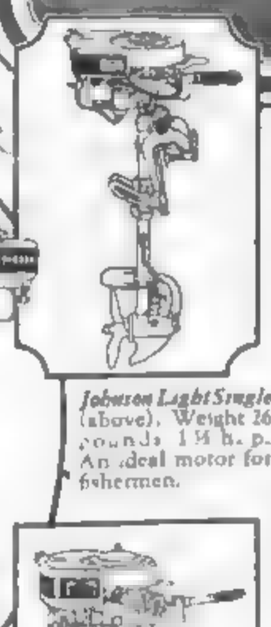
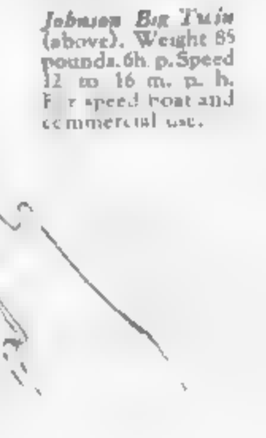
DEALERS: Still some good Johnson territory open. Write for our agency plan.



Johnson Light Single (above). Weight 26 pounds. 1½ h. p. An ideal motor for fishermen.

Johnson Light Twin (above). Weight 35 pounds. 2½ h. p. Ideal cottagers' and tourists' motor. Speed 2 to 9 m. p. h.



Johnson Big Twin (above). Weight 85 pounds. 6h. p. Speed 12 to 16 m. p. h. For speed boat and commercial use.

BEYOND any city lies a trail—a motor trail that leads to the lapping blue waters of some sunny shore. Follow it—to the very water's edge. There a new motor-way is opening—more inviting than the tiresome traffic of sun-baked highways. It is the motor-way trail of the waters.

Waters *everywhere* are accessible to those who own a Johnson Outboard Motor. Take it with you—easily—in your automobile, or on the train. At the lake, simply clamp your Johnson to the stern of any rowboat—and you're ready to go. The thrills, the joys of water motoring are yours in a Johnson motored boat.

You will marvel at the responsive power of a Johnson; the easy start—the easy steering—the flexibility of this remarkable motor. You can glide over the water at a pace slower than a walk, or, you can step it up to a real speed that is more than satisfying.

The surpassing fineness of Johnson Outboard Motors is a happy combination of sturdy construction—extreme compactness—and economical power. The quality is comparable only with that which you find in the finer motor cars of today.

Ask any Johnson dealer to let you take one for trial. If you do not know of the dealer nearest you—write us. Sold on payments if desired.

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New York Johnson Motor Co., Inc.
4 West 61st St., New York, N. Y.

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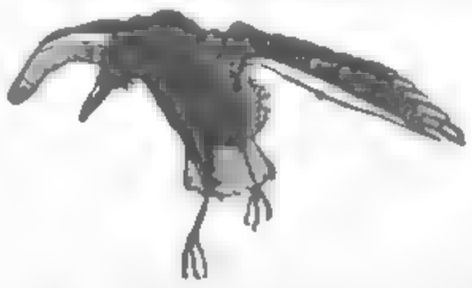
Outboard Motors



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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

Against the conscience of the world, in righteous fight its flag unfurled,
The catapult won through.

In palmy days for Saracen
The catapult was bane to men,
And all agreed it wasn't nice
To use this devil-born device.

The wise old man beneath the tree then spat and stretched, but silently.

IV

The envoys of the world did pass a motion banning poison gas
In warfare between nations,
And loud and lusty rang the cheers from women's clubs and ministers
Of all denominations.
And rules were drawn to regulate the means by which to terminate
The lives of grenadiers.
But peace again by war was rent, and gas was deemed expedient:
The rules fell in arrears.

The envoys of the world did pass
A motion banning poison gas;
But when another conflict came
The nations used it just the same.

Then spake the wise man gloomily: "Will mankind never learn," quoth he,
"That who to death by stone doth pass is dead as he who dies by gas?"

—Wm. P. Rowley.

Quaint

WINNIE has a new word;
It is "quaint."
If a thing is absurd
It is quaint.
If a book or a play
Is the least bit risqué
She is certain to say—"It is quaint."

Does a storm rend the sky?
It is quaint.
Is the moon riding high?
It is quaint.
Nothing's "wonderful" now,
"Picturesque" or a "wow";
Be it canyon or cow—It is quaint.

What was "marvelous" once
Now is quaint;
The trained elephant's stunts—
They are quaint.
All in all, verily
Winnie's diction is—See!
The locution's got me—Just too quaint!

—Edward W. Barnard.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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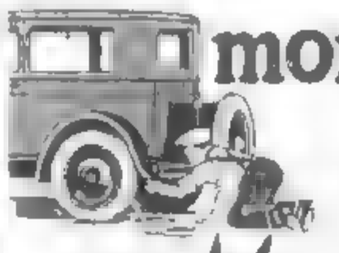
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Instead of a morning



~a Moment

Instead of crawling under and around the car—one pull of a plunger from the driver's seat. That is the way you lubricate the chassis if your car has Bijur Lubrication. You oil every bearing—daily—in a moment's time.

Today 30,000 Packards have the Bijur System. Later on other cars will have it. Cannot be attached—must be built in by the manufacturer.

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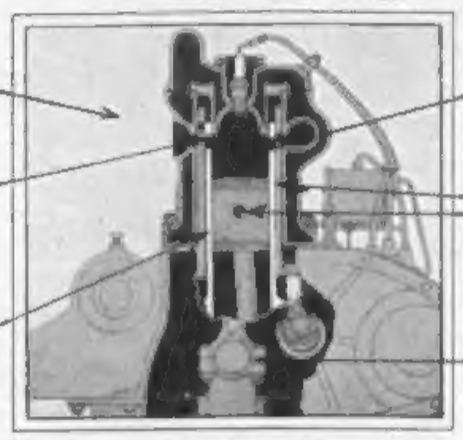
Cool, Clean · · · · · Engine
Lubrication Clear Up to the Sealing Ring · ·
Perfectly Lubricated · · Sleeves
Freedom from Carbon · · · ·
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It depends entirely on *lubrication* at the vital points Keep your car's value with *Pennzoil*

THE Willys-Knight motor actually improves as you pile up mileage. But even this does not excuse abuse.

The sleeves of your Willys-Knight engine are fitted from 2 to 3 one-thousandths of an inch—actually less than the thickness of a cigarette paper. Into that unbelievably small space must go a film of oil—oil that will smooth the way for those fast-sliding surfaces—oil that will resist the searing, scorching heat developed at the top of the firing chamber.

That's why Pennzoil is one of the few oils recommended by the Willys-Overland Company. Lubricated with Pennzoil, the sleeves will never touch—and never wear out. For Pennzoil holds its lubricating properties on hot surfaces. Staunchly and stubbornly it resists the tearing, grinding friction that breaks down ordinary oils and makes them thin as water.

Pennzoil possesses the lubricating qualities of pure Pennsylvania crude oil. These qualities are brought to perfection in the largest and most modern refinery operating exclusively on this highest grade petroleum. Its makers never deviate from their exacting refining methods developed through years of experience in making motor lubricants.

Pennzoil is the "*oiliest*" *oil known*. It preserves its lubricating value twice as long as ordinary oils.

Thousands of dealers everywhere recommend Pennzoil as the best oil. The dealer who values your patronage should be glad to stock and supply it, no matter *what* car you drive. Demand Pennzoil.

Test it yourself

Take ordinary oil out of your motor at 500 miles. Save a little in a bottle. Fill your crankcase with Pennzoil and use it a full 1000 miles. Then drain, rub a drop or two of each of the used oils between your thumb and forefinger. You can see the difference and feel it. And what a difference it means to your motor!

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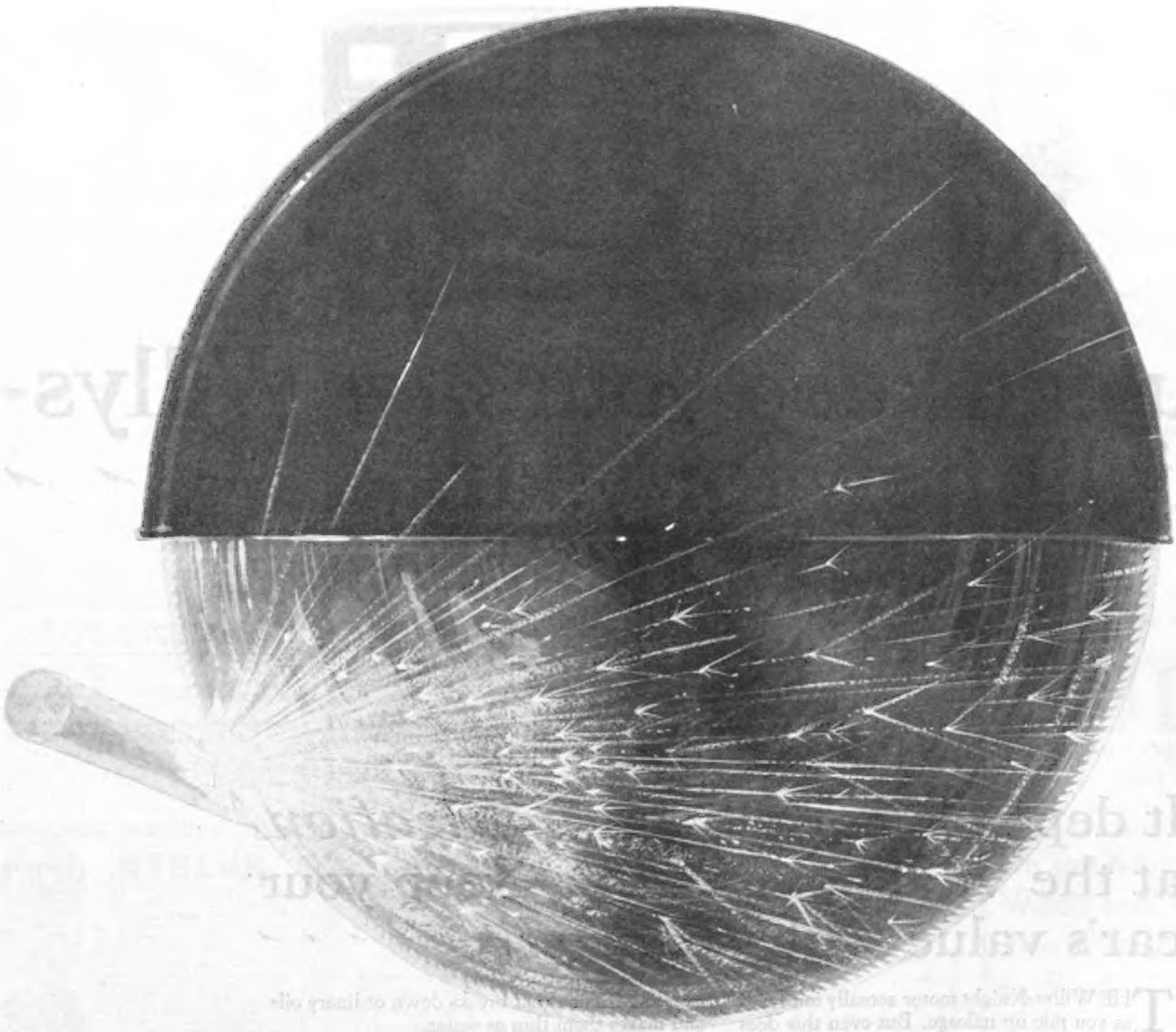

Sparkling Youth for Motor Cars

With fireworks like Vesuvius the singing "hot-saw" zips through bright pink poles of steel. A thousand feet back down the line the big hot poles were blinding, blazing puddles of steel in Timken electric furnaces. A couple of thousand feet up ahead the Timken steel will be Timken Bearings.

They are being produced at the rate of 132,000 daily, entirely under Timken control. The marvelously self-contained Timken plant embraces a whole steel mill, whose output of electric furnace steel is the largest in the world!

The size of Timken operations is due to the use of Timken Bearings in so many mechanical devices, including 83% of all American makes of motor cars and trucks. Timkens are used in the mountings of transmissions, differentials, pinions, worm gears, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fans.

Timkens keep these units permanently quiet, true-running and free-turning. Timken Taper design and the Timken positive roll alignment feature are able to resist *all* bearing stresses. Timken-made steel is assurance of finest material where it is most essential.

So your Timken-equipped car or truck keeps its youth far longer, runs better, puts more of the power into useful work, and normally needs only routine attention. The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton, Ohio.

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BECAUSE every drop of Pet Milk is uniformly more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—the cream always in the milk—creamed vegetables and all other dishes cooked with Pet Milk have the substance and flavor of better food.

BECAUSE Pet Milk serves in place of cream at less than half the cost—because it gives the "cream and butter" flavor that requires a lot of butter where ordinary milk is used—because, as extra rich milk, it costs no more than ordinary milk—Pet Milk gives you better food at lower cost.

BECAUSE, sterilized in sealed containers, it keeps fresh and sweet on the pantry shelf—because it is rich enough to use in place of cream—can be diluted to suit any milk need—Pet Milk is the most convenient cream and milk supply for every household use.

Our New Book—"You Can Save On Your Milk Bill"—will tell you how Pet Milk for every use will give you better food, at lower cost, with greater convenience. We send it free upon request.

Creamed Carrots

1 tablespoon butter	Few grains pepper
1 tablespoon flour	1 teaspoon onion juice
½ teaspoon salt	½ cup Pet Milk
Few grains paprika	½ cup water

2 cups cooked carrots, cut in cubes

Melt butter, add flour, salt, paprika, pepper and onion juice and mix well. Add the combined milk and water slowly and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add the carrots and heat thoroughly.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Alexander's big idea and what came of it

WHEN Alexander, first of the boy wonders, took command of the Macedonian army he gave his soldiers the once-over, and ordered them to cut off their whiskers, "lest the beard afford a handle to the enemy."

It was a great idea, and had much to do with Alexander's military triumphs, which culminated in his victory over Darius, king of Persia.

Most of the men in the tremendous Persian army were heavily bearded, and the way in which they were manhandled by Alexander's smooth-faced warriors was awful.

The advantages of clean shaving are as apparent in business and social pursuits today as they were in war when it consisted principally of hand-to-hand engagements.

Alexander's idea, and Colgate's

Alexander considered it a mistake to permit whiskers to get men into embarrassing situations. The lad who sighed for other worlds to conquer ordered whiskers to come off . . . Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream *keeps them off easily.* It shortens and makes more comfortable the daily shave.

How Colgate's conquers facial cactus

There are several clean-cut reasons why Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes it easy to win the daily battle with your beard.

Colgate's absorbs much water, and gives you an exceedingly fine, moist lather, which proceeds directly, as Alexander did, to take advantage of the enemy.

Owing to its fine texture, the lather goes right to the base of the beard, where the razor does its work. There it emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair, permitting moisture to penetrate the unwelcome bristle and take all the fight out of it instantly.

Coarse lathers, which pile up in billowy masses, are as ineffective as were the hordes of hairy Persians that Alexander's finely organized forces put to flight.

Colgate's fine-texture lather needs no rubbing in with the fingers. It takes hold of whiskers, without any urging or coaxing, breaks down their resistance in a hurry, and leaves the face cool, soothed, and refreshed after shaving.

Let us send you a trial tube of this marvelous Cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Please use the coupon.

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.....

A coarse inefficient lather, which fails to reach the base of the hair.

Colgate's fine texture lather, which softens the hair at the base.

Softens the beard at the base